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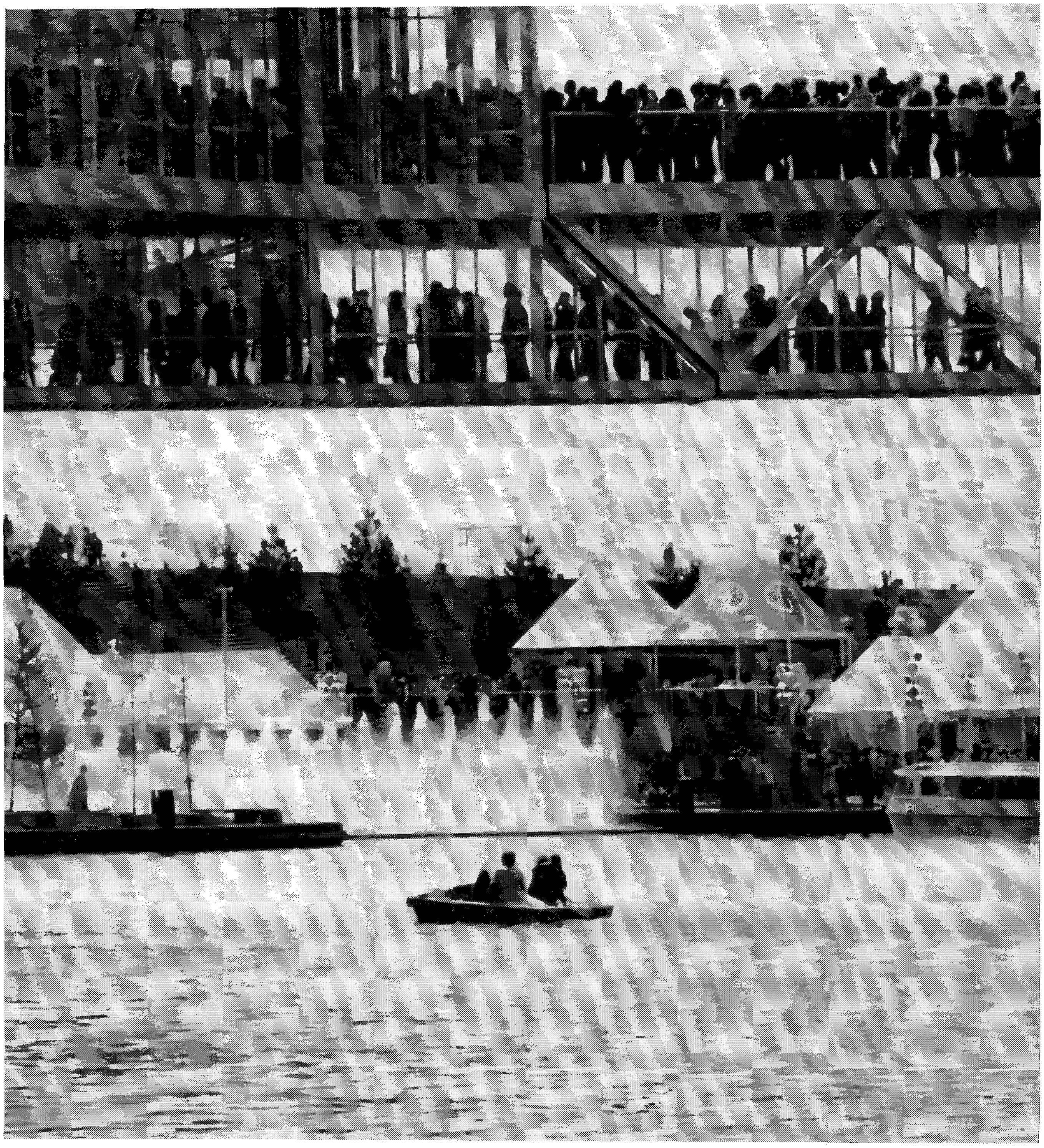

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Festival of Black Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 13-15: Bed-Stuy Theatre, Inc. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16: New Federal Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 20-22: Afro-American Total Theatre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Mondays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Mondays are free.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—John Beal, Carol Teitel, Donald Gantry, and Dan Hamilton are now the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the dirtiest show in town:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.) . . . **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **last of the red hot lovers:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **sleuth:** Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. *Starting Monday, Aug. 16, Donal Donnelly will fill in for Mr. Baxter for five weeks.* (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. *Starting Monday, Aug. 16, Penny Singleton will substitute for Miss Keeler for two weeks.* (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fri-

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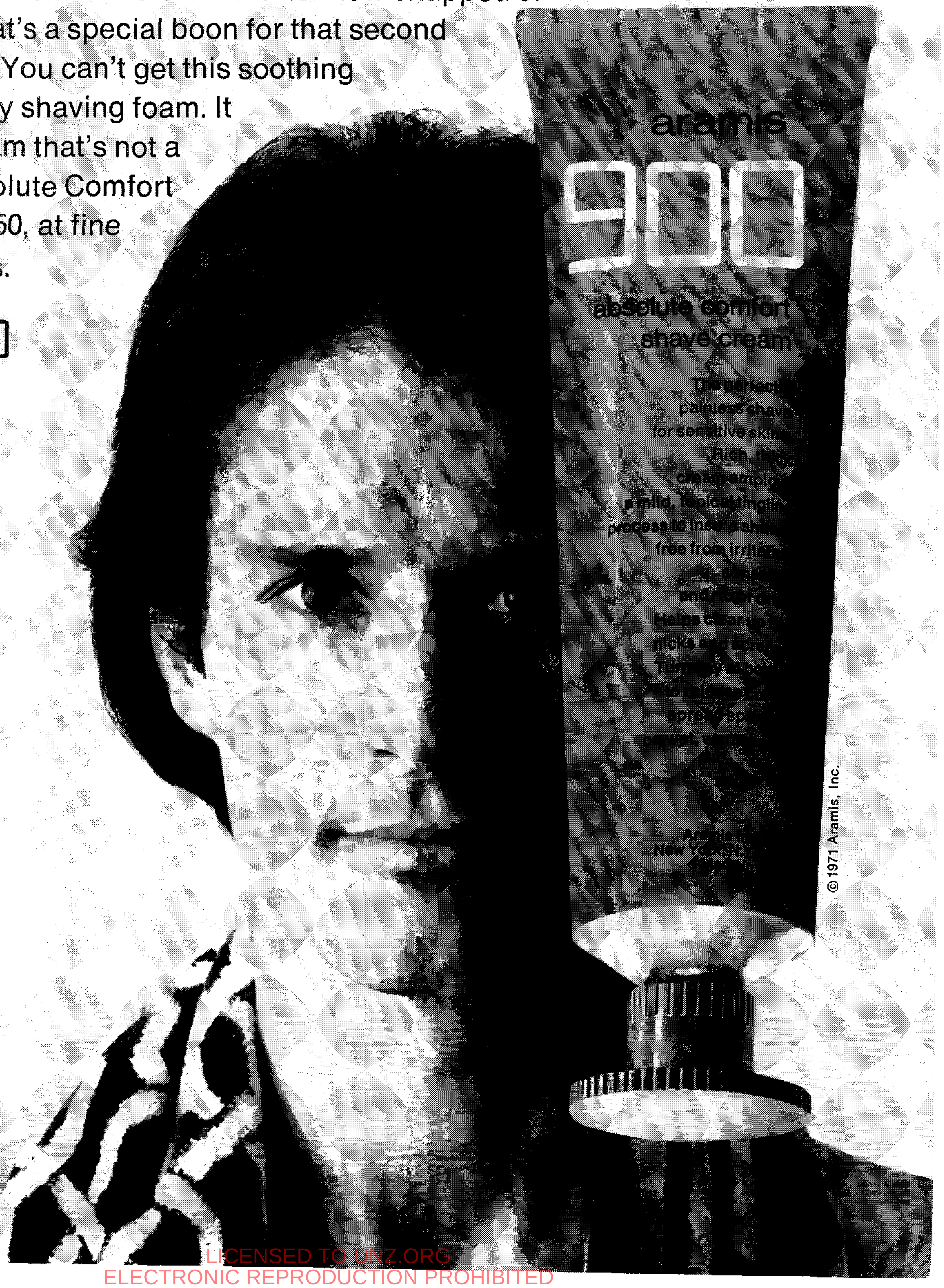

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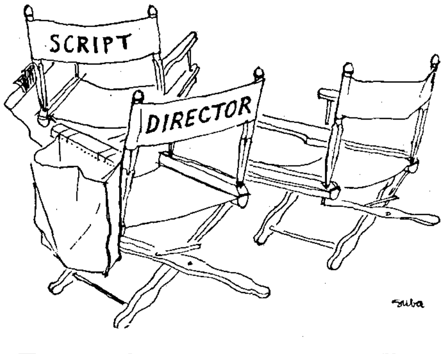
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, salt white. Here I am. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** They followed the winding path down to the creek. Buck Mulligan stood on a stone, in shirtsleeves, his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him, moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** She wanted it to be prescribed, and felt as a duty. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She rated Lady Russell's influence highly; and as to the severe degree of self-denial, which her own conscience prompted, she believed there might be little more difficulty in persuading them to a complete, than to half a reformation. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TOUCH:** A little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **TWO BY TWO:** Danny Kaye in the story of Noah. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of a special summer season that will run through Sunday, Aug. 29—Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 2: "Jewels."...¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."...¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations."...¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Bugaku," "Firebird," and "Who Cares?"...¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)



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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Barney Google's, 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—It's almost ghostly, the way they rake up the past here. On Sunday, Aug. 15, the Four Freshmen (pleasantly blended voices in close harmony) will do a one-shot affair. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 16-17, Stan Kenton (venerable, if not quite ghostly) will be here with his enormous age-of-steel organization. The rest of the time, little-known pop groups rock and grimace in this populous, bibulous barn. Dinners. Dancing.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Dion, once a teeny-pop idol, now turns out songs with greater honesty. Through Monday, Aug. 16, he will share the show with Ian Matthews, a folk rockster formerly of Matthews Southern Comfort. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Wednesday, Aug. 11, Walter Davis, Jr., will be at the piano. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 19-22, Attila Zoller, an accomplished guitarist, will be in charge of a trio. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Sundays and Mondays, drummer John Lewis heads a trio. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Sammy Price, who looked upon boogie-woogie in its halcyon days and found it good, still feels the same way about it, at least from eight until one every night but Sunday, when Cyril Haynes does a seven-to-midnight session on piano. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Through Monday, Aug. 16, keyboard virtuoso Al Kooper will perform, along with Freeway. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams are playing twin axes. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Drummer Oliver Jackson conducts a quartet that includes Dill Jones, Budd Johnson, and Bill Pemberton. Fridays through Sundays, a girl named Judy adds her voice to the group. On Mondays, a seventeen-piece band conducted by Al Cohn and Willis Conover plays hard while remaining in safe territory. Light Italian dishes.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson keeps them smiling most of the time as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Mondays through Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Fridays through Sundays, the entertainment comes from three instrumentalists and a vocalist who appear under the fuddling name of Mickey Thompson, Inc., Vous Êtes Swing. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Sundays through Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two, the Quartet Noire is on the stand.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another synthetic museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band zings from nine until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Vibist Gary Burton, who usually places high in the polls, leads a quartet until Tuesday, Aug. 17, when McCoy Tyner, a pianistic speedster, brings in a fivesome. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—Up Columbia way, and populated accordingly, this fabricated cavern is relaxed and unpretentious. At the moment, a person who styles himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker is leading a spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace. Open Thursdays through Sundays. Spaghetti and so forth.

Trude Heller's, Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (254-8346)—Who would have thought this pop palazzo would ever turn to jazz? Well, it has. Pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio is alternating with a trio led by pianist Reggie Moore. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 17, the Moore group will trade sets with singer Irene Reid and a quartet led by trumpeter Joe Thomas. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Drummer Mel Lewis leads a quartet every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining....¶ Downstairs: A comedy team known as Skillet, Leroy, and Lawanda begins Thursday, Aug. 12. It will perform nightly except Mondays, when Latin bands take over.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Through Sunday, Aug. 15, pianist Herbie Hancock, who spent some formative years with Miles Davis, guides a sextet. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, Elvin Jones, the reigning wizard of drums, arrives with a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Aug. 15, cornettist John Bucher will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, whose theme song ought to be "Ha-ha-ha and a Mug of Beer," or something.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-0570)—They also clog the sidewalk who only stand and gawk. But people with dancing in mind manage to get through to the interior, where rattan chairs and potted palms await. Movement to 45s from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only roast beef is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by live people: Through Saturday, Aug. 14, singer Jimmy Helms; beginning Monday, Aug. 16, the Gentlemen. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* Among the jolly *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers. Plenty of song, plenty of dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, that precious bunch of philanderers, is serenading again in full (well, almost gale) force, and being perfect little gentlemen about the whole thing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round assigned—between the hours of eight and four—to other flamencans. Closed Sundays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The rocking-chair veterans on the veranda still enjoy the compulsory stand-up comic, because they can in comfort see all the jokes coming, but the stars that shine in the eyes of the young guests are part of the rock-and-romance syndrome: to wit, such as D'Aldo Romano, who bows out on Wednesday, Aug. 18, and such as Tommy Leonetti, who arrives one night later. The comics are always named Legion. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, nevertheless, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

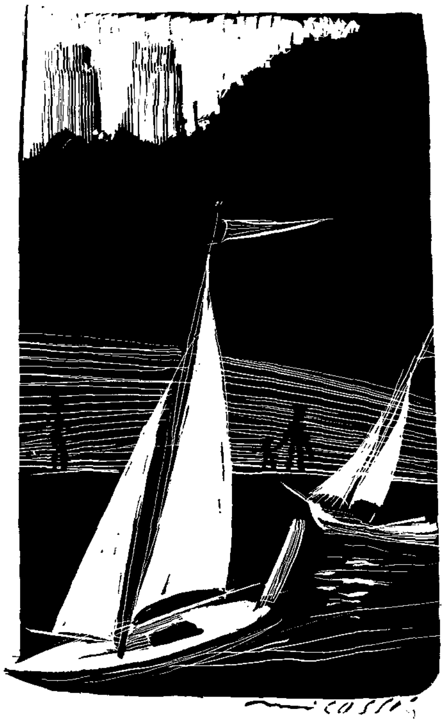
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, will, it turns out, be around all summer, Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew, in the polite Café. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Duke Ellington, the one American musician who has had and led nine lives, all of them concerned with his art form, has found time to lead his band as well, every night but Sunday, on this top of the world.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): What a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to install them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the little St. Regis Room! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here? . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterraneau, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud Thursdays through Sundays. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after six, sits a pianist; over here is the maitre d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this duplex. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Billy Roy mans her piano, and around midnight a bunch of fellow-players from Broadway are likely to join in. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar (Dino Palermo, a ninety-ninth-generation Roman), from seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court is the solar plexus during this somnolent summer. There is piano from eight to one, but not on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and pianist Paul Mann are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A watering place in the New Spain, as grand in its tiny way as Marienbad before the Fall. Guitar, naturally—this between seven and twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900)—A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the

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we're still on the line.

You could blow every fuse in your house and still be able to use your telephone.

Because a telephone doesn't get its power from your house circuits.

Instead, it operates from a low-voltage direct current supplied by Telephone Company batteries.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cocktail session and in the Gold Room during dinner. Monday through Thursday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Watercolors by this well-known painter of the American scene; through Friday, Aug. 13. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid, and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through Aug. 31.... **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, *11 to 4.)*... ***KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.:* Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Friday, Aug. 20.... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Friday, Aug. 13.... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works and "systems" by recent graduates; through Aug. 31. (Closes at 4.)... ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary *in content from day to day.* The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.... **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7.... ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7.... ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 6. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, *noon to 6.)*

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 29.... ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12.... ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white photographs, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; *Saturdays, 10 to 6.)*

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Over a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29.... ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29.... ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 11: Jorge Mester conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Theodore Weis, trumpet.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: A piano recital by Philippe Entremont.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Michael Tilson Thomas directing the orchestra, with Veronica Tyler and Carole Bogard, sopranos; John Stewart, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15: Leon Fleisher conducting the orchestra in a memorial tribute to Artur Schnabel by nine of his former piano pupils. The soloists will be Claude Frank, Frank Glazer, Eunice Norton, Lili Kraus, Tung Kwong-kwong, Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, and Beveridge Webster.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 16, and Wednesday, Aug. 18: Richard Dufallo conducting the orchestra, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano, and Bernard Goldberg, flute.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: Fou Ts'ong, piano, with the Mozart Festival Quartet, in a program of Mozart concertos.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: Karl Richter directing the orchestra and acting as

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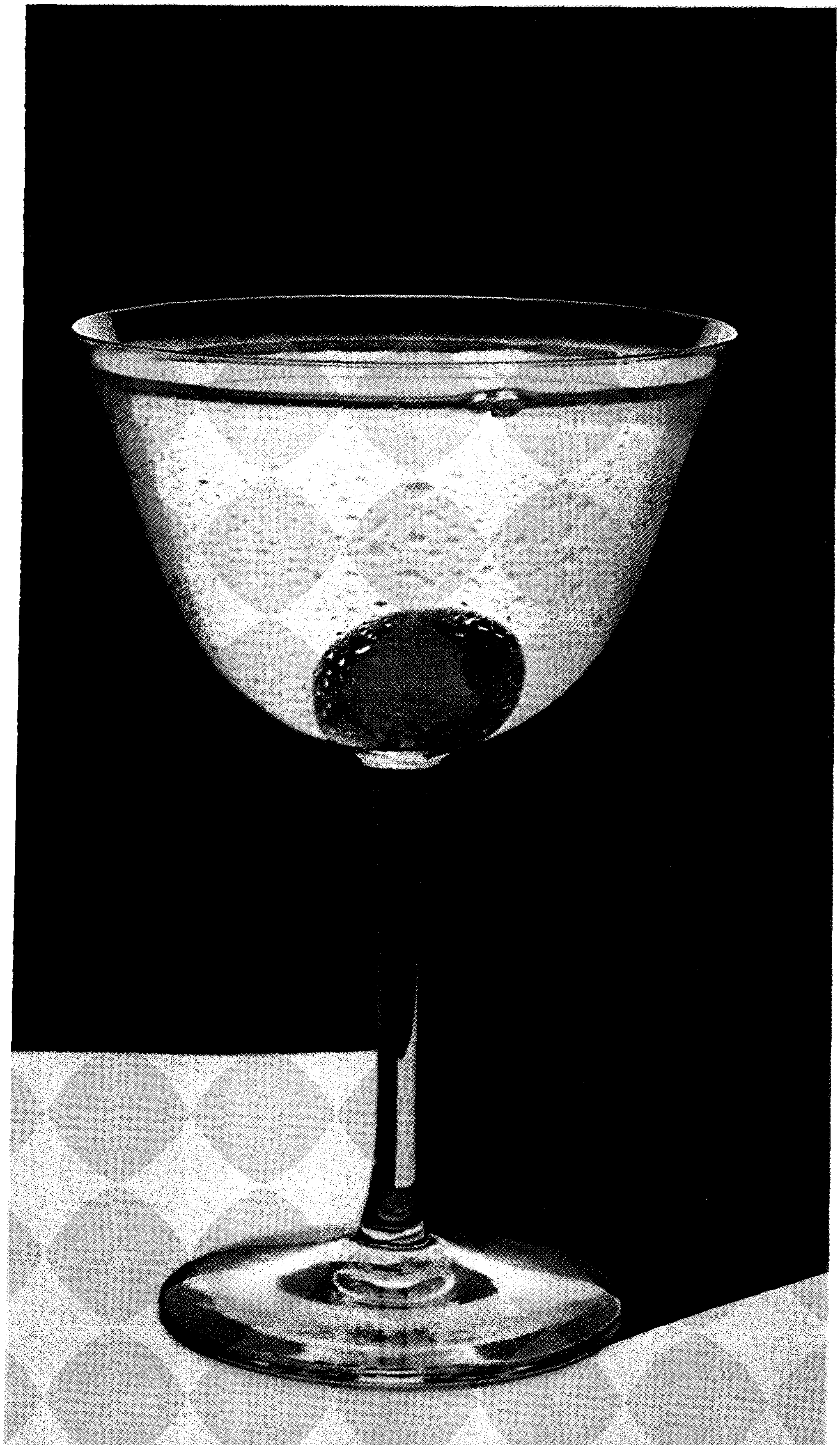

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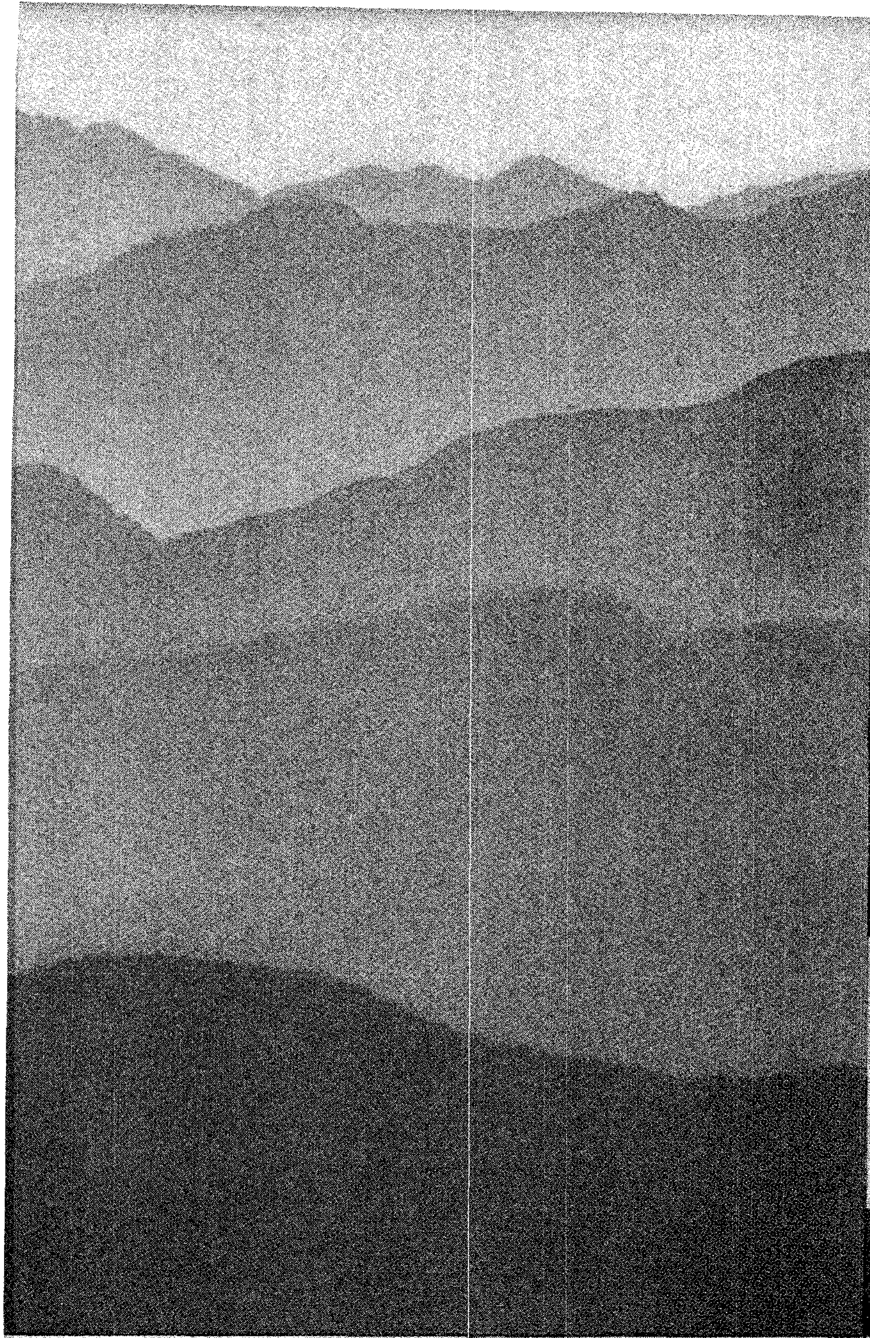

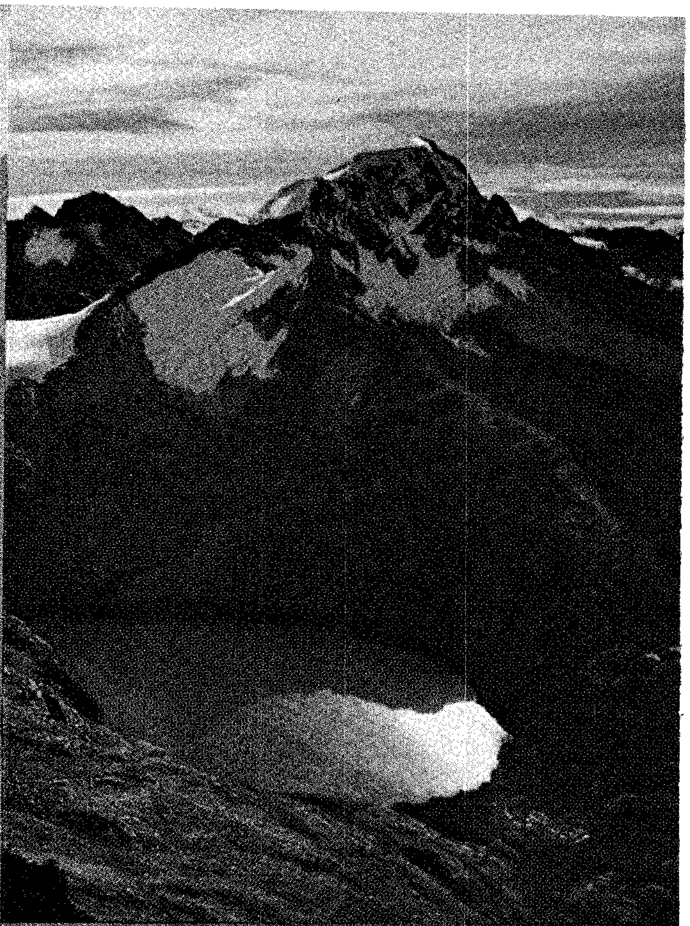

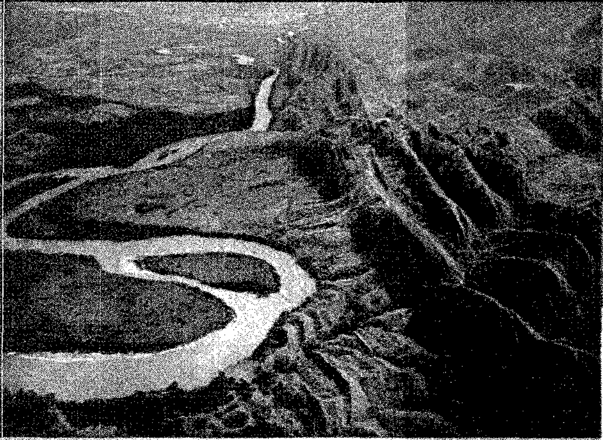

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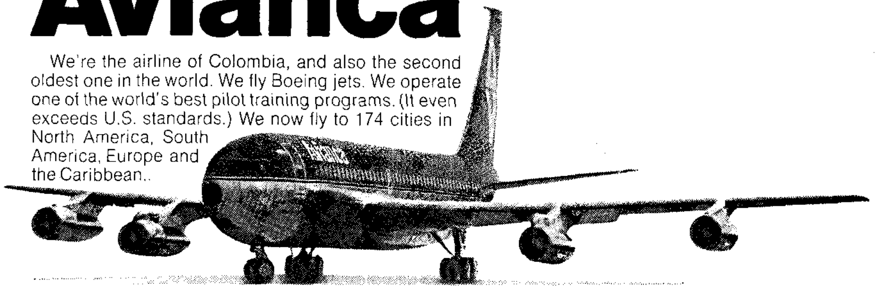

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

organ soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Berkshire Boy Choir—Allan Wicks directing. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Mongo Santamaria and Jam Factory—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 12, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

George Barnes, Bucky Pizzarelli, John McLaughlin, Tiny Grimes, Charlie Byrd, and Chuck Wayne—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Aug. 14, at 7:30.

Stephen Cheng and the Dragon Seeds—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Aug. 19, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 13, at 7: A piano recital by Christoph Eschenbach. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 9: Colin Davis directing the Boston Symphony, with soloists and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Mr. Eschenbach. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: A piano recital by Alexis Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust," with Lois Marshall, soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a four-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 28—Wednesday, Aug. 11: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos directing, with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Neil Diamond on Sunday, Aug. 15, and by Judy Collins on Monday, Aug. 16.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18: Andre Kostelanetz conducting, with Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, dancers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: William Smith directing, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20: Thomas Schippers conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21: Julius Rudel conducting, with Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus; and the Berkshire Boy Choir. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Saturday, Aug. 14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1:30: Joan Baez. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 7:30: The Art Ensemble of Chicago. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 17-21: Lar Lubovitch and Company and Ritha Devi. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. California, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 2, and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14-15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 1 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 7:05.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30, and from the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.) . . . LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 21. The Hobson Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 21.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Friday, Aug. 13, at 5:15; Saturday, Aug. 14, at 1:30; and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2. . . . THOMPSON SPEEDWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14-15, at noon.

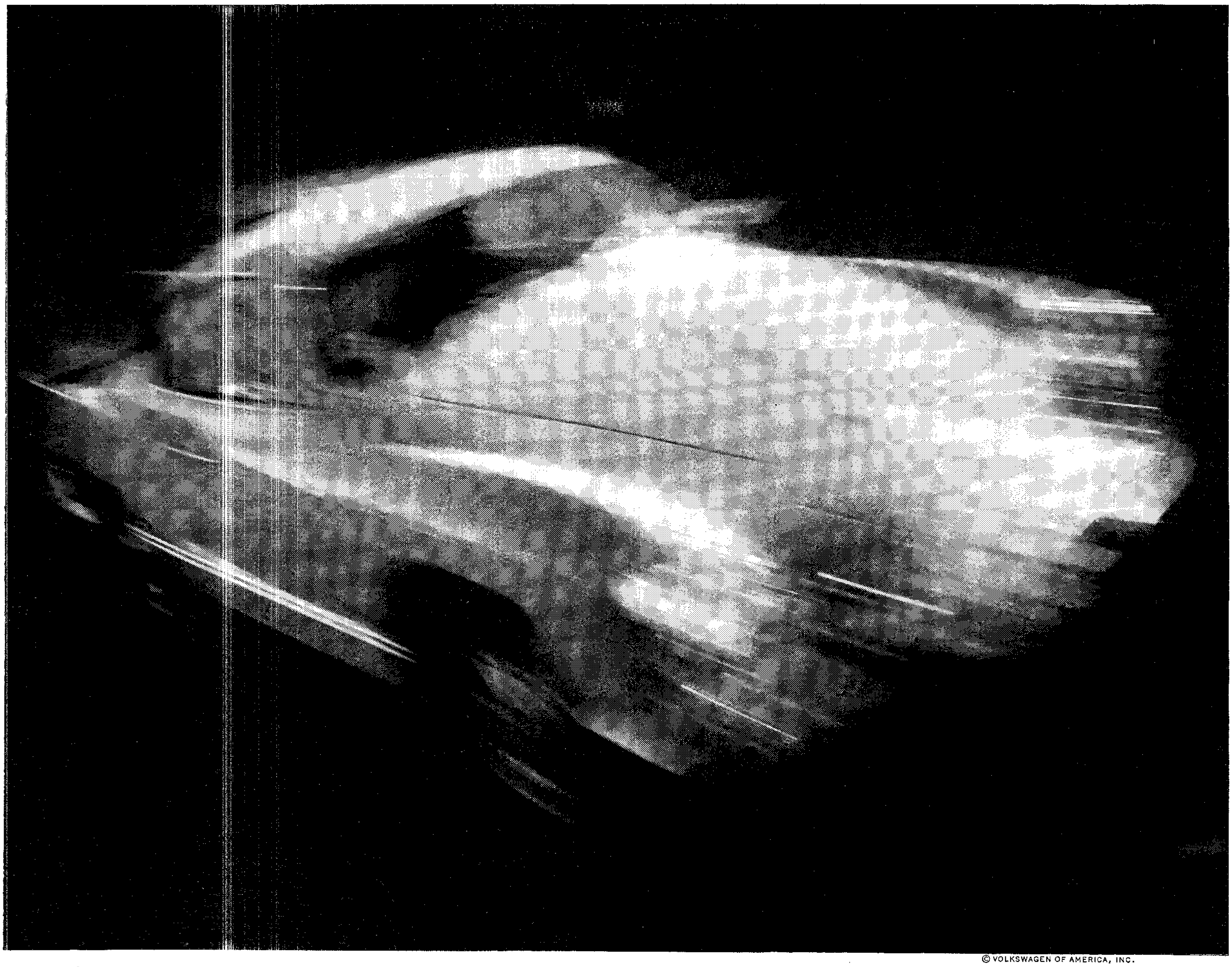
Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania Open Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 16-22.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Ways of Love," a trilogy comprising "A Day in the Country" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "Jofroi" (1934), in French (no English subtitles), directed by Marcel Pagnol. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 11:30: "The Iron Horse" (1924), directed by John Ford, with George O'Brien and Madge Bellamy. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 3 and 5:30: "Justice Is Done" (1950), in French, directed by André Cavatte, with Claude Nollier. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2 and 5:30 and Aug. 16 at 1: "The Gate of Hell" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30: "Pygmalion" (1938). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Umberto D." (1952). . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "La Strada" (1956), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 12-13: "The Green Man" (1957), directed by Robert Day, with Alastair Sim and Terry-Thomas. . . . ¶ Aug. 14-15: "Hand in Hand" (1959), directed by Philip Leacock, with John Gregson and Sybil Thorndike. . . . ¶ Aug. 19-20: "Law and Disorder" (1958), directed by Charles Crichton, with Michael Redgrave and Robert Morley. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited num-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ber of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of CYMBELINE, with Tom Aldredge, William Devane, Christopher Walken, Sam Waterston, and Jane White. The last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Thursday, Aug. 12, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Aldo Ceccato (with Gina Bachauer, piano) is conducting the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ James DePreist (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin) will conduct the third program: CENTRAL PARK'S NORTH MEADOW, Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:30. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 7 and 9:30: Seatrain and Paul Winter Consort. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 6:30 and 10: Tom Paxton, Bert Sommer, Tony Jo White, Bobby Gosh, and Carol Hall. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 7 and 9:30: Les McCann, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, and Esther Morrow. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16, at 7 and 9:30: Procol Harum and Mylon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 6:30 and 10: John Denver, Dion, Jackie Lomax, Yvonne Elliman, Bonnie Raitt, and Quinaimes Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7 and 9:30: Butterfield Blues Band and James Cotton Blues Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 7 and 9:30: Chambers Brothers and Mandrill. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 11; Friday, Aug. 13; and Sunday, Aug. 15, all at 8.)

Bryant Park—Thursday, Aug. 12, at 12:15: Sal Pace band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 12:15: Alfredo Munar band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 12:15: Sy Oliver band.

Washington Square Park—John Gilbert directing the New York University Summer Chorus. (Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Ethan Sloane, clarinet. (Monday, Aug. 16, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Bowling Green Park—Sy Oliver band. (Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 12:15.)

Gaelic Park—Jefferson Airplane and J. F. Murphy & Salt. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

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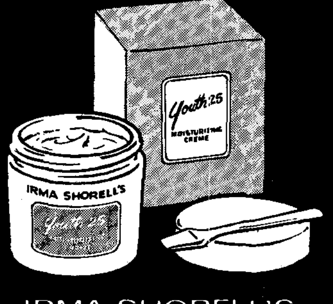

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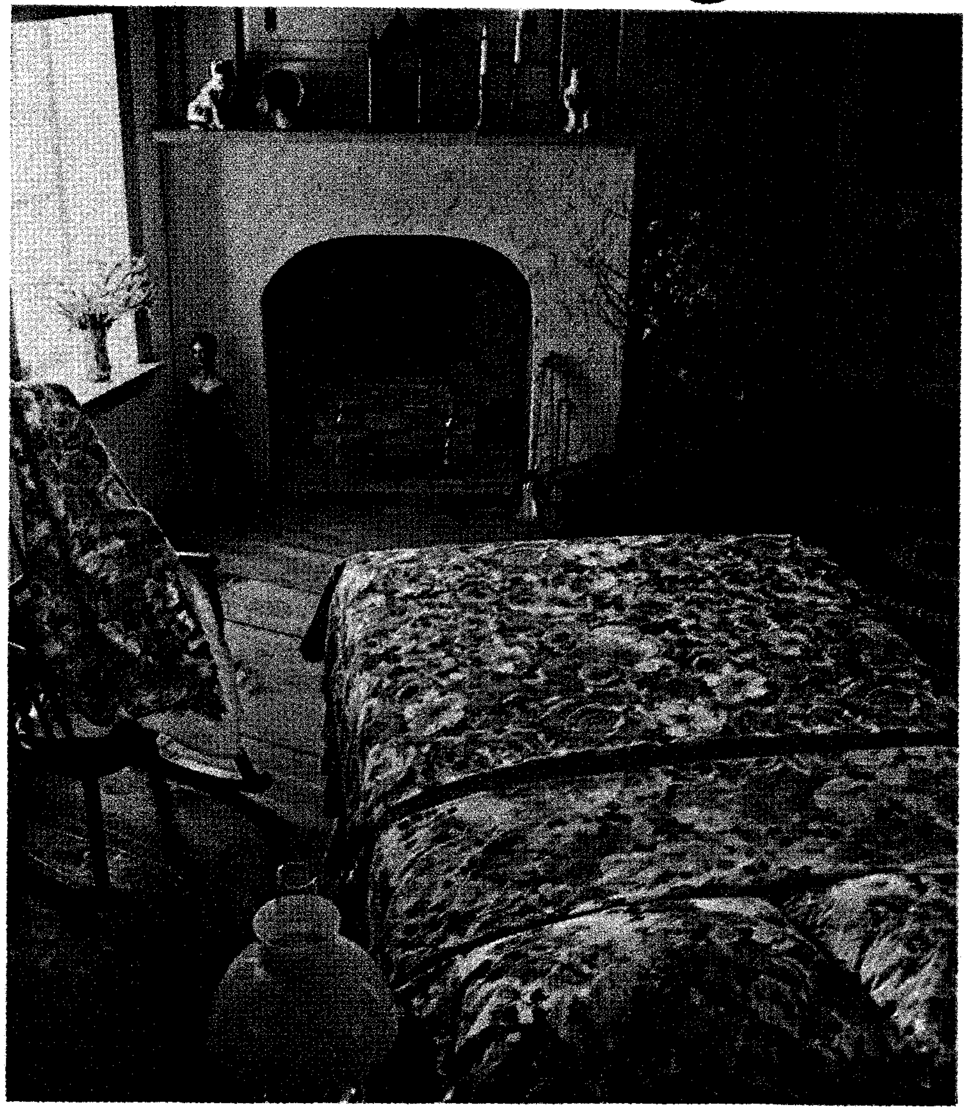

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 17: To be announced.
From Aug. 18: "The Anderson Tapes."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Aug. 11: "Thunderbolt."
Aug. 12: "Breathless."
Aug. 13: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Aug. 14: "Shame."
Aug. 15: "Design for Living."
Aug. 16: "Johnny Guitar."
Aug. 17: "Force of Evil."
Aug. 18: "Faces."
Aug. 19: "Stolen Kisses."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 14: "Falstaff" and "Simon of the Desert."
Aug. 15-17: "The Passenger."
From Aug. 18: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "The Immortal Story."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 16: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
From Aug. 17: "Cry Uncle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"On Any Sunday."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 17: "Bananas."
From Aug. 18: "Doc."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 18: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
From Aug. 19: "The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Devils."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Walkabout."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Johnny Got His Gun."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Mans."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Hired Hand."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 17: "The Panic in Needle Park."
From Aug. 18: "Romance of a Horsethief."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

Eastside Movie Bazaar, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
Aug. 11: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
Aug. 12: "Bedazzled."
Aug. 13-14: "M*A*S*H."
Aug. 15-16: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
Aug. 17: "The Ipcress File."
Aug. 18-19: "Two for the Road."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 17: "Murphy's War."
From Aug. 18: "Fools' Parade."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 17: "Klute."
From Aug. 18: "Le Mans."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Love Machine."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Billy Jack."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 17: "Lawman."
From Aug. 18: "Doc."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Aug. 11: "Cat Ballou" and "Monterey Pop."
Aug. 12-18: "Marat/Sade" and "The Killing."
From Aug. 19: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Blue Water, White Death."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 17: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."
From Aug. 18: "Willard."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 18: "The Nun."
From Aug. 19: "Thermidor."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Summer of '42."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 12: "The Virgin Spring" and "Through a Glass Darkly."
Aug. 13-16: "Grand Illusion" and "Rules of the Game."
Aug. 17: "Knife in the Water" and "Barrier."
Aug. 18-19: "L'Avventura" and "Umberto D."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Aug. 15: "Freaks."
From Aug. 16: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" and "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Fantasia."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Red Tent."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Klute."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Summer of '42."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 14: "Plaza Suite."
From Aug. 15: "Make a Face."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Deep End."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 17: "Lawman."
From Aug. 18: "The Last Run."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 17: "The Seven Minutes" and "Vanishing Point."
From Aug. 18: "Fools' Parade."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 17: 'Ryan's Daughter."
From Aug. 18: "Willard" and "Don't Drink the Water."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 11: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" and "Night of the Living Dead."
Aug. 12: "The Lady with the Dog" and "The Baker's Wife."
Aug. 13: "The Baker's Wife" and "The Soft Skin."
Aug. 14: "The Soft Skin" and "Hunger."
Aug. 15: "Hunger" and "8½."
Aug. 16: "8½" and "The Stranger."
Aug. 17: "The Stranger" and "Caught."
Aug. 18: "Caught" and "Contempt."
Aug. 19: "Contempt" and "The Organizer."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 11: "The Misfits" and "A View from the Bridge."
Aug. 12: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "The Eternal Mask."
Aug. 13: "The Stranger" and "Persona."
Aug. 14: "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!"
Aug. 15: "Moby Dick" and "The Thief of Bagdad."
Aug. 16: "Borsalino" and "Bay of the Angels."
Aug. 17: "Psycho" and "Strangers on a Train."
Aug. 18: "To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed" and "Seduced and Abandoned."
Aug. 19: "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and "How I Won the War."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Summer of '42" and "Perfect Friday."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Art; starting Aug. 18.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 18-19.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 12-13.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (34th St. East; through Aug. 17.)

Barrier (1966)—A wisp of a picture—but politically very interesting and technically accomplished—about young lovers in Poland in the early sixties. Directed by Skolimowski, who co-scripted "Innocent Sorcerers" for Wajda and wrote "Knife in the Water" for Polanski. In Polish. (Elgin; Aug. 17.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and edited by Michel Legrand's music. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal,

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more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 17.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 12.)

Billy Jack—With Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor, directed by T. C. Frank. (Loew's Ciné.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Juliet 1 and Waverly.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 11.)

Caught (1949)—By Max Ophuls, with Robert Ryan as a billionaire called Smith Ohlrig, who lies around a great deal on an analyst's couch and finally dies of a straightforward heart attack. Barbara Bel Geddes is too obviously intelligent to play the dumb Leonora Eames, but Ryan is fine, and so is velvety James Mason. The film is full of Ophuls' characteristic dollying and tracking, and may be the most interestingly complex of all the pictures of his Hollywood period. From a screenplay by Arthur Laurents. (New Yorker; Aug. 17-18.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 17.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 18-19.)

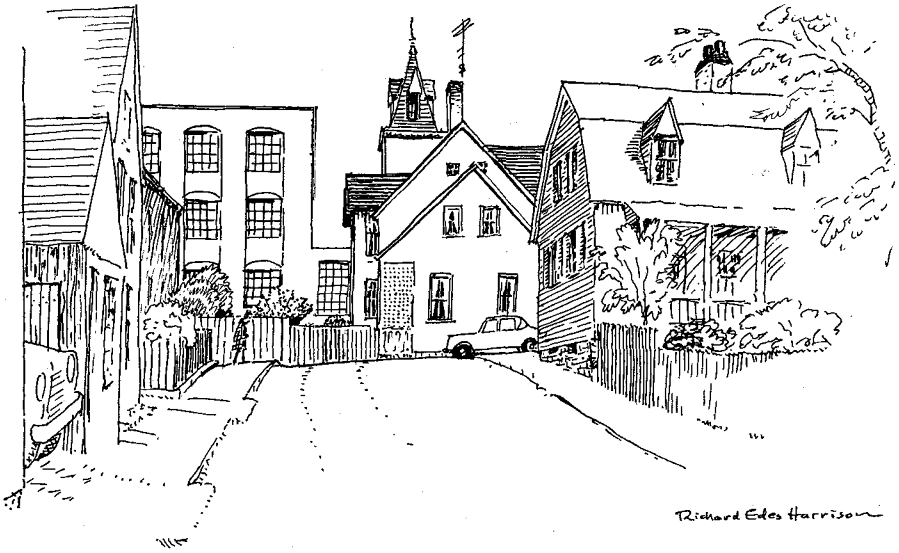
Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Kips Bay; starting Aug. 17.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

Deep End—With Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown, directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. (Paris.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness that comes more easily to English actors accustomed to playing Restoration comedy. There is a nice meal when the classy three of them, all on their beam ends, are reduced to *politesse* about sharing a single frankfurter. "Pass the mustard," Hopkins says graciously to March. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 15.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)



Doc—Directed by Frank Perry, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Faye Dunaway as Kate Elder, and Harris Yulin as Wyatt Earp. (34th St. East and 86th St. East; starting Aug. 18.)

Don't Drink the Water (1969)—Jackie Gleason in the film of the Woody Allen play. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 18.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (New Yorker; Aug. 15-16.)

The Eternal Mask (1937)—Swiss, serious-minded. A study in dementia. Fine for persistent clinic-loafers and people who like to keep a charge account at Bellevue. In German. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 14.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Guild.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (New Yorker; Aug. 11.)

Fools' Parade—With James Stewart and George Kennedy, directed by Andrew McLaglen. (Juliet 2 and Regency; starting Aug. 18.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky (more recently the director of "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here") directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 17.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank Heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 15-16.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the twinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—

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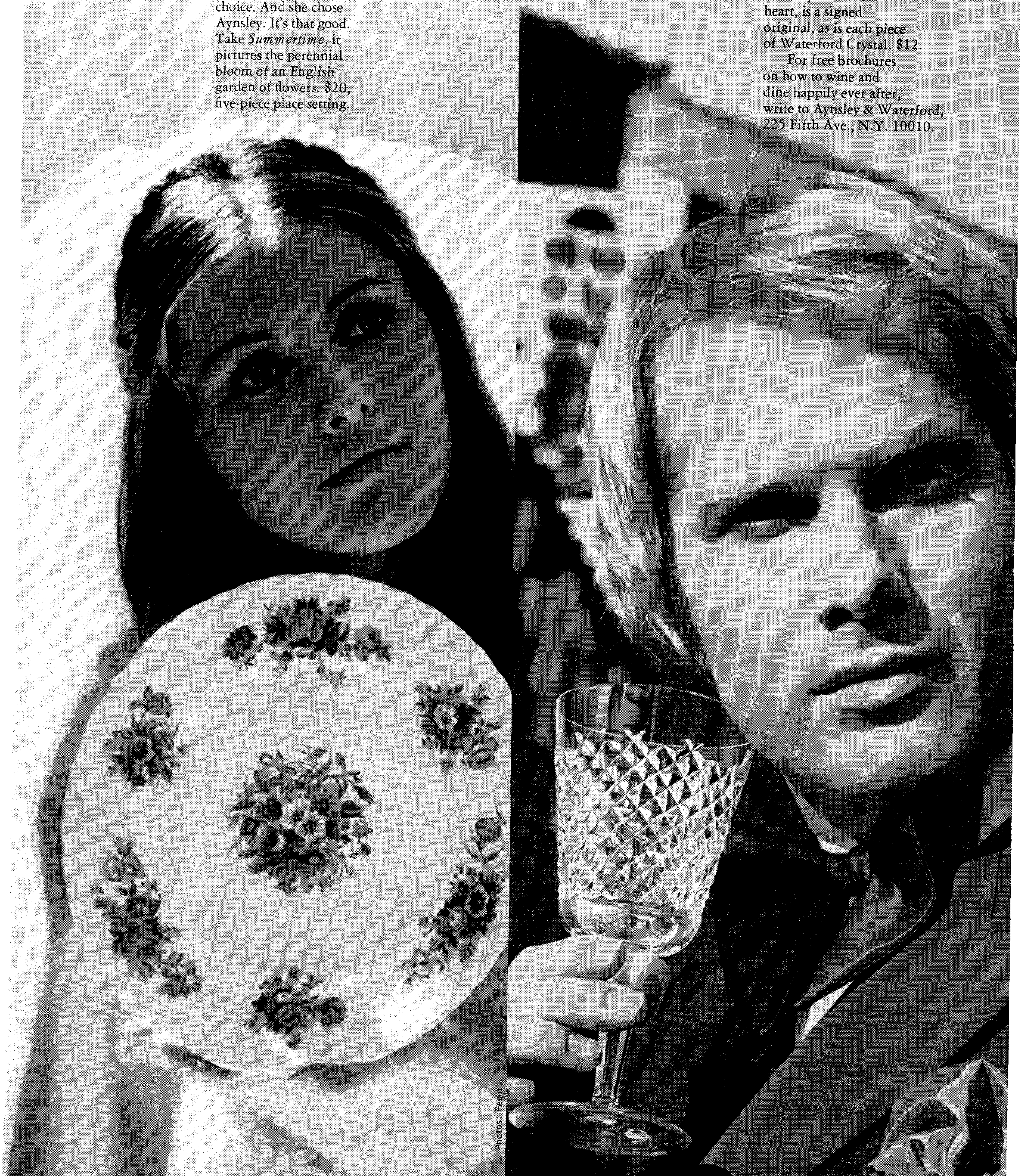


Photos: Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 13-16.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the *approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The* insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Hired Hand—With Peter Fonda, Warren Oates, and Verna Bloom, directed by Fonda. (Beekman.)

How I Won the War (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Thalia; Aug. 19.)

Hunger (1966)—Per Oscarsson plays a starving young writer—a performance with brilliant variants of self-mockery and paranoia. The Knut Hamsun novel, transcribed to the screen with astonishing fidelity—and even more astonishing success—by Henning Carlsen. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Aug. 14-15.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 18.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive bit of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin *McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to* cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah in a bit. Directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 13.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 17.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine. Directed by Nicholas Ray *at his most delirious, which* at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. Enjoyable. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 16.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 12-18.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Aug. 17.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Elgin; Aug. 17.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—Ten stars. A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (New Yorker; Aug. 12.)

The Last Run—With George C. Scott and Tony Musante, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 18.)

Lawman—With Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan, directed by Michael Winner. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; through Aug. 17.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting Aug. 18.)

The Love Machine—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law. Enough said. (Orpheum.)

Make a Face—Directed by, and with, Karen Sperling. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Aug. 15.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 12-18.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. (Sutton; starting Aug. 19.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 13-14.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Coronet.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal *in the wrong way, and generally un*lucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

Moby Dick (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Thalia; Aug. 15.)

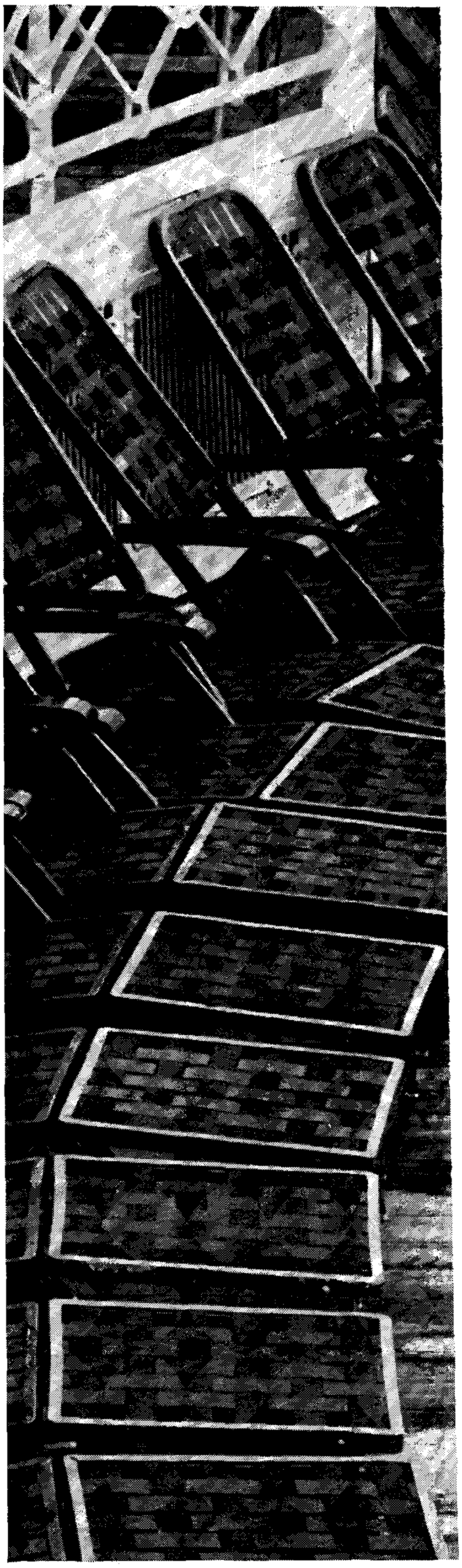
Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 11.)

Murphy's War—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Juliet 2; through Aug. 17.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—With Judith O'Dea, directed by George A. Romero. (New Yorker; Aug. 11.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia; Aug. 19.)

The Nun—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the



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point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 18.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Murray Hill.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though over-simplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (New Yorker; Aug. 19.)

The Panic in Needle Park—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Tower East; through Aug. 17.)

The Passenger (1963)—The last work of Andrzej Munk, perhaps the most considerable and anti-romantic of all Polish film makers. Not quite completed when he was killed in a car crash, it was filled in by his friends with still shots. The story is set mostly in Auschwitz, but its topic is really people's ability to rewrite memory. Munk made films in a spirit of iron-nerved mockery. (He would probably have hated the prosy commentary on the sound track, but still.) The picture is playing with an undistinguished but perfectly bearable French film by Edouard Luntz called "Naked Hearts," about being young on the end of a loose string in the Europe of the sixties, before the events of May, 1968, in France. (Cinema Village; Aug. 15-17.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Midtown.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Trans-Lux East.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Aug. 14.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

The Red Tent—With Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale, Hardy Krüger, and Peter Finch, directed by Mickail K. Kalatozov. (Music Hall.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 18.)

Romance of a Horsethief—With Yul Brynner and Eli Wallach, directed by Abraham Polonsky. (Tower East; starting Aug. 18.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 13-16.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 17.)

Seduced and Abandoned (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style" (which probably owed a good deal to the furiously masculine but furtively henpecked Sicilian melancholy of the character played by Marcello Mastroianni). This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 18.)

The Seven Minutes—From the Irving Wallace novel, with Wayne Maunder, directed by Russ Meyer. (Regency; through Aug. 17.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamourized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 14.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 13-14.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 19.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 13.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (New Yorker; Aug. 16-17.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Midtown.)

Thermidor—A documentary. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 19.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Thalia; Aug. 15.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; through Aug. 12.)

Thunderbolt (1929)—With George Bancroft and Fay Wray, directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 11.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia; Aug. 18.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of

Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 11.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 18-19.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 18-19.)

Vanishing Point—Solid car chase, celebrating both kinds of speed. Not up to much. It seems a rather mechanical extension of points proved profitable in "Easy Rider." With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (Regency; through Aug. 17.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—A complicatedly wrongheaded attempt to make a neo-realist Greek tragedy about a longshoreman in Brooklyn. Sidney Lumet directed, from Arthur Miller's play; acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. (Thalia; Aug. 11.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Aug. 12.)

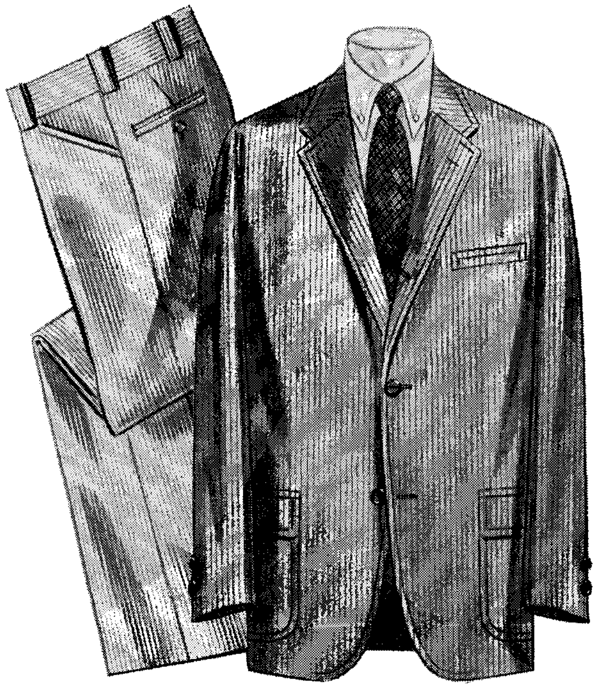
Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton; through Aug. 18.)

Willard—Elsa Lanchester is the Freudian mum of a scared young man in love with a rat called Queenie. The picture is supposed to be a horror film about a rat plague, but rats to that. (8th St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 18.)

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory—With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart. (Kips Bay; through Aug. 16.)

Zatoichi—Two films in the series starring Shintaro Katsu as the blind swordsman: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" and "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels." In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Aug. 16.)



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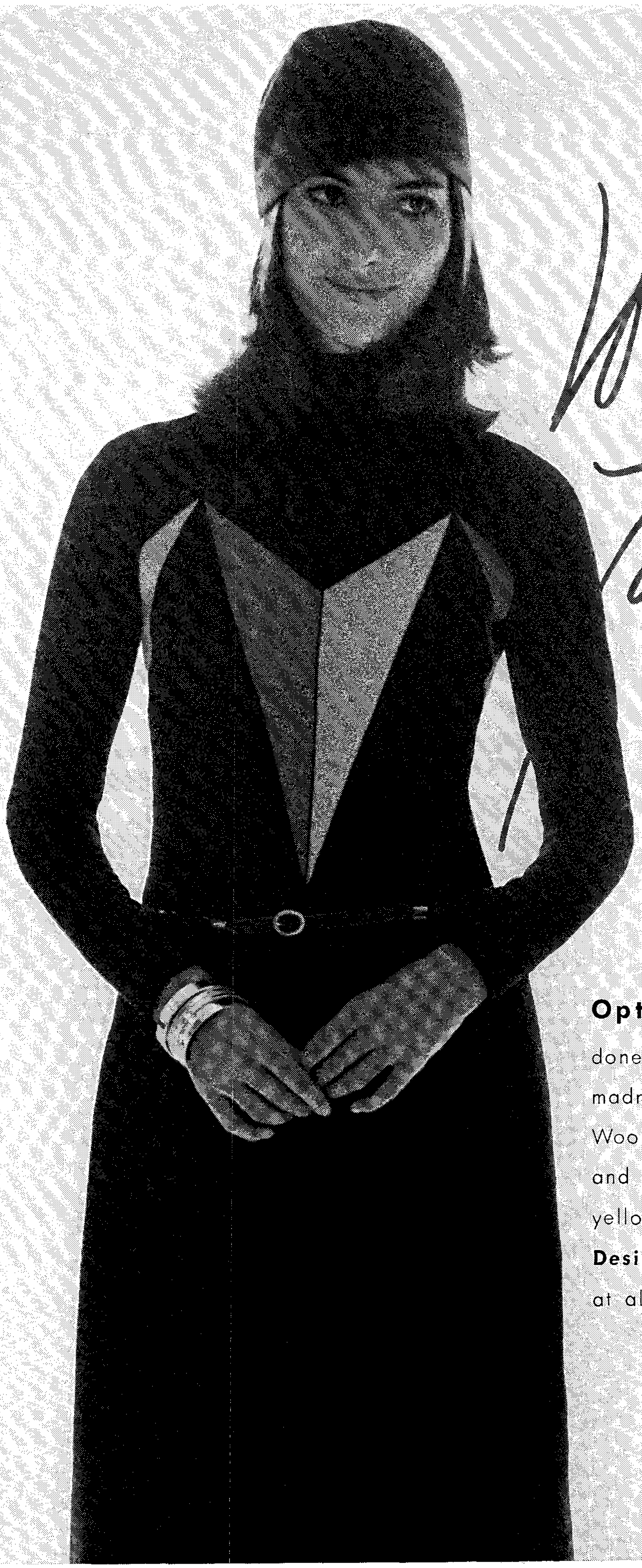

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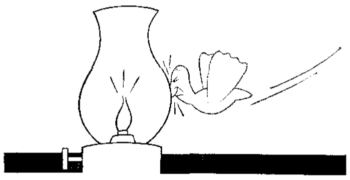
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WEEK or so ago, after making a circuit of the earth, the three astronauts headed for the moon. At the same time, the Vice-President, after making a circuit of the earth, headed for home. For the sake of diplomacy and rhetoric, the destinations of the two parties should have been reversed. If, say, the astronauts had been asked in Madrid what they thought of the Spanish government, they could have delivered the standard astronaut line "It's really beautiful here." Or if they had been asked after leaving Africa how they felt about the methods used by African leaders in comparison with the ones used by black leaders in America, they could have said, "All systems are A-O.K." On the other hand, imagine Mr. Agnew rhapsodizing, with the aid of two astronaut speech-writers, about the heavens. The possibilities are wondrous. The three men would be in a symbiotic relationship; for a part of their journey they would be superlunaries; the moon's surface would be found to be sabulous, the universe sempiternal, the trip spatiotemporal, and so on. Most wondrous of all, under such circumstances even Mr. Agnew could hardly say anything that would harm anyone, including himself. And since he has become the moth of this Administration—whenever the President lights a political lamp somewhere, the Vice-President immediately flies out and batters himself against it—what more luminous light could he lurch around than the lunar lamp?



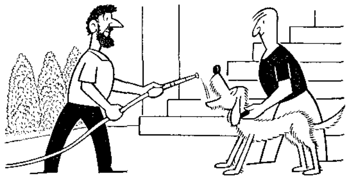
A LONG ISLAND commuter we know has sent us the following communication: "I drove into town the other morning through the usual barrage of belligerent bumper stickers. You know what I mean—'Fight Communism,' 'Power to the People,' 'Dixie, Love It or Leave It,' 'If You Don't Like the Police, the Next Time You're in Trouble, Call a Hippie.' And, as usual, they made me laugh—or, anyway, smile. Then I turned into my parking garage, and there was a car just ahead of me with a bumper sticker that read, 'Have a Nice Day.' And it made me sick. Now, why is that?"

Planting

IN front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art the other day, we noticed three young men removing evergreens from the two long planters on either side of the Museum's entrance. We went up to the top of the steps and watched them take out an evergreen tree, cut off a piece of burlap from a large burlap roll, wrap it around the roots, and carry the tree down to a large truck parked alongside one of the Museum's fountains. It was midmorning. The sky was a clear blue. The sun was hot and strong, and a number of people were lazily sitting around on the steps, singly or in pairs. A young man with long blond hair lay on the side of the pool of one of the fountains reading a paperback copy of "The Critique of Pure Reason," by Immanuel Kant. An older man was cooling off his feet by standing in the pool. His trousers were rolled up to his knees. His shoes, with socks in them, were placed neatly on the sidewalk. He had a blue-and-white checked towel around his neck as he stood in the pool. At the far end of the pool, three girls in shorts, also barefoot, were throwing a Frisbee to each other through the top spurts of water. The young men working on the planters returned from the truck carrying Chinese-hibiscus trees with their roots wrapped in burlap. They removed the burlap and started planting the trees in the planters.

"Hey, Rick!" one of the young men called to another, who had curly black hair and a matching beard. "Get the hose! Water everything!"

Rick got a green hose, attached to an outlet in the stone wall under a planter, and started watering everything in the planter. One of the step-sitters, who had a scraggly hound dog, unleashed, led his dog by the collar over to Rick. Rick turned the water down to a trickle and trickled a long drink of it into the dog's mouth.



One of the trio of young men seemed to be in charge of the others. He had blond hair trimmed in the style of Ryan O'Neal, and he wore a light-blue long-sleeved shirt with red and orange stripes and a striped necktie. The others had on short-sleeved shirts and bluejeans. The young man in charge told us his name was Jeff Huston, and his colleagues were Rick Bailey and Neil Macuspie. They all worked for the Parker Planting Service, in Scotch Plains, New Jersey.

"We're planting eighteen Chinese hibiscus imported from Florida, nine in each planter, in assorted colors," Huston said. "They all have about twenty buds each."

"Will they bloom?" we asked.

"Not only will they bloom, they'll *hold* the bloom," Huston said. "This is our late-summer planting. We're taking out the cryptomerias and the geraniums, and we're going to put in white and red petunias, and some ageratum, and some nice marigolds in the center—little marigolds, and bigger marigolds behind the little ones. Then we'll come back tomorrow and even everything up and trim it."

"It's beginning to look very pretty," we said.

"For late summer, we wanted more color," Huston said.

"How about the Fifth Avenue car-bon monoxide?" we asked. "Doesn't it affect the plants?"

"And how!" said Huston. "But we acclimate all this material in Scotch Plains before bringing it over. Humidity, lighting, effects of night and day, initial shock. Initial shock sometimes makes the leaves turn yellow, but then they come back."

"You sound like a pro," we said.

"I've been at it for eight years," he said. "We used to send all our people to Rutgers, to take a course in the Horticulture Department, under Dr. Wesley Davidson. Now Dr. Davidson is our private consultant and advises us on all this material." He watched as Bailey and Macuspie straightened a tall hibiscus in the center of one of the planters and tied it to a straight stick alongside. "That's our main focal point," he told us. "Believe it or not, when we first filled these planters with dirt we used half a *truck*load. All good New Jersey soil, with perlite and peat moss. Real good dirt."

The young man named Macuspie worked with a trowel in the planter, making a place for some marigolds.

"Now we can relax a little bit till November," Huston said. "Then we'll pull out the hibiscus trees. We'll replace them with holly trees and with evergreen-type things for the winter. For Easter, we'll be putting in maybe lilies, tulips, hyacinths, and some nice rosebushes. In early summer, we'll go back to geraniums and to cryptomerias. We have a four-season changeover."

The air was heavy with exhaust fumes from the Fifth Avenue traffic.

"Will it smell like a garden here?" we asked.

"To be perfectly honest with you, I've never tried to smell the material in New York," Huston said. "We come here twice a week to take care of the plants—these and the interior ones, in the Great Hall. We're always too busy to smell the material. We've got some terrific Phoenix roebellenii and dracaenas inside. They're in different kinds of pots now, but we're going to put them all in black ones. It will look nicer that way." He took out a large white handkerchief and wiped his face and under his shirt collar. "We'll get the planters all watered down by five," he said. "They'll start blooming in about three days. A few people come up and pull stuff out of the planters, but mostly people leave the stuff alone. I've had quite a few people ask me what the trees are, and whether they'll live through the winter—questions like that."

"New Yorkers?" we asked.

"Mostly tourists. People from New York take things for granted. They just observe. But tourists are inquisitive."

Macuspie came over, trowel in hand, and wiped his forehead with the back of his wrist. In his other hand he held a pot of red salvias. "I don't think I'll put these in, Jeff," he said. "It would be a little too much."

"Yes, a little too much," Huston repeated. "Put them in the truck. We'll take them back to the greenhouse."

An attractive young woman in a summery sleeveless dress came up to us, holding the hand of a curly-haired boy of about five.

"Aren't they pretty?" the young woman said to the boy. She spoke with a British accent. "Aren't they lovely, Robert? Look at the colors. Red. Orange. They're called hibiscus trees, Robert."

"We just planted them," Huston said to her.

"Lovely," she said. "Do you have any blue ones?"

"No," said Huston. "I haven't seen any *blue* hibiscus."

"We have them in England," the young woman said. "Just outside London."

She left with the boy, and Huston mopped his face again with his handkerchief. "See what I mean?" he said to us.

•

OVERHEARD at the water's edge on a Jersey beach, elderly lady to elderly lady: "This year, I simply don't know what to collect."

Luncheonette

People who did New York always did Times Square. People don't live in Times Square. I shot the laundromat, the luncheonette, the liquor store—interior spaces.—*Duane Michals, photographer, quoted in* The Talk of the Town, *January 16, 1971.*

MARTY'S LUNCHEONETTE, at 232 Sherman Avenue, near 207th Street, is a long, narrow place with a tan ceiling, panelled walls, fluorescent lighting, a white Formica counter, and fourteen red-vinyl-covered stools. Marty Rubin and his wife, Esther, have owned and operated Marty's for almost twenty-five years. They last refurbished the luncheonette twenty years ago, and it looks it, but no matter; the patrons—most of them middle-aged Irish and Jewish residents of the neighborhood's five- and six-story low-rent apartment buildings, and middle-aged men and women who work in 207th Street's stores and businesses—are attracted to it by Esther Rubin's cooking rather than by the décor.

Marty Rubin opens up the luncheonette every weekday at 7:30 A.M. He and Esther's sister, Gussie Markowitz, cope with the breakfast and morning-coffee-break trade. At 10:30 A.M., Marty departs for his house, in Yonkers, to fetch Esther, who has spent her morning in the kitchen. On a recent Friday, Marty returned to the luncheonette at 11:40 A.M. with Esther, eight briskets of beef, eight meat loaves, twenty pounds of coleslaw, twenty pounds of potato salad, and a chocolate cake, and there were four people at the counter. Five minutes later, when the Rubins joined Gussie behind the counter after unloading the provisions, all fourteen stools were occupied. From 11:45 A.M. until 1:30 P.M., the counter was full and there were always two or three people standing and waiting for a stool to be vacated.

During that hour and three-quarters, Marty, Esther, and Gussie didn't stop moving. Marty, a taciturn man in his fifties with gray-black hair, who never cracks a smile during working hours, waited on the customers at the front end of the counter, ran the cash register, and prepared all the cold beverages. Esther, a gray-haired woman in her sixties with glasses and a friendly manner, and Gussie, also in her fifties, blond, and sociable, handled the middle and the back of the counter, kept five coffeepots going, and took care of the griddle. Whenever they weren't taking orders or looking after the coffeepots and the griddle, they were making up sandwiches and platters (slicing meat, buttering bread, opening cans of tuna fish, arranging lettuce and tomatoes, toasting rolls), wiping the counter, or rinsing glasses, plates, and silver.

The dialogue exchanged in Marty's is crisp. Ninety per cent of it is very much to the point:

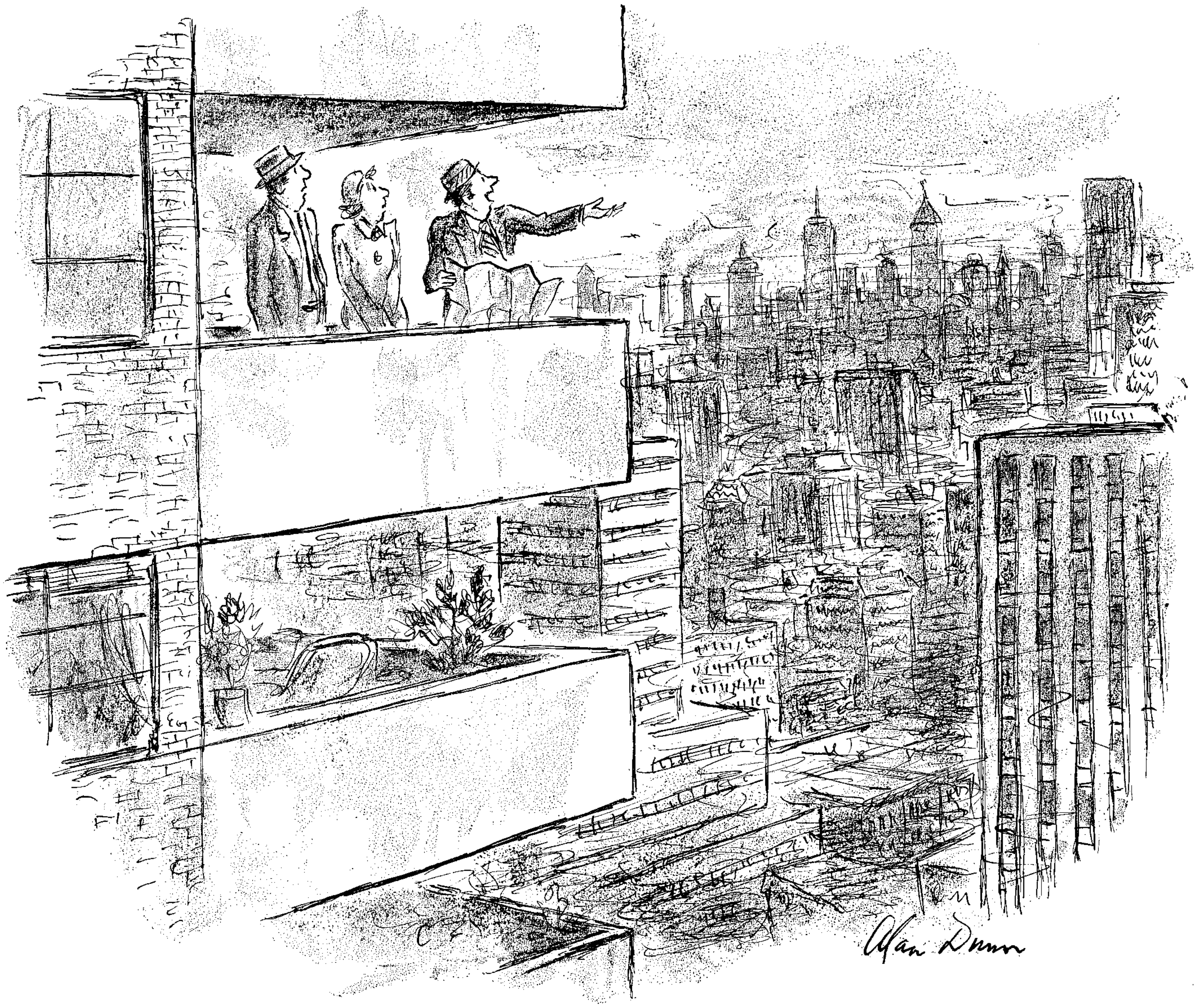
ESTHER (*to a gray-haired man*): Danny, what are you getting?

DANNY: Ham, white, butter.

ESTHER: You want lettuce, Danny?

DANNY: Nope.

GUSSIE (*to Tony, a barber in*



"From this floor, you'll have a splendid view of the collapse of civilization—if and when."

• •

mufti): You're going to have egg salad, right?

(*Tony nods.*)

TRANSIT WORKER (*to Esther*): Give me another cup of coffee when you have a minute.

RETIRED COP (*to salesman two stools away*): Pass the pepper, would you?

GUSSIE (*to Marty*): I need a chocolate malted and a seltzer.

MARTY (*to Esther*): Those two cheeseburgers done?

HOUSEWIFE (*to Esther*): You got chopped chicken liver?

ESTHER: On Friday?

HOUSEWIFE: Then make it a brisket platter.

CLOTHING-STORE OWNER: Marty, take my money, so I can get out of here.

No short shorts, tank tops, or gladiator sandals are seen in Marty's, nor is there any mention of Morocco, organic food, the two-China policy, the Dow-Jones average, or the Pentagon Papers. The remaining ten per cent of the words spoken consist of gentle pleasantries and sparse conversations about personal or local subjects—health, family, the Mets, subway breakdowns, the weather:

TELEPROMPTER EMPLOYEE: I'll have a hamburger and fried onions.

GUSSIE: With all those beautiful girls in your office, you're going to eat onions?

ESTHER: Are you losing weight, Phil?

PHIL: No, staying about the same. My wallet's getting thinner.

HOUSEWIFE: How are your grandchildren?

GUSSIE: Fine. The two girls had colds. How's your daughter?

HOUSEWIFE: Good.

REAL-ESTATE BROKER: Today's another scorcher.

MARTY: Yeah!

The patrons come in in ones and twos, order (either a sandwich or a platter and a beverage, rarely a dessert), and sit quietly, chin on hands, elbows on counter, staring into space, as they wait to be served. Then they eat quickly, smoke a cigarette, pay (the average check is a dollar and a half), and go (the average time spent is twelve minutes). Few "please"s and "thank you"s are used, but their absence connotes New York matter-of-factness, not rudeness. Esther's food isn't praised verbally. The customers' tributes to her home cooking are their empty plates and their regular presence; many have come to Marty's every day for fifteen years, and if they are away for a couple of days they are greeted upon their return with

“You been away?” or “I thought we’d lost you.” Marty and Esther have two sons. Several of their customers have been invited to their younger boy’s wedding, which is to take place in September.

At 1:45 P.M., the luncheonette empties as abruptly as it earlier filled up. The pleasant sounds of bacon sizzling and the cash register ringing subside, and from 1:50 P.M. to 5:30 P.M.—closing time—the pace at Marty’s is leisurely.

At 2 P.M., there are only three people seated at the counter: Esther, who is enjoying a platter of brisket, and two other women, one fat, one thin, both in their forties and looking somewhat weary. The thin woman, who used to live near Marty’s, moved to Fairlawn, New Jersey, a few years ago and is in the city for the day to visit her friend the fat woman, who still lives on Sherman Avenue.

“What brings you back?” Esther asks, and gets a longer answer than she perhaps bargained for.

“I’d move back tomorrow if I didn’t have the kids,” the thin woman says bitterly. “You’re alive here. In Jersey, you just exist. From the car to the house and back to the car—that’s your whole life. There’s no one on the streets to talk to, just ants. Your neighbors have got no time to talk—they’re too busy watering their grass or painting their fence. There’s no social life; you just live for your house. And there’s nothing like Marty’s in Fairlawn. All we got is a McDonald’s, and you can have it.”

Concert

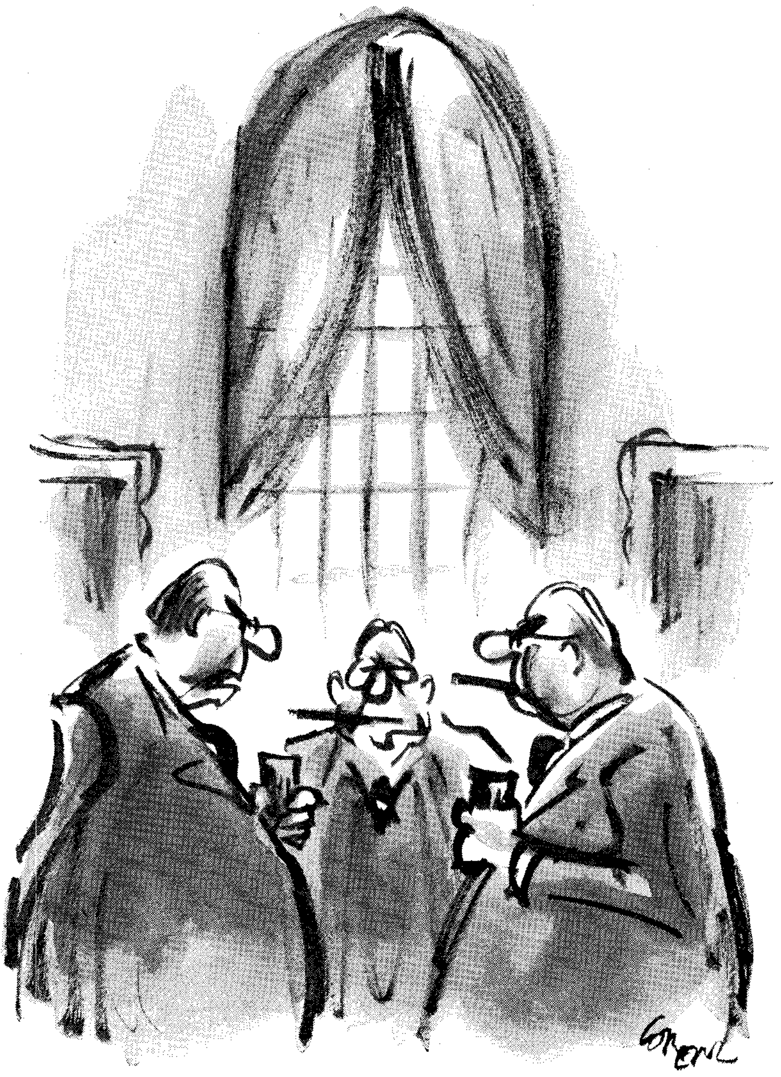
UPON hearing that the noted Indian sarodist Ali Akbar Khan had arrived in New York to participate in George Harrison’s two Sunday concerts at Madison Square Garden, we hastened over to the Hotel Navarro to bring ourself up to date on Mr. Khan’s recent activities. We found him—a short, round-faced, partly bald man in his late forties who has keen almond-shaped eyes, curly gray sideburns, and an enchanting smile—finishing his breakfast in a room overlooking Central Park while his secretary, a pretty, dark-haired girl in a flowered sari, fielded requests for interviews that were coming in over the telephone. “I have flown in from California solely for the concerts,” Mr. Khan explained in softly accented English, “and I must conserve my energy to concentrate on the music. I will play with Ravi Shankar, the sitarist—who is married to my sister Annapurna—and we must decide on the music this morning. For the two-thirty concert, we will probably play ‘Sarang,’ an afternoon raga that has a mood of peace and pathos, and some light classical Bengali songs. For the evening concert, we will have to chose another raga suitable for the time, the place, and the mood of the audience.”

We asked Mr. Khan if he would consider repeating the afternoon program in the evening.

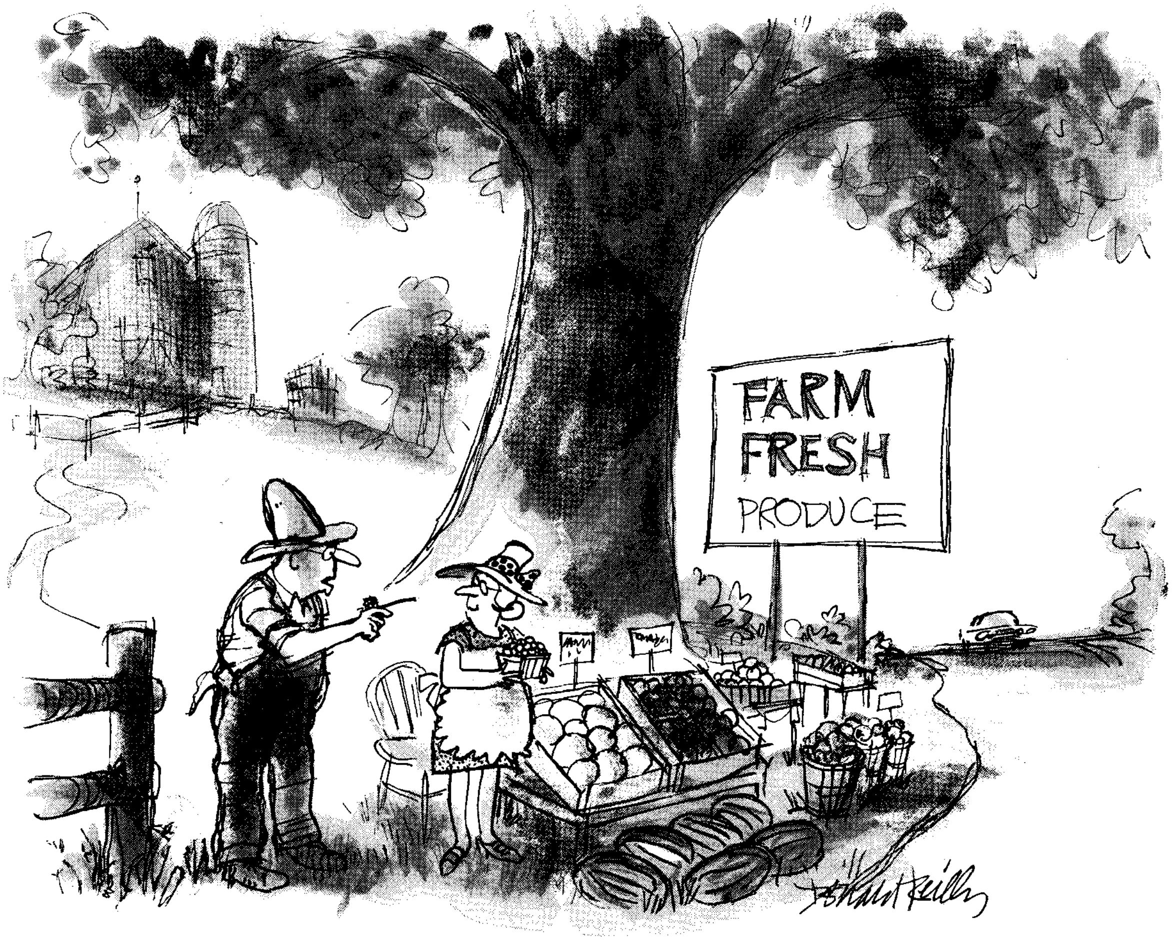
“Oh, no, that is impossible,” he replied—politely, though he looked shocked. “There are seventy-five thousand ragas, and each of them is suitable for a specific season and a specific time of the day. If you played an afternoon raga in the evening, you wouldn’t get the proper mood.”

We asked Mr. Khan to give us a brief description of a raga, and he replied that it is essentially a musical framework within which a trained instrumentalist can create a composition. “In Indian music, we have a twelve-note scale, just as you do in the West,” he said. “For a raga, you select within one octave seven notes, ascending and descending. Within this pattern of notes—and with a knowledge of the North Indian style—you improvise a theme and as many variations as you wish.” Mr. Khan went on to say that the North Indian scale can be subdivided into twenty-two microtones, which are used for the ornamentation of raga themes. “South Indian music has a different kind of composition, based on even more microtones,” he added. “I don’t play it very often.”

We inquired about Mr. Khan’s family, and he replied that it is divided among India, East Pakistan, and California, where he operates the Ali Akbar College of Music. “My father, Ustad Allauddin Khan, who is now a hundred and ten, has given up playing instruments and lives in Maihar, where he worked for many years as a court musician,” Mr. Khan said. “My two wives are also there. Two of my nine children are in California. One is my oldest son, Asish, who teaches sitar at the college; the other, also a son, is in school. The seven other children are in India, teaching or studying. My second son, Dhyalesh, is looking after my other college, in Calcutta, with the help of my sis-



“The miracle to me is that after being bled by these welfare chisellers so long Uncle Sam has anything left to bail out Lockheed with.”



"Remember, now, the stuff is organic for those that want organic."

ter." Mr. Khan added that several of his father's brothers were still living in the area of Shibpore, the small village north of Dacca, in East Pakistan, where he was born. "We haven't had any communication with them since the fighting began in Bangla Desh," he said. "We are Indian Muslims, but we have been a family of musicians for many generations, so we don't understand politics. But I believe that what is happening there must be terrible."

We asked Mr. Khan how he had happened to found his California college, and he replied that he had started informally teaching a small group of students on the West Coast. "I began with fifteen students and eventually found myself with forty young people who had spent a good deal of time learning Indian music and wanted to continue their studies," he told us. "So we set up a non-profit college and rented a building in Terra Linda, near San Francisco. This was in 1967, and I have been teaching there ever since. At the present time, we have a hundred and twenty students, who are studying Indian dance and vocal technique and learning to play the sitar, the sarod, the Indian flute, and the tabla, or drum. Recently, I organized a group of about twenty students to work out a concerto for sarod and Indian orchestra, with the help of John Cooper, who composed the harmony parts in raga style. I have also been playing experimentally with John Handy, a jazz saxophonist who has become interested in the raga form. I teach him some ideas about style, theme, melody, and the little cycles of ornamentation in the music, and then he can compose in his style and I in mine. We play duets—they're a kind of musical dialogue between East and West—and the reception has been quite good."

"How long does it take to become an accomplished North Indian musician?" we asked.

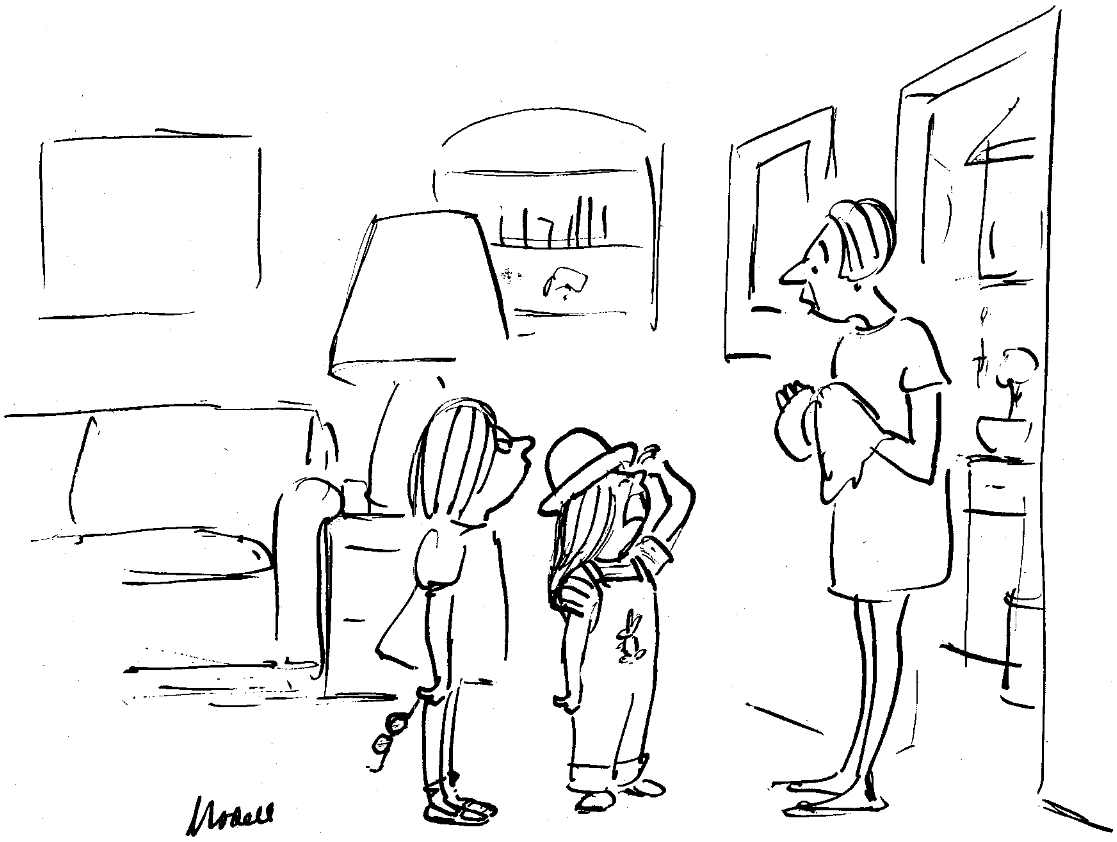
"If you come to me and want to learn an instrument, I can tell after six months if you're going to be competent," replied Mr. Khan. "In five years, you can learn to improvise within the raga form, and in ten years you will have complete training in Indian music. But it took me twenty years to become a finished musician, because my teacher was my father. He plays two hundred instruments, and he is a perfectionist."

We asked Mr. Khan if he is interested in Western music, and he told us that he is fond of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, all of which he plays on his sarod. "Only the melodies, of course," he added. "The sarod is so big you can't play harmony. But I also play ragas on the violin and the cello—instruments that my father insisted that I learn. He thought that a knowledge of various classical styles would help to clarify my understanding of North Indian music. For us, as a family, music is like food. When you need it, you don't have to explain why, because it is basic to life."

• •

GEORGE HARRISON'S Sunday-evening concert exceeded all expectations, and expectations for it had run high. For the first time in five years, Harrison and Ringo Starr performed together in public. For the first time ever, Bob Dylan, the most important individual voice in the popular music of the sixties, played and sang with members of the Beatles, the most important group of that decade. And, also for the first time ever, a major rock event was put on by the musicians without thought of profit but, instead, for the benefit of desperately needy people in another part of the world.

It was this last factor—or so it seemed to us—that gave the atmosphere in the Garden its particular blend of friendliness, respect, and restraint. The feeling in the audience and on the stage was good and warm, but without the overtones of scene-making and narcissism which usually accompany "good vibrations." Together, the afternoon and evening concerts raised something in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars for the George Harrison and Ravi Shankar Special Emergency Relief Fund for Displaced Persons of Bangla Desh, which will be administered by the United Nations Children's Fund. A record album and a film of the concerts will be released as soon as they are ready, and the pro-



"*Cynthia, you be Bella Abzug now and let Marcia be Tricia Nixon for a little while.*"

ceeds from them will also go to the Fund. It is probable that few members of the audience on Sunday cared deeply, or even knew very much, about the sufferings of the people of East Pakistan, which, in any event, are so great as to beggar the imaginations even of those who have followed the situation carefully. But all the members of the audience knew and trusted George Harrison, whose music has helped give shape to their lives, and they sensed the seriousness of his purpose.

At the very beginning of the evening concert, without buildup or fanfare, George Harrison appeared on the stage, and when the cheers had died down, he introduced Ali Akbar Khan, Ravi Shankar, Alla Rakha, and Kamala Chakravarty. "Their music is more serious than ours," Harrison said. "I hope you can get into it."

Most of the audience did indeed seem able to get into it, and after their first selection the four Indian musicians, seated on a platform covered with an Oriental rug, received a long ovation, the first of many such ovations that evening. Ravi Shankar, who is a Bengali, smiled and pressed his fingertips together in acknowledgment and then spoke briefly. "This is not a program as usual," he said. "It has a message. We are artists; we are not trying to make any politics. But now we would like to play for you a piece in which we try to express the agony and the anguish, the hope and the joy of Bangla Desh." From time to time during the evening, there were other reminders of the purpose of the concert. In the quiet interval after Ravi Shankar's performance, films of refugees from East Pakistan were projected onto screens on either side of the stage.

When the spotlights went up again, George Harrison was singing, and behind him was a startlingly large band. We counted twenty-five musicians, including a six-man horn section and a chorus of eight. The sidemen were appropriately impressive and varied. Among them were the Englishman Eric Clapton, who many students of rock think is the best electric-guitar player alive; Billy Preston, a black American organist and singer; Leon Russell, the white American piano player and singer; Klaus Voormann, the German bassist who has recorded with three of the Beatles; Jesse Davis, a guitarist who is an American Indian; and, of course, Ringo Starr, who played the drums and sang "It Don't Come Easy," and tugged at his forelock after he was cheered. Harrison, with his flared white suit and long, squared beard, looked like a young patriarch. He sang "All Things Must Pass," "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," "Wah-Wah," and "Here Comes the Sun." Then he leaned into the microphone and said, "Now I'd like to bring out an old friend of us all, Mr. Bob Dylan."

Bob Dylan had not played before a concert audience in the United States since 1968, when he sang at the Woody Guthrie memorial concert at Carnegie Hall, and it is unlikely that very many of those present in the Garden had ever seen him before. Nevertheless, with his denim jacket and his curly hair, his acoustic guitar and his harmonica, his shy manner and his rueful grin, he *was* an old friend. He sang "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," "Love Minus Zero—No Limit," "Blowin' in the Wind," and "Mr. Tambourine Man." His voice was smooth and high, with the shadow of a yodel in it. He sang "Just Like a Woman," and George Harrison and Leon Russell put their heads next to his to sing harmony in the chorus, and then he left with a smile and a wave.

People in the audience grinned and shook their heads at one another in a kind of happy stupefaction; after years of rumors at every big rock concert and festival, Dylan had at last appeared. Harrison sang three more songs, threw his coat over his shoulder, said "Thank you very much," and walked off the stage, but the audience clapped and clapped until he returned. For his encore, he sang a rolling, rhythmic song that described how his friend Ravi Shankar had asked his help in doing something for the relief of the refugees in Bengal. The song was not great poetry, but it was straightforward, and it explained why he had brought together this extraordinary collection of musicians:

"My friend came to me with sadness
  in his eyes
Told me that he wanted help
Before his country dies.
Although I couldn't feel the pain
I knew I had to try
Now I'm asking all of you
To help us save some lives.
Bangla Desh, Bangla Desh."

SEX TIPS

BY HARLEY PETERS, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE EXTENSION SEX AGENT

I HEAR so much said against sex education in the schools. Is sex educational?

For generations, education virtually ignored sex. Today, most educators agree that sex should be taught. In fact, sex *is* learning. Sex is learning how to listen, sex is learning how to look at other people, sex is learning how to feel about yourself and about your own feelings and learning how these feelings feel about you. Sex education does not mean that "anything goes"—quite the contrary—and the fact that some people are afraid that the door of the classroom has been opened only shows that *they* have something to hide. What's going on behind *their* doors? They claim, for example, that sex orgies take place during sex education, referring to the supposed teaching of unbridled body contact. It just isn't true, and they ought to check their own homes for body contact before levelling wild charges at the schools.

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You say that sex is learning how to listen. How come?

Listening is much more than sensory reception; it means being open to experience and accepting the other fellow on his own terms. Perhaps I can illustrate this idea with a little story from real life. A young man and a young woman—I'll call him Charlie and her Crystal—came to me for help not long ago. They had first met each other a few days before at a singles party and that night had gone to Charlie's apartment. After they had undressed and were in bed, Crystal remarked that the sheets were loose. "I can't *stand* to have a bed unmade," she said, and she got up and made it.

Her action puzzled Charlie. He asked her if it should be taken as a delaying maneuver, or as an indication of her wish to mother him, or as a form of precoital wordplay.

Crystal replied that mussed sheets affected her powers of concentration and that she wished to give him her undivided attention.

"Pardon me," said Charlie understandably, "but I should think your mind would be centered on love and not be worried about unsymmetrical sheets."

Crystal said she felt that heightened wrinkle-consciousness was the result of a *lack* of tension.

After a while, and after some concentrated listening on both their parts, they succeeded in helping each other see both sides of it. Charlie came to understand the difference between love as action (his "time" sense) and love as state or condition (her "space," or sheet, sense), and Crystal conceded that she might be only using sheets to cover up her fears of inadequacy.

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But why did they come to you for help?

Perhaps because I'm willing to listen carefully without making easy judgments. Sexual fulfillment is a tough shot at best. Maybe things would be clearer if we thought of sex as a series of difficult choices. Or as a city. If you live in the city, you won't find all the answers right there on your street. You need reliable transportation, not to mention good schools and pleasant parks nearby. But any way you look at it, sexual fulfillment is your job, not mine; we professionals can only listen and give some encouragement. I can illustrate with part of an interview with a young fellow who recently came to me for help.

CLIENT: It really seems to me that, uh, verbalization is—that I've really got to overcome this compulsion to—it's a need, I think, to put everything into words and to analyze everything, which in my case takes the place of—or rather, *smothers* the need to experience emotions directly and to be a more loving person and to taste life to the quick, and I guess what I'm *really* saying is that I want to be myself but—

THERAPIST: Care for a cream soda?

This fellow had the notion that women are unable to resist fast-talking men. I tried to put him at his ease, and told him to be more casual. Other people need to be reminded that sex is meant to be fun; they should try to be more delightful. Of course, copulation has put new life into many marriages, but it isn't *always* the answer. An older literature refers to love as being bound with chains that time will not sever. You might try that. Or you might try sleeping *under* the bed. The possibilities are endless. Read my book.

•

Do you love me?

That's an interesting question. What do we mean when we talk about love? Are we talking about physical attraction? Or something philosophical? Probably the best answer is "a combination of both," and the most useful definition of love, with that in mind, is simple proximity—being near to each other or together. In that sense, you and I, my dear, are truly as one.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

THE POSITION OF THE PLANETS

"GOOD lord, I'm a genius," the impresario wailed, as if crying for help. He held his hand to his forehead and loped across the bar toward the beautiful girl in the corner. "I'm a *genius*," he said again, and the hand again went to his forehead. He might have been taking his temperature. "I dreamt about you suddenly last night, and now here you are in New *York* of all places. You won't remember me."

"Nearly," the girl said, trying. Also still trying to write a letter.

"Well, it's a great piece of luck, to break a dream. I've been having wonderful luck ever since May 25th. I'm Scorpio. In the dream you were in London, of course. What are you doing here? We were both in London. We were in the National Theatre bar, the downstairs bar, the place where I last saw you. You won't remember. Can I sit down with you and have a drink?" He loomed over the table and spilled a pile of show-business newspapers from under his arm. "What are you doing in New York?" he said.

"Writing a book about the longshoremen's union," the girl said. "And washing up."

He was gazing at her left cheekbone, though, and absently swatting the air.

("LIBRA ASCENDANT. YOU WILL
ENCOUNTER FIERY 'REMINDERS.'
SIGN OF MUTABLE AIR. EASY-
MOVING GAIT IN 'SPECULATION.' ")

"I'm trying to find an actress I once saw who looks just like you. Can you think who it is? American. I'd have to get her past Equity."

"You could probably wangle it," she said, squinting at her letter.

"Do you know anything about unions, then?"

She gave up and said, "Are you buying plays?"

"So there, you do remember me. That's wonderful. Doesn't one roast in America." He pulled off his jacket in a hurry and left one sleeve turned inside out, like a small boy's jersey. A waiter came up and made him put it on again.

He leaned forward as if he meant to kiss her and then said in a low voice, "I'm going to give you the name of a first-rate lawyer."

"What I need is a vet for my cat," she said. "I don't think I need a lawyer."

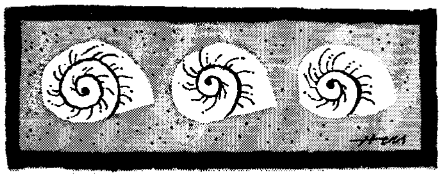
"I can find you the best vet in New York. I know someone. But put this name down. He's the top lawyer in New York. For example, 'I can't pay you straightaway,' I had to say to him. 'That's all right,' he said. 'We can wait until doomsday, or 1972, whichever is the sooner.' 'No, you won't have to,' I told him, 'my luck's on the turn; it's going to be a tremendous year, though it's true that just now one's recovering from a few debacles.' Get out your book and write his name down. And while we're about it I'll give you the name of the best dentist in America. You'll say you shouldn't afford it here and neither should I, but in dentistry they've got the edge on us and you can't begrudge teeth. Liz says that. You've never met her. I always wanted to introduce you but there never seemed to be the chance of it. You haven't seen me since the bad time with the lawyers."

"This lawyer?"

"No, in England. My own company sued me, didn't you know? Making me carry the can. 'All right,' I said, 'sue me.' I moved out of my office the same afternoon. I found a place in West Kensington. No reason why a theatrical manager has to be in Shaftesbury Avenue and pay those rents. They tried to intimidate me by holding on to the furniture. There was a desk I was fond of, it's true. But by then I was into my new place and I felt shot of the stuff. 'All right,' I told them, 'keep it; I don't want it now, I'm perfectly happy, thanks.' That was our bad year. I didn't know it was all coming, of course, which is just as well. Fortunate that things don't happen all at the same time. Insofar as time is constituted by duration—"

He had a think, and blew his nose, noticing after a moment that her mind was fixed on his words in a way that made him feel quite light. A five-pound note that had got muddled up with his handkerchief fluttered to the floor, and he looked at it accusingly, though without making a move.

"Next month we had the burglary," he said. "Liz lost a winning I'd given her on a horse. We'd kept it in cash. You can't insure cash, as you know, but who cares, and it seemed a good present. A Christmas stocking—no, a pair of red tights, actually—filled up to here with pound notes that we'd won on a strawberry roan named Cordelia. I'd just had an idea for a way of doing 'Lear' and it had brought me luck. The idea. At the time. Though the money went later, as I said. In the same swoop they took my father's silver cigarette case. The first time I ever got bashed around the earhole was when I put my dirty fingers on that cigarette case. His letters went too, for some reason." The impresario made a face. "Rotten year." But a minute later he looked buoyed up.



("YOU HAVE RECENTLY HAD A
'BAD' YEAR. IGNORE THIS.
GAMBLE ON 'PROFITS.'
JOURNEYS AHEAD.
YOUR ASSETS WILL BE ENFER-
VOURED. LUCKY COLOUR GOLD OR
GILT.")

The girl rescued the five-pound note, because he was obviously going to let it lie there. "Oh, thanks very much," he said in a courtly way, stuffing it back into his handkerchief pocket. "*Lousy* year. Good riddance."

He paused, and she said to prompt him, "I heard you were poorly."

"Well, I had to have my tonsils out when we were in the middle of producing 'Tamburlaine,' which meant that the stage management made a right old mess of pulling on the chariot. I daresay you heard about that joke-night among the London literati." He stared at her. If she doesn't answer me seriously, he thought, if she's listened to the chatter about me, she's had it.

"No," she said. "It came on fine the night I was there. I think it was on a truck. Have I got that right? From the prompt side."

Relieved, he talked volumes about the technical problems of chariots.

"And after the tonsils something else happened?" she said, looking for more, because he didn't seem a man to make a fuss over tonsils, but he evaded her and said only, "*Foul* year."

"What else happened?" she said, digging away.

"I couldn't seem to get back any vim, that's all. In the end I dropped in on Oliver Craddock, just out of curiosity, and he saw everything without my telling him a word."

"You mean an astrologer?"

"You're laughing at me and I laughed at myself, but he's the best astrologer in London. As I say, I wasn't feeling particularly well at that point. All right, I thought; yes, it's womanish to go to him, but they're poor times, and maybe an astrologer's a rug to put

"I was grinding out barnyards and farmhouses and cows in the meadow, and then, suddenly, I figured to hell with it."

• •

over you when you're wintering. I'm going to give you his address. I've never fancied the stars, having been a computer programmer in early life, but it may be a truth that mathematicians are often superstitious."

"I wouldn't have known you'd been in computers."

"We're not a breed."

"What made you stop?"

"It began to seem a craven sort of job. Also lonely, and without much dash, to my mind. I'd do most of it at night. I was learning at a place where we hired the computer's time and it was cheaper to get a night run. The engineer would go to sleep soon in a corner. Liz would have given me a thermos and a book. I generally didn't drop off till four or five. The computer would be burbling away and the lights would be fluttering around the console. One calls it a console and it looks much like an awful cocktail cabinet. But the nights there gave me an idea later for a psychedelic light show, so they weren't all waste. If you dozed off and the computer happened to break down, the silence generally woke you. A comforting feature of that particular model was that you could store drinks in the back of its refrigeration compartment. I'm feeling splendid, aren't you?"

A waiter came up to him and handed him an airmail copy of some newspaper. He folded it open at a page of stocks and shares, and as he was looking down the lists he gave the man two dollars.

"You tip too much, don't you?" the girl said.

"Hang on a moment. I've got to telephone," he said. She started to get up but he said, "Don't go, don't go" and hurried out of the bar, running with his body crouched and his right hand holding the newspaper low down, like a soldier carrying a slung rifle running in to the attack.

SOMEONE came back with him to plug in a telephone. "Do you want to be on your own?" she said.

"Don't go," he said again, getting a London number and ringing his stockbroker late in the English night. She read while he talked. He has the sound of a desperado, she thought. Hanging on to the cliff face by his nails, gaining small purchase on it.

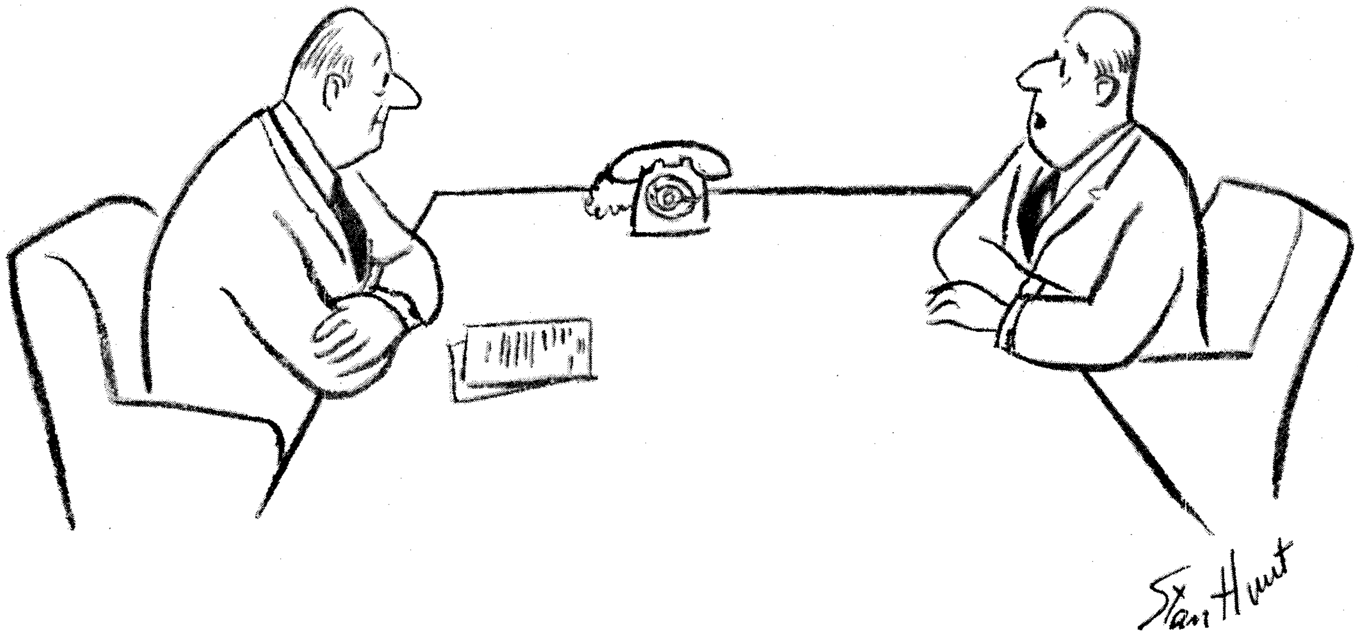
"I was just talking to my bookie," he said crisply, which was the way he treated money troubles. "While I was about it, I put a fiver for you on a nice little filly called General Motors." He had a drink, and then a double, looking at her. "You're a very pretty girl. Delicate. I don't mean unwell."

"Actually, I have seen your wife. At the Lyric one night."

"Liz has a small face, too."

No, the girl thought, it was a big, strong face, remembering it quite clearly, and then putting aside that puzzle. "What happened after the computers?"

"Liz made me stop. We wondered what to do next, because the only other thing I'd ever done was box. I was in and out of work. More out than in. I took a job at a place where they did greeting cards. We put out a lot of get-well cards and deepest sympathies, which was a bit of a con when the only thing I knew how to do apart from programming was punching people. I hadn't been any great shakes at boxing, but I'd thought as a young man that I might be. Everybody needs to shine at something, and I thought I could



"Is this your desk or my desk? Did I come to see you or did you come to see me?"

* * *

box. I used to have quite a complex about being beaten, but I met Liz after I'd been beaten hollow all year and she still married me."

"You looked happy, the two of you. She was wearing a red suit with red boots and a pleated shirt."

He blinked strangely.

"And you look fine now," she said, pushing on. "People revive very fast." Some people, she thought, he in her mind. The diligence of cheering up.

"Well, it's true that one isn't always sure that life can continue under its present auspices, but I am at the moment," he said, "and especially today. Oliver Craddock told me this would be a good time. 'It will be full of travel.' " He ate a peanut and went over his own words, having a perfect verbal memory, which was an aid in his profession. " 'Auspicious' is something Indians often say. I had an Indian friend in the bad year, a lawyer from Udaipur who kept up my spirits when the partners were after me. 'Today is an auspicious day,' he would say. He was quite superstitious, generally leaning to one's own advantage."

And then she read, in a copy of the *Stage* that happened to be turned in her direction, a paragraph about him which made it clear that the wife whom he was talking about in the present tense had died a year ago, and that he had had a row of flops in London.

"New York's a shot in the arm," he was saying. "I've bought the biggest shows in town. I'm going to make a fortune, and your little flurry on General Motors will keep you in mink for the rest of your life. No, not mink. I can see you wouldn't like mink. Fun furs. No, I daresay they've gone already. A beautiful pale-auburn fox down to your ankles, with a high collar to turn up. You'd look like a very small Katharine Hepburn. Witty. Have you seen that thing called 'Thighbone'? Do you think it'd go? Barbra Streisand wants to do it with me."

"She'd make anything go," the girl said, a second after reading a paragraph on the front page of *Variety* about two big London managements—no mention of him—that were bidding against each other for the show. "What made you want to go into the theatre?"

"Well"—and he waited to be certain he was putting it right, for she gave him scruples—"well, as we were saying, one isn't sure of the ruling hand any longer, so there is an inclination these days to take over."

"Is it that? Isn't it the risk?"

"No, the control. That's what I didn't like about computers; you have to truckle. Anyway, I'm not a man of the disciplines. I thought to myself, Computers are in danger of making people furious, but the theatre as a job of work might be just the meat."

"Isn't it the gambling? The cheek?" The backbone, she thought, on her way to the newsstand.

When she got back, he was charging their drinks to himself and ordering more. "Room 605 or 505, whichever floor it is. You know it," he cried to the waiter. And "Oh, I am having a nice time!" he exclaimed to her. Another waiter came up to him then with a bundle of letters and cash that he had left behind in the foyer and forgotten. He gave him ten dollars and put the clump of valuables underneath his newspapers and a heap of message slips and theatre programs.

"Liz isn't a bit theatrical. She's Pisces, I'm Scorpio. Oliver Craddock saw it all. He said it would be hard for a time." He pulled at his tie. "When the lawsuit was beginning, before he could possibly have known about it, he wrote this down for me on a bit of paper." The impresario scribbled on a copy of *Arts-Spectacles* and turned it round to the girl.

" 'Legal, psyche-regenerative.' That's what he wrote," he said.

"What happened after the greeting cards?" she said. Some strong feeling roared along her bones.

"You could use words like 'fantastic' or 'spectacular.' I was in Cook's getting our letters because we hadn't an address at the time. We were living here and there, and I was looking for investors, so we gave a care-of-Cook's address. I was watching someone else picking up his post, a nice-looking man with a stoop, and he was reading his letters and he came to one where he cried bitterly. So I introduced myself. It was a letter describing the last hours of a friend of his. None other than the greatest mathematician in the world. You'll guess what I'm leading up to. Well, he said he was a writer, and I said I was looking for plays to invest in and why didn't he write one about his friend, and a couple of months later he'd written something pretty splendid, hadn't he? The luck began to run the other way and we made a bit of a fortune that six months. Who would think it of Cook's. Or of American Express, for that matter. A benediction from Cook's." He flapped his jacket. He had a nose like a snout, long and inquiring.

"It sounds more your doing," she said. "I don't believe much in luck."

"Ah, all I did was have an idea," he said. "Having an idea is nothing to go by."

She didn't intrude.

"Don't you be nice to me. I'm known as a bit of a bastard," he said proudly, heaving the pile of newspapers onto the floor and in the process dropping his wallet out of his jacket pocket. "Don't you be taken in, I'm not to be trusted," he said, noticing that his spectacles were steamed up. He rubbed them with a paper napkin and then put them away in his jacket because they seemed ugly in front of this pretty girl. As he was doing that, he saw the paragraph about himself in the *Stage* and planted his shoe over it. " 'Things will improve from May 25th' " he repeated to himself silently, but moving his lips a little, which the girl noticed. He looked at her and said, adopting roguishness, "Would you like to come on a long journey with me? While I do a deal? Neptune is moving into Scorpio. I've got two first-class tickets. One always has two. On the firm."

But he's the firm, she thought.

"The most splendid hotel in America," he said. "The modern Chartres."

("THINGS WILL IMPROVE FROM
MAY 25TH.
FORGET BAD 'SYMPTOMS.' ")

"When?" she said.

"I'm going tonight," he said, scuffing the paragraph in the *Stage* hard with his foot as if he were rubbing cigarette ash into the carpet. "I won't promise to keep my hands off you, mind. And I'll be busy. It's a business trip. You won't see much of me." Then he said seriously, "It's a stingy offer."

People may blunder, she thought, and their actions can still have a fine echo; or they may act all right and the echo can be bad. "What plane?" she said. She paid for her own ticket, as it turned out. He forgot.

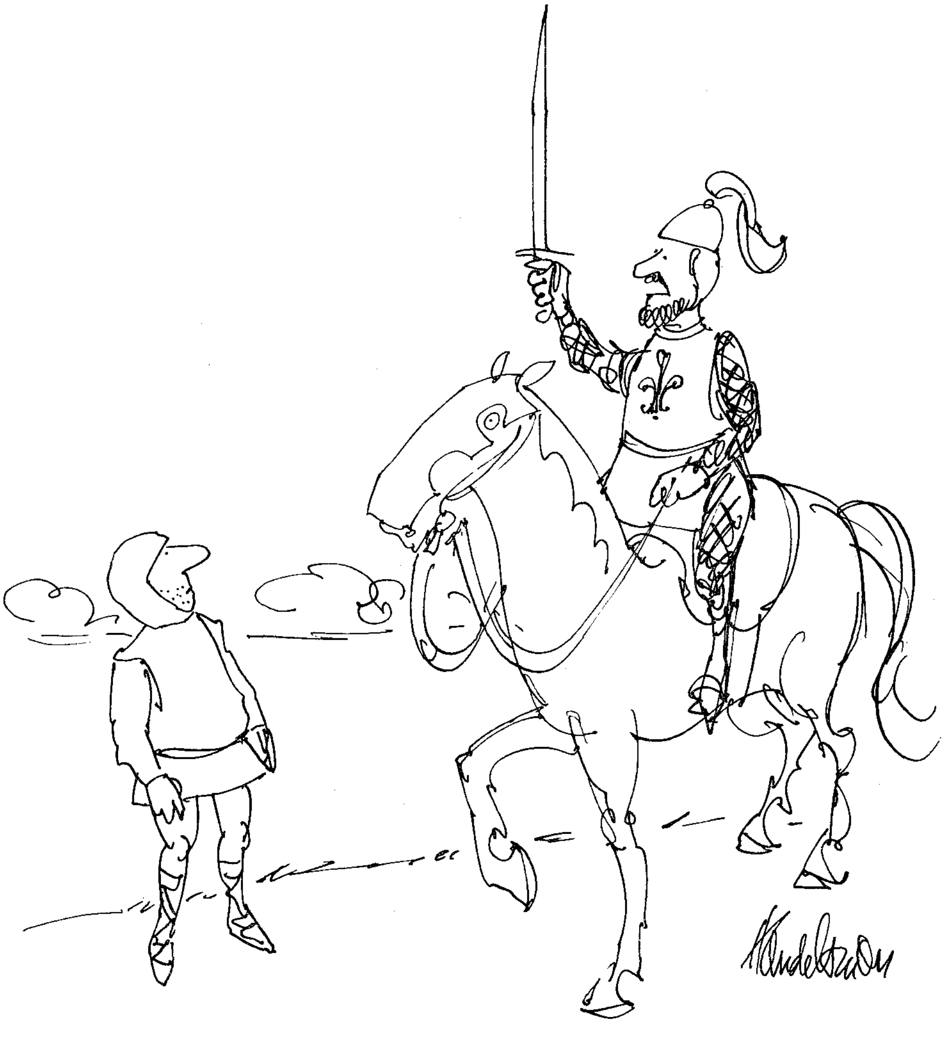
ON the plane, which had armrests a foot wide, made in a plastic that looked like jellied gold lamé, he pretended suddenly to have remembered something and drew a rumpled piece of paper out of his wallet.

"Oliver Craddock wrote this down for me the first time I saw him and I'd forgotten all about it," he said. He smoothed the paper with his fingers and gave it to her. "I haven't looked at it since," he said, but it was much handled. She gave it back after reading it, and he went through it carefully as though he had never seen it. "Oliver Craddock said last year, 'There will be a removal of something or someone around May 25th.' Liz said, 'Christ, I hope it doesn't mean we're going to have to move.' 'No,' I said. 'We'll stay put in old West Ken,' but Oliver had seen it all, and I came to America the first time on May 25th. You may say an aeroplane isn't much, but it's a sign of activity."

("DO NOTHING 'MORE' IN THE
PRESENT YEAR.
NEPTUNE IS MOVING INTO
SAGITTARIUS.
SPARK YOUR INCOME.
YOU ARE VERY 'TIRED,' BUT THIS
WILL CHANGE.")

"ISN'T it splendiferous?" he said in the hotel, gazing up. The lobby soared: twenty-eight floors high. At the top a glass cocktail bar slowly revolved, and drinkers exclaimed gaily at the changing spectacle of industrial buildings under construction. The racket of cement mixing was masked by the sound of Muzak. Lifts of glass and gilded plastic in the shape of water beetles darted up and down the outside of concrete columns four hundred feet high. Greenery dripped like candle wax into the lobby from the surrounding balconies; possibly *was* wax. Water lilies in a pool outside the coffee area were made of tin sprayed to look like copper. The impresario and the girl stood and watched, both shy. The hostess of the coffee place thought they were waiting for a table and corrected them for not standing in the queue. She was wearing a red velvet skirt cut like a skating skirt, with an alderman's neck chain slung round her hips and clanking between her legs. A diamanté brooch on her chest read "Miss Christmas." "No room," she said.

The impresario got two bedrooms. "In case Liz rings," he said to the girl, handing her a separate key and holding the back of her neck. She nodded, wondering why on earth, since Liz was dead and they were obviously going to be sharing a room. They had a drink and went to bed, and afterward he



"William is the name. Conquering is my game."

HUNGER~TRACE

Turn, let your nakedness reassume
The quelling sun, let weight stitch your arm
With sleep: through you and under you, time.

Sand whelming dune grass, gritty flurry
Burying the small shoots to the knee—
Panic seeps from the body slowly.

Gull pivots to seaward, steadying
And yielding. Blade and wing hang planing
The one idea of wind too long

For the eye narrowing, tiring—these
Are receptacles, surprise gathers
Into them tense against vacancies,

Waiting till you wake. For then the low
Sound alters, light is newly hollow,
And the eye's quick lift its own shadow—

And the wing over you no reining
Hawk or falcon's, but greater, cupping
You in its air, freezing you how long

At the center, fresh crumb of darkness
Licked at by light: see the hunger-trace,
Fanning through feathers in a faint slice,

Slit of glitter left from lean feedings—
Waiting to strain, break clean and crippling
In the stroke downward of that still wing.

—John Peck

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talked to her about deals and projects.

"You like America, don't you?" she said, raising her voice because of the uproar of building outside the hotel and the din of business conventions inside it.

"I went to Los Angeles on the last trip, and Las Vegas," he said. "Let's have another bottle of champagne. Las Vegas is a beautiful place. Perks one up. You perk me up. You've got to go there."

"I've been there," she said, but he rode over that, bent on ignoring his unreasonable jealousy that she had gone with anyone else.

"I was feeling a bit tired," he said, "but it was wonderful there. I took Liz. Huge carpeted slopes in the hotel, like a golf course."

He turned away to the bedside table and found a souvenir sack of nickels from Las Vegas among the things he had unpacked from his pockets. "Here," he said, and threw it to her. "Save it for when I take *you* gambling in Las Vegas," juggling this chance in his head with the unthinkable odds that he would never see her again. "And then I went to Los Angeles, and I spent Thanksgiving on Malibu Beach, and there was a picture window"—he stared around him at the shoebox room and rejected it—"let's not exaggerate, but it would stretch from here to the lift. You should have seen the bed. It would have taken seven. It was as wide as a bus. What a beautiful day, right at the end of November. I went swimming, and I was so happy I cried into the sea for three-quarters of an hour. I don't know why. I never do that. Then I saw Rock Hudson and closed a deal. Well, and then I went on to Rome to look at a Goldoni production and I had to see the Pope, but I tell you—I hope you're not Catholic—the sight of the old pullet being cheered up the aisle of St. Peter's . . . They don't know how to deal with the times. Children living in the streets, peasants arriving from Sicily without an idea . . . Anyway, I signed all the talent in Rome."

The Muzak played "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" and they talked about Italy and then about nothing very much. Her chin was like the heel of a child's foot. "I signed a beautiful new actress," he said, leaning on his elbow and gazing at the girl. "Bilingual. Wonderful wrists. Green eyes, which is unusual. And the bone structure!" He stroked the girl's collarbone devotedly. "I'm going to groom her, and then I'm going to show her to the National Theatre. She's the Latin Maggie Smith. I want to put her with Larry and John G. and Ralph on Broadway and see the chemistry."

He gave her some more champagne and she asked if he had children.

"Three sons," he said. "Fourteen, sixteen, and twenty-one. Our greatest joy is that the twenty-one-year-old wants to go into the car industry."

Our.

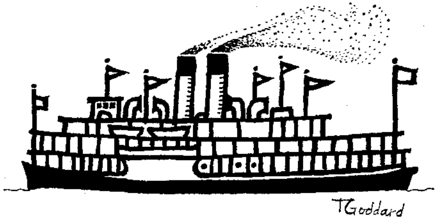
"He's got the mathematical background that's needed for the future," the impresario said.

"You don't want him to go into the theatre with you? Or be your bookie in the City?"

"The flair for getting away with things doesn't descend unto the second generation."

Then he went to his own room. "I've got to lay a few more bets," he said.

A couple of hours later he rang to ask her to pick him up. The Muzak reached a gap as she was about to knock on the door and she could hear he was being told by the hotel that his credit wasn't good. "There must be some mistake," he was saying with an air. "The computers as usual, I suppose, but you'd better ring my solicitors and ask them to cable you the cash. I'll give you the number later. I've got an international call coming through."



She drew away to the balcony over the lobby, feeling incapable, looking down at the bawling men in dinner jackets far below and the women with stiff hair. After a while she went back again, and heard him talking to his broker about checks that were bouncing.

SHE asked him to come to her room so as not to overhear any more, and then they went downstairs in an express lift: a glass-and-gilt beetle that hurtled the twenty-eight floors in nine and a half seconds. He hung on to the semicircular rail around the outer edge, where they were standing because the businessmen who had got in after them had jostled them there, and she saw that his eyes were closed and that he had gone gray with fear about the drop. "I love you," she whispered under the Muzak. His eyelids fluttered for a second and stayed shut until they reached the ground floor.

•

They went out, he in a white suit, and he told her they were going to shoot pool. He clutched her shoulders on the way: a big shambles of a man, with shapely legs and a tendency to put on his overcoat with the collar turned inward. "Pool always perks me up," he said. "We'll have some more champagne in a moment. Champagne's the best drink. It doesn't give you a hangover if you remember to get down half a pint of water before you go to sleep. It's not easy to lay your hands on decent champagne here, but I know the manager."

•

"I can't believe my good luck sometimes," he said to her later in bed. "You're always in such demand."

Then he paused, and sounded tired, and said, "I've got something I must advise you about. If you are to prosper, as you should—" and she waited, but he had dropped into sleep like a stone.

•

He woke in a fury two hours afterward, and said that she had upset his rhythm and that he had to make some calls. From his room, not this, he seemed to mean. "I'll come with you," she said, risking intrusiveness. They dressed quickly and he again closed his eyes in terror while they were riding in the lift. His white suit by this time was crumpled and the Muzak seemed louder than ever. "I love you," she whispered under the din of other people's exclamations about the phenomenal machine.

They went into his room. "I'll give you a drink and then you'd better leave," he said angrily, clutching the back of her neck with great fondness, as before. "I want to ring Liz."

She went down to the lobby to settle the bill so far for both their rooms, and then changed her mind and paid only for her own and the booze. While she was waiting for the computer to do whatever it had to do, she rested her elbows on the counter with her back to it and the man next to her said in a heavy voice, "Are you an actress?"

"No, I'm just here with somebody."

"Come have a drink with me. You're a very lovely girl. You're not a feminist, are you?"

"I can't. Thanks."

"You *are* a feminist."

He went on needling her. "Are you an intellectual?"

"No, I do washing up."

"Oh, Randolph! You're so unflappable and I'm so flappable!"

• •

"You're putting me on. Why would a lovely girl like you do dishwashing?"

"I need the loot."

"*Any* guy would keep you! You *are* an intellectual! What are you trying to *do* to me!"

She had to wait until her passport came back because she had cashed a traveller's check to pay the bill. She watched the lobby and suddenly saw that, in one of the lifts hurling down the middle of this Chartres, the impresario was standing with his hands clutching the railing. It didn't seem that he was looking for her, since he immediately went up again. Merely testing a hallucination, perhaps. Or himself.

SHE knocked loudly at the door of his room and carried in a tray of caviar. He was on the telephone.

"Marlon, it's a wonderful play for you, and Sophia wants to do it with us. Let me know tomorrow morning, eh?" he said.

Then he had some caviar and rang Italy and said, "Sophia, this play I sent that Marlon's going to do, he only wants to do it with you. Ring tomorrow, eh?"

Then he rang some film company in London and asked for one of the most junior men in the public-relations office, and the girl could hear the phone being put down on him.

"Is this your caviar or mine?" said the impresario. "I ordered you some. I wish Liz were here. What are you thinking?"

"Nothing."

"When people say it that fast, it always means they were thinking about something in particular."

"Nothing."

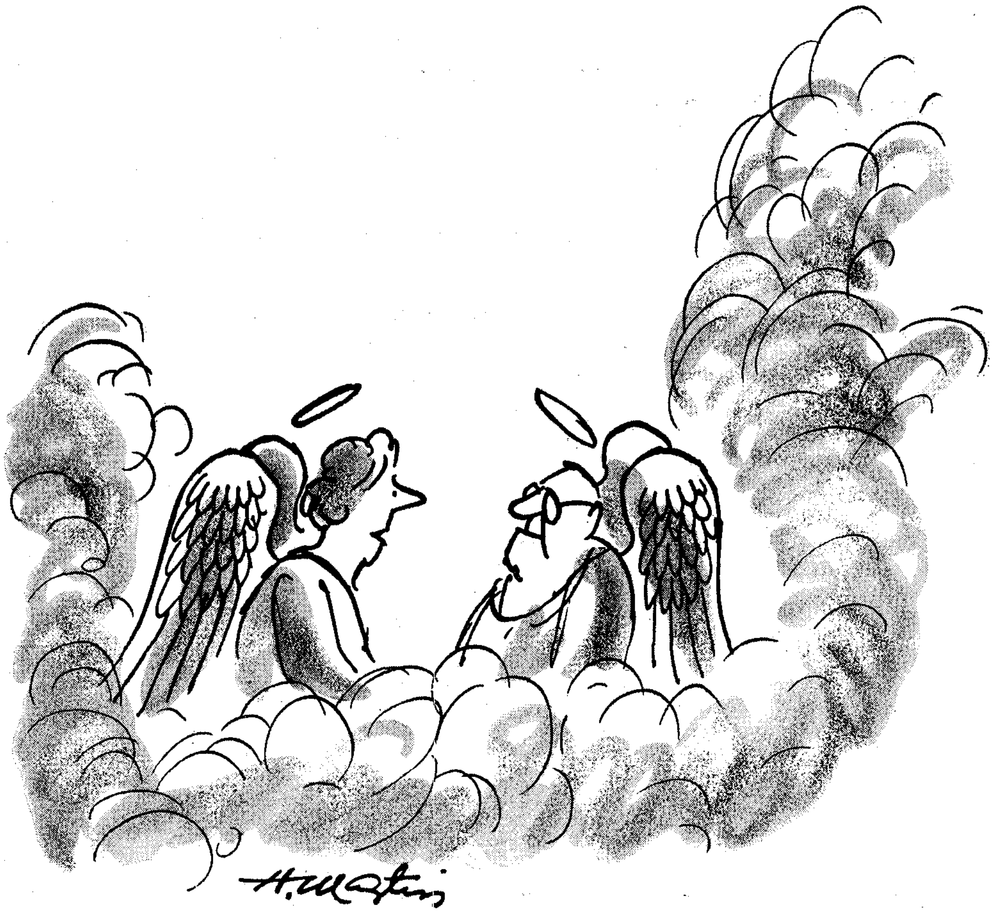
"I've got a lot to do. I've got to get some sleep," the impresario said, eating a spoonful of caviar and looking at a column about grosses in *Variety*. "Marlon and Sophia," he said. "Quite a double. '*Molto* boffo.' What do you think of ringing Albie Finney? I could get Albie. He's a friend of mine."

She went to sit beside him on the bed and read something tinny and long-winded about the recovery of Wall Street. "Have you got a lot riding on the market's getting better?" she said.

"A fair amount."

"Is it what you live off? More than the theatre?"

He stayed silent, quite obstinately, and she switched tone and said, "This



"Up here, Henry, there's no need to make a long story short."

• •

is a trip about cheering up, isn't it? About keeping one's spirits up if one's a late capitalist?"

She was grinning as she said it, but he didn't take that in and yelled at her about Women's Lib claptrap. After a bit, he took off his debonair jacket and lay back on the bed in a beautiful fluted shirt, much creased, holding her newspaper over his head to look at the article she had been reading. She stabbed a finger at a line she remembered laughing about.

"What is it?" he said, declining to be humored.

"'Investors used the summer doldrums as an excuse to stay away from the market in droves,'" she read out. "The shirkers."

"Ho hum," he said.

A couple of hours later, when he had been talking non-stop on the telephone, she was sitting in a chair half asleep.

"I'm going to make a fortune," he said. "Oliver Craddock was right. What *were* you thinking when you wouldn't tell me?"

"Nothing. Sorry, I've gummed up. It wasn't anything."

He threw a piece of ice at her and called her frigid.

She said in a rage that she had been thinking it was rough on him to belong to a society with a theology of gambling.

"You're in it too, mate," he said.

"Not half as much as Oliver Craddock."

"Marxist garbage."

She flounced into the bathroom, and then tried to think how to flounce out again in any way that would get her past his indispensable face and into the bloody lift. The telephone went, which was a possible cue, and she came out and heard somebody's secretary giving him a brushoff. He let only a moment go by before filling a teaspoon full of caviar and feeding it to her.

("DON'T GIVE WAY TO 'ANXIETIES.' HEARTY AWAKENING IS IN YOU.")

"What time is it in London?" he said.

She looked at the fob watch round her neck. "Eight in the morning. Don't you ever stop working?"

"Do you keep that watch on London time when you're away?"

"Yes."

"Who do you miss, then?"

"England."

He set the hotel alarm clock, touched. "There's an hour before anyone'll thank me for ringing them back," he said defiantly. And then he wondered who she was in love with in London, to have kept a watch on another time; and asked himself why in Christ she had come with him, in that case; and at the same moment reflected about some plays, for he truly liked the theatre.

"Need for subplots," he muttered when she thought he was asleep. "No, for sub-characters, to say there's something else. Fortinbras coming in at the end when Hamlet's dead and everyone's dead. They're always cutting Fortinbras. I tell you, I wouldn't care to put on 'Hamlet' without Fortinbras."

"Who were you with at the Lyric? Who was it in the red suit? What are we pretending about?"

"Red suit?"

"It wasn't Liz, was it?"

"No. Liz died a long while ago."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

He went silent, so she apologized.

"It was ages ago," he said roughly. "I'm not where they think I am. This is a *good* year."

She got up and stomped around.

The other room would be for telephone calls about being broke, of course.

"Come to *bed*," he said. "I've got a lot of deals in a minute."

She wished there were the faintest chance that he would drop being breezy. She lay down, and he drifted off, and five minutes later the central heating was hissing and clanging like a forge. He raised his head. "It's all right," she whispered under the noise, and he settled down again on his side with his back to her. Pause. Asleep, apparently.

"The truth is," he said, "I've been very eager to see you. They think I'm a dead duck, but it's not been a time you could write off. If I sleep through the alarm, will you wake me? Scorpio is coming into Aquarius. I've got to talk to my bookie."

After a pause he said, "Go if you want to."

It happened that she was propped on her elbow and could see that he had his fingers crossed.

"Thanks a million, but no thanks," she said, and he uncrossed them.

"Will you live with me?" she said, after thinking about it.

"Of course. Why the hell didn't you ask me before?" he said, and went to sleep at once. A few minutes later he was jerking around in the grip of an atrocious dream, and she woke him up.

"Go away. I'm asleep," he said.

"Weren't you having a bad dream?"

"No, just strenuous."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

THE BALUCHITHERIUM

IN 1911, C. Forster-Cooper of the British Museum unearthed in Baluchistan some extraordinary foot bones and a single provocative neck vertebra. Thus the Baluchitherium first intruded upon modern consciousness. Eleven years later, in Mongolia, an almost complete skull of the creature was uncovered, and in 1925 the four legs and feet of another individual, evidently trapped and preserved in quicksand, came to light. From these unhappy fragments an image of the living Baluchitherium was assembled. His skull was five feet long, his body twenty-seven. He stood eighteen feet high at the shoulders (where the North American titanothere measured a mere eight feet, the bull African elephant eleven). Though of the family Rhinocerotidae, the Baluchitherium's face was innocent of any horn; his neck was long and his upper lip prehensile, for seizing leaves twenty-two feet above the ground. He was the largest mammal that ever lived on land.

Recently, I had the pleasure of an interview with the Baluchitherium. The technical process would be tedious to describe; briefly, it involved feeding my body into a computer (each cell translates into approximately 120,000,000 electronic "bits") and then transecting the tape with data on the object and moment in time-space to be "met." The process proved painless; a sustained, rather dental humming tingled in every nerve, and an exotic, unpopulous vista opened up around me. I knew I was in Asia, since the baluchitheres never ventured off the continent. The landscape was typical Oligocene: a glossy green mush of subtropical vegetation—palms, fig trees, ferns—yielded, on the distant pink hillsides of aeolian shale, to a scattering of conifers and deciduous hardwoods. Underfoot, the spread of the grasses was beginning.

Venturing forward, I found the Baluchitherium embowered in a grove of giant cycads. He was reading a document or missive printed on a huge sheet of what appeared to be rough-textured cardboard. When I expressed surprise at this, the Baluchitherium laughed genially and explained, "We pulp it by mastication and then stamp it flat with our feet." He held up for my admiration one of his extraordinary feet—columnar, ungulate, odd-toed. What I had also not been led by the fossil record to expect, his foot, leg, and entire body as far as my eye could reach were covered by a lovely fur, bristly yet lustrous, of an elusive color I can only call reddish-blue, with decklings of white in the underparts. Such are the soft surprises with which reality pads the skeleton of hard facts.

"How curious it is," the Baluchitherium said, "that you primates should blunder upon my five-foot skull without deducing my hundred-kilogram brain. True, our technology, foreseeing the horrors of industrialism, abjured the cruel minerals and concerned itself purely with vegetable artifacts—and these solely for our amusement and comfort." He benignly indicated the immense chaise longue, carved from a single ginkgo trunk, that he reposed upon; the rug beside it, artfully braided of wisteria vines; the hardwood sculptures about him, most of them glorifying, more or less abstractly, the form of the female Baluchitherium. "All, of course," he said, "by your time sense, fallen into dust aeons ago."

By now, I had adjusted my tape recorder to the immense volume and curious woofing timbre of his voice, so his remaining statements are not at the mercy of my memory. His accent, I should say, was Oxonian, though his specialized upper lip and modified incisors played havoc with some of our labials and fricatives, and he quaintly pronounced all silent consonants and even the terminal "e" of words. To my natural query as to his own time sense, he replied, with a blithe wave, "If you are able from a few crusty chips of calcium to posit an entire phylum of creature, why should not I, with a brain so much greater, be able, by a glance at my surroundings, to reconstruct, as it were, the future? The formation of your pelvis, the manner of your speech, even the moment of your visit are transparent in the anatomy of your single scuttling insectivore." He indicated—what my lower perspective would have missed—a tiny gray plesiadipid miserably cowering high in one of the cycads.

GOURMET
SECTION

The Baluchitherium brandished the printed sheet in his hand; it rattled like thunder. "In here, for instance," he said, "one may read of numerous future events—the mammoth's epic circumambulation of the globe, the drastic shrinkage of the Tethys Sea, the impudent and hapless attempt of the bird kingdom, in the person of the running giant Diatryma, to forsake the air and compete on land. Hah! One may even find"—he turned the sheet, to what seemed to be its lesser side—"news of *Homo sapiens*. I see here, for example, that your wheat-growing cultures will make war upon your rice-growers, having earlier destroyed the maize-growers. And one also finds," he continued, "horoscopes and comic strips and lively correspondent discussions as to whether God is, as I firmly believe, odd-toed or, as the artiodactyls vainly hold, even-toed."

"But," I said, stammering slightly in my anxiety to utter this, the crucial question, "given, then, such a height of prescience and civilized feeling, why did you make the evolutionary error—the gross, if I may so put it, miscalculation—of brute size? That is, with the catastrophic example of the dinosaurs still echoing down the silted corridors of geologic time—"

Imperiously he cut me short. "The past," he said, "is bunk. The future"—and he trumpeted—"is our element."

"But," I protested, "the very grasses under my feet spell doom for large leaf-browsers, presaging an epoch of mobile plains-grazers." As if to illustrate my point, a rabbit darted from the underbrush, chased by a dainty eohippus. "As you must know," I said, "the artiodactyls, in the form of swine, camels, deer, cattle, sheep, goats, and hippopotami, will flourish, whereas the perissodactyls, dwindled to a few tapirs and myopic rhinoceri in my own era, will meet extinct—"

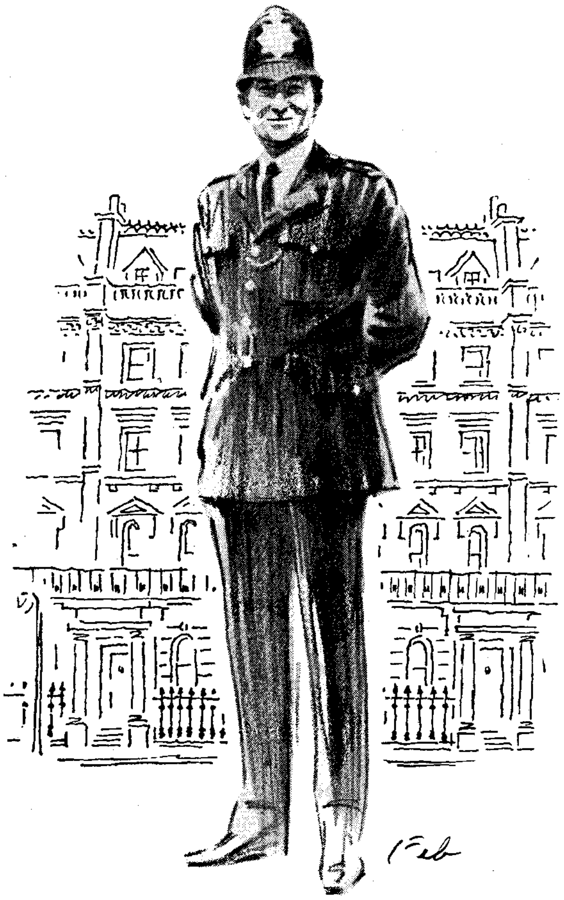
"Size," he bellowed, pronouncing it "siz-eh," "is not a matter of choice but of destiny. Largeness was thrust upon us. We bear it—bore it, bear it, will bear it—as our share of the universal heaviness. We bear it gratefully, and gratefully will restore it to the heaviness of the Earth." And he fixed me with a squint so rhinoceroid I involuntarily backed a step, tripping the computer's reverse mechanism. All my nerves began humming. The Baluchitherium, as he faded, stretched himself toward the leaf-clouded sky; the reddish-blue fur on his throat shimmered white. Ravenously he resumed what I saw to be, under one form or another, an endless, unthinkable meal.

—JOHN UPDIKE

PROFILES

CONSTABLE

AT twenty minutes to eight on a recent soft, silvery morning, Police Constable Peter Roland Sawyer, of London's Metropolitan Police Force—traditionally called a bobby, though never by his colleagues—left his home, an apartment in Earl's Court, in which he lives with his wife and three children; mounted a green Triumph bicycle; and pedalled off to begin another day of helping to preserve law and order, British style. His destination was the Chelsea police station, two miles distant, in central London. The station, a three-story brick building situated one block off Sloane Avenue and about three blocks from the King's Road, is one of the largest police stations in the city. Its uniformed force—or Uniform Branch, in the local terminology—has a normal complement of a hundred and fifty policemen and four policewomen, plus two police dogs. The Chelsea station is the headquarters of B Division, a variegated piece of real estate that takes in twenty-eight square miles and a quarter of a million people. They range from hereditary millionaires and high-salaried executives to state pensioners and unemployed immigrants. Scattered through the division are dozens of landmarks, including the Victoria and Albert Museum, Harrods, the Royal Court Theatre, Holland Park, the Hyde Park Hotel, a part of Kensington Gardens, and the Royal Hospital and its grounds—the site of the annual Chelsea Flower Show. Sawyer, who has served on the Met Police, as he calls the force, for twelve years, has been assigned during the past six to the Chelsea station. By taking a route through back streets and pedalling at a steady clip, he usually covers the distance between home and work in about fifteen minutes. On this particular morning, he made it in twelve. He dismounted at the entrance to the station's garage. I had arranged to meet him there and to accompany him on a tour of duty, in the hope of discovering some of the reasons that, as an Opinion Research Centre poll had not long before disclosed, more than ninety per cent of the British people believe that their police are helpful, friendly, polite, honest, fair, and efficient.



Peter Roland Sawyer

After shaking hands firmly and remarking on the fine morning, Sawyer pushed his bicycle into the garage and down a ramp leading to the basement. There he parked the bicycle in a rack holding several others. Altogether, about a dozen police constables—they generally speak of themselves as P.C.s—attached to the Chelsea station regularly commute by bicycle. A few others do in good weather. Sawyer is a cyclist in all seasons, partly because he finds it the fastest transport (he doesn't own a car) as well as the cheapest. Being an "authorized cyclist," a rating awarded a regular bicycle commuter on the police force after he has appeared before a police examiner and successfully demonstrated a sound knowledge of the vehicle, Sawyer is paid a cycle allowance of fourpence a day; he finds this more than enough to pay for the Triumph's upkeep. (Policemen who use other forms of transportation for commuting receive no travel allowance.) To Sawyer, the bicycle provides a benefit even greater than speed or economy. "It keeps me healthy—that's the important thing," he said. "I'm a great believer in sports of all kinds. As my mates around here will tell you, I'm especially keen about tennis. I am captain of B Division team, and I also often play for the Met. My guv'nor thinks I'm crackers about tennis. He says, 'If you arrested a crook and he offered you a hundred quid and three new tennis racquets, you'd let him go.' I tell him that would depend on how good the racquets were. Anyway, it's all good fun."

Thanks in part to his enthusiasm for tennis and cycling, Sawyer looks, and is, exceptionally fit. At forty, he is about fifteen years over the average age of the P.C.s at the Chelsea station. He said that visitors to London, whose activities are generally confined to the center of the city, often remark on how young the policemen seem to be. In fact, they are young. This is because new recruits, very few of whom are married, are usually assigned to central London, where housing for single men is in better supply than housing for men with families. Later, when the policemen marry and have children, they are usually transferred, at their request, to suburban areas. Sawyer has never felt the call of the suburbs. He prefers the center of the city, where he can find more action, both in police work and in sports. A solidly constructed man, he stands five feet eleven, weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and moves with the easy assurance of an athlete. He has black hair, gray-green eyes, which are alternately inquisitive and amused, and a wide and easy smile.

This morning, as is his habit, Sawyer came to work bareheaded and wearing a tweed sports jacket with the blue shirt, black tie, blue trousers, and black shoes of his uniform. To finish dressing for duty, he walked over to his locker (one of a bank of lockers a few yards from the bicycle rack, none of which have locks) and exchanged his tweed for his uniform jacket, after first going over the uniform jacket with a clothesbrush. He had polished his shoes before leaving home. "I know that the younger men, by and large, don't go along with the highly polished shoes and the properly pressed trousers, but I still think those things are important," he said. "It's a matter of pride."

Summer and winter uniforms are furnished free, as are a raincoat, known as a mac; a cape that can be rolled up and carried under the arm; and an overcoat whose weight, after it has been worn in the rain, Sawyer estimates at just under a quarter of a ton. Attached to each shoulder of Sawyer's overcoat and his uniform jackets is his number in metal—B 286. "It enables the public to identify you if they want to make a complaint," he said. None has ever been made against B 286. Though Sawyer is obliged to buy his shoes out of his own pocket, he is given a so-called boot allowance amounting to about forty-five cents a week; he has found this more than adequate to keep him well shod. From a shelf in the locker, he now brought out his helmet, the most distinctive part of his uniform. The shape of the helmet hasn't changed in more than a century. "Some people want to replace the old helmet with a modern flat hat, but I'm not one of them," he said. "We can't give up all tradition, and, besides, the helmet makes sense. Its unusual shape helps to identify you quickly in a crowd when you're needed. Also, because of its bell-like form, a blow with a club or an iron bar has a tendency to glance off. It's made mostly of cork, so it's really quite light and comfortable."

Like most policemen, Sawyer carries a couple of ballpoint pens; a supply of forms for reporting traffic accidents, personal injuries, and deaths; and a notebook for recording other occurrences that have required his attention. Along with additional paraphernalia of this kind, he carries a copy of *Nicholson's London Guide*, a pocket-size mine of information about the city and its layout and services, including hotels, restaurants, museums, saddlers, midwives, and "departmental" stores. Though he doesn't smoke, he makes a practice of always having a box of matches in his pocket, and he is never without a penknife. "Often in the street people will ask 'Could I trouble you for a light?' or 'Have you got something to sharpen a pencil with?' and one likes to be able to oblige," he said. If Sawyer wished, he could also carry handcuffs, provided he bought them himself. He has never considered doing so. "In fact, I've never known anybody who carried them," he said. "I think you can reason with most chaps. If you've caught a fellow and he's particularly aggressive, you just watch him alertly and he won't try to get away. You don't need handcuffs. I think they're a bit primitive, really."

To complete his outfit, Sawyer attached what he calls his personal radio, a two-way set that enables him to communicate with his station from any place on his beat. The radio, which is standard equipment for P.C.s on street duty, is designed to be mostly concealed. The chassis is carried in the left rear trouser pocket, while a cord that serves as the aerial and also connects the chassis to a combination microphone-speaker, which is affixed to the left lapel, is worn under the jacket. The advantage of having most of the gear out of sight, Sawyer said, is that it helps to keep a policeman from looking formidable. "As far as possible, we want to avoid setting ourselves apart from the public," he explained. "The radio doesn't infringe much in this respect, and it is a great benefit. You can use it to call for assistance if you're in a spot of trouble, and the station can alert you in all kinds of situations. You can also use the radio if you're working with another policeman on a case, say, where the occupants are away on a holiday, and a neighbor has called up to report seeing somebody in the house. You can talk to your mate: 'I'm in the back garden, Ron. Where are you?' Ron says, 'I'm by the front door. Let's go in.' If chummy makes a break, as he usually does, he's apt to be coming out the back door, and there you are, waiting and grinning all over. All you can say is 'Thank you very much.' It's quite good fun."

SAWYER was now ready to report for duty. He did not, of course, carry a firearm. Unlike their counterparts everywhere else, the London police—

"We'll take it."

and all other police forces in Great Britain—have traditionally gone unarmed since the London Metropolitan Police Force, the first regular police system in the country, was founded, in 1829, on the initiative of Sir Robert Peel. Its advent had been widely opposed, because, as the report of a Parliamentary committee had observed, "it is difficult to reconcile an effective system of police with that perfect freedom of action and exemption from interference, which are the great privileges and blessings of society in this country. . . ." The concern of those who feared an interference with the ancient blessings had been increased by reports of repressive actions of police forces already in existence in France and Germany, and elsewhere on the Continent, all of which were armed. It was clear to Peel that to succeed in Great Britain a police force would have to be tailored to the British character, and would therefore have to do everything possible to avoid the use of force or the threat of it. So when the first police—peelers or bobbies, as they were immediately nicknamed—appeared on the streets of London, they were armed only with wooden batons. They also wore black top hats, which were intended to symbolize their essentially civilian character.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

I

Along the golden track
Of Sunday afternoon light,
A triumph of motes, making
Their grave, slantward descent,
Rides down through pointed arches
And tracery, through the screen
Of stretched cloth, with a hint
Of loudspeaker's metal lip
Glistering through it. Far
Down into the radio,
They glide past shadowed regions
Where time eats light. The sound
Of Woglinde's final sighs
Dies among unseen,
High, glimmering rocks, to linger
Among the bits of brightness
In the dusty caravan
Streaming in from the window.

A child plays with some chips,
Red, blue, and gold on a sea
Of Chinese carpet. Hans Sachs
Hammers and sings; the lonely
English horn in a soundless
Distance hovers and lasts
In a wounded lingering.
Plangent suspensions endure,
Forever locked in the dying
Light of midafternoon.

II

Quietly snorting and rasping,
Making domestic static,
The diligent, round head
Of the faithful phonograph,
Digging a shining eyetooth
Into its homing pathway's
Unnatural, parallel spiral,
Moves toward a central cave
Of silence, where there is only
Panting of breath, the whirring
Of wide worlds turning around,

All forward motion ended.
This is the song that song
Sinks into when it dies;
Crackling of no flame, crunching
Of no particular paper,
That was and will be, whenever
Another gem, intoned
Over the oom-pah-pah, thinly
Starts up, and the resonant eye
Watches us while it works.
Cave canem: "Beware—
I may sing," whispers a distant,
Continuing, whirling wind.

III

Swallowed by noisy midnight,
Lamp-pierced and fraught with clamoring
Presences guarding their silence,
How many voices have darkened?
An inaudible hiss of tape,
The whispering of revision;
A pot of green leaves falling
Against white mirroring tile.
It claims an entrance, like light.
The soprano goes into her trill.
The wind gasps for breath outside,
Making the window shake
Its mortal frame, and the slatted
Blind yields a hurried rattle,
Masking my left-handed riffle
Of pages, the scratch of my pen.

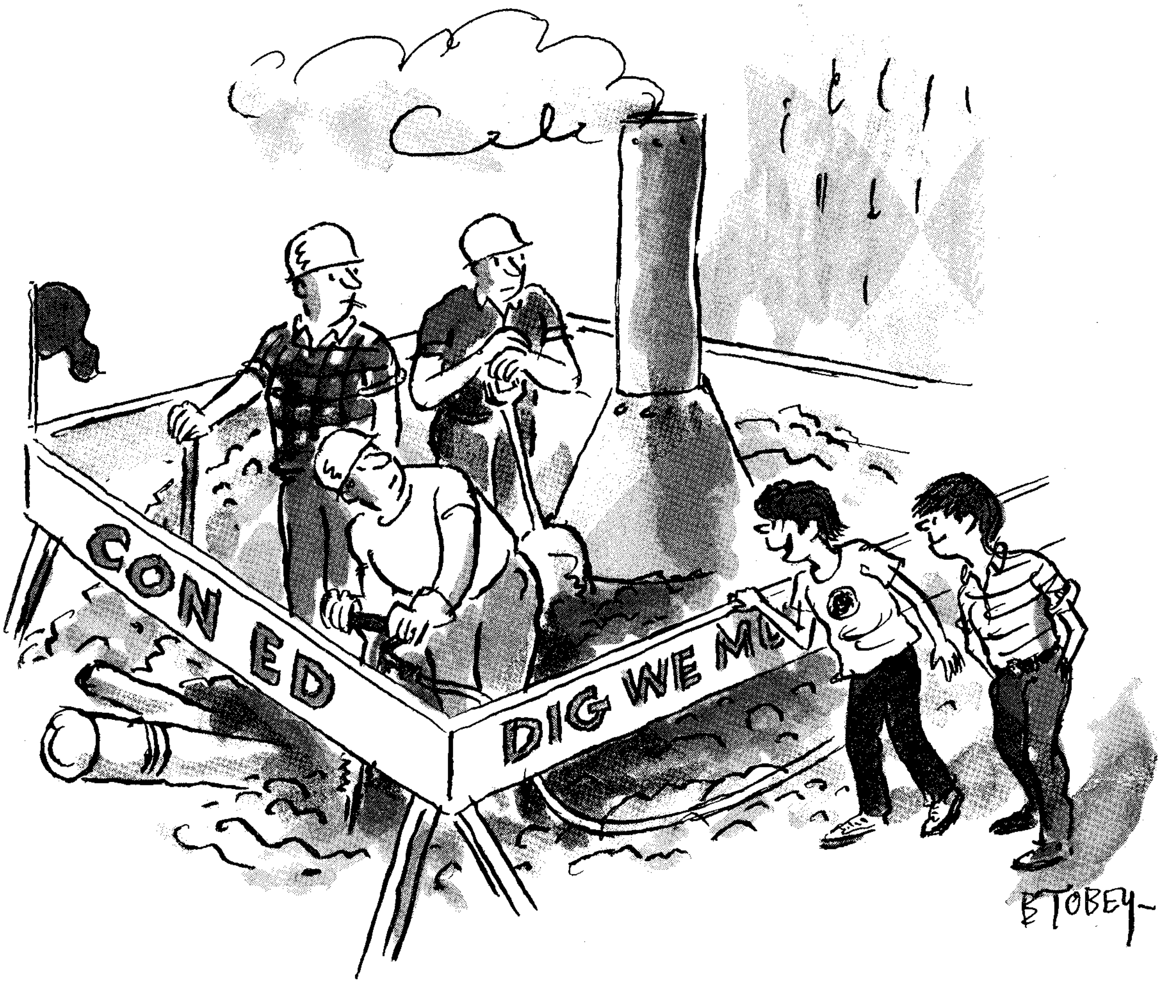
—JOHN HOLLANDER

• •

Today, roughly a century and a half later, a British constable is still normally armed only with a baton—now usually called a truncheon—and even that is almost never visible. The truncheon, a fifteen-and-a-half-inch piece of turned rosewood, is carried in a special pocket that runs down the outside seam of the right trouser leg; the leather thong attached to the handle of the truncheon is tucked into the top of the trouser pocket, out of sight. Drawing the truncheon, except in an extreme emergency, is considered bad form. "I have never drawn mine in anger," Sawyer said. "I don't believe in it. It's old-fashioned. We're taught enough self-defense so that if a chap comes at you with a missile or an iron bar, you should be able to handle him. Of course, if a chap comes up and gives you a real solid clout behind the ear, you may think of drawing the stick, but what you actually do is to give him a real solid clout back. Funnily enough, that doesn't cause any rancor. Chummy thinks, Well, he's not such a bad bloke. But if you were to draw the truncheon everything would change instantly for the worse. And if you hit him on the head you might do untold damage. I suppose it is possible to imagine a situation in which one would feel justified in drawing the truncheon. Say you were surrounded by a group of real toughs—leather-jacketed chaps swinging bicycle chains. And they wouldn't listen to reason. If you had your back to the wall, your stick would be your last line of defense. I certainly would never draw the truncheon on a crowded street. I think any pro-police feeling that the people had would then become instantly anti. 'Look at the big bully,' they'd say. No, the police can't have that. We don't want to give ourselves a bad name with the public if we can avoid it."

Judith Shahn

For much the same reason, Sawyer continued, the police avoid advertising the fact that a few of their number are occasionally armed, to deal with special situations, such as the protection of important visitors or, less often, foreign embassies, or, even less often, in pursuit of vicious or crazed criminals who are known to be armed. The men selected for such duty must have completed what the London police call their Defensive Firearms Course, an intensive



"*How's Big Allis?*"

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four-day session, and must have maintained their qualification to bear arms by passing marksmanship tests at indoor ranges every four months. About a thousand London policemen—or, roughly, one in twenty—including Sawyer, are thus qualified. Police firearms—mainly .38 revolvers and some .303 rifles—are kept in locked cabinets in station houses, and can be removed only by the officer in charge. A policeman to whom a firearm is issued must load it in the presence of the station officer and sign a form stating the reason for the issuance of the weapon and the amount of ammunition received. When the policeman returns the firearm, he must unload it in the presence of the same officer and report in writing whether the weapon was drawn, whether it was fired, and, if it was fired, the number of times. The amount of ammunition returned must coincide with the reported use of the weapon. The chances that Sawyer or any of his colleagues who are qualified to carry a firearm will ever do so are exceedingly slim. Sawyer's total experience of being armed consists of one uneventful eight-hour tour of duty a few years ago, when he was assigned to guard the rear door of a hotel housing an African diplomat whose life had been threatened. As for the experience of the London police as a whole, they haven't fired a shot in anger once in the past sixty years.

Carrying his helmet, Sawyer retraced his steps upstairs and through the garage, which contained about a dozen police vehicles, including two dark-blue Jaguar sedans that are used as area, or squad, cars, and went into the so-called front office, an irregularly shaped room that serves as the operations center of the uniformed force. In the room, which was furnished with a nondescript assortment of desks, tables, chairs, and filing cabinets, were eight constables, two sergeants, and an inspector. All appeared to be reading or writing reports. The room was as quiet as a library. Sawyer bade the inspector good morning, and he returned the greeting. "That's to let him know I'm here," Sawyer said. "Now we'll look at the crime books to see what happened last night." He walked over to a long, desk-high shelf on which lay four books that looked like large ledgers. In two of them are recorded thefts of and from cars; in the other two, minor crimes, which are defined as those involving property valued at less than a hundred pounds. (Major crimes are the province of the Criminal Investigation Division, or C.I.D., a separate branch; at the Chelsea station, the C.I.D. offices are on the upper floors.)

"Anything special, Reg?" Sawyer asked the crimes officer on duty—a constable, who was writing in one of the books.

"The usual assortment, Tom," Reg replied, calling Sawyer by a nickname he has had since childhood.

Sawyer sat down and opened one of the books. Its ruled pages have spaces for recording names, addresses, and other pertinent information relating to each crime, including a box marked "Race Code," which is filled in with a number from 1 to 6 to designate whether the person involved is "White-skinned European type," "Dark-skinned European type," "Negro," "Indian or Pakistani," "Japanese or Chinese," or "Arab or Eastern type." The recent entries described a rather narrow range of crimes, mostly thefts. "That makes them typical," Sawyer said. Year in and year out, the two most common crimes in London are housebreaking and thefts of and from cars. During the preceding few hours, the crime books revealed, thieves operating in B Division had removed, among other things, a wallet and contents valued at twenty pounds from a residence; a checkbook from a residence; nine pounds from the purse of a salesgirl in a shop on the King's Road; a jewel box and jewelry valued at eighty pounds from a residence; war souvenirs, including several Iron Crosses, from a residence; silver totalling one pound sixty pence from a tea chest left in an unlocked garage; a bracelet valued at four pounds from a residence; and a lady's bicycle left unattended outside a post office. Sawyer found one entry that he would need to follow up. The superintendent of a building in Drayton Gardens, on Sawyer's beat, had telephoned to report that sometime between 11 P.M. and 7 A.M. a pay telephone in the lobby of his building had been broken into and the contents of the cashbox stolen. Sawyer made a note of the address and said he would call there during the day.

He then glanced through the stolen-vehicles book and learned that a Fiat, an Austin, and a Triumph had been reported stolen during the night—the Triumph from his beat. He wrote down the name of the owner and other details. "He gives his occupation as barman," Sawyer said. "So he works late and probably sleeps late. I won't call on him until afternoon." About ninety cars are stolen in London every day, he went on. More than ninety per cent are recovered within twenty-four hours. The fines for stealing cars, the police feel, are much too low, ranging from about thirty-five dollars to about sixty. "That's why they say it's cheaper to steal a car for the weekend than to rent one," Sawyer remarked.

Having finished with the crime books, he picked up his helmet and walked down the hall to the office of the intelligence collator. Each of the hundred and ninety-five London police stations has such an office, usually headed by a constable. His job, as its title indicates, is to collect and evaluate information about criminal activity in his station's area, or ground, as the police say. He gathers intelligence from several sources, including collators in neighboring stations, but mostly from the constables on his ground, who provide bits and pieces from their own observation. (To encourage their frequent contact with the collator, the mechanism for recharging the batteries of the constables' radios is situated in a corner of the collator's office.) In addition, collators receive information from informers, who are also known as contacts or snouts. They prefer to communicate by phone. The day before, the Chelsea station's collator said now, a contact had called to tell him that a man who had been serving a three-year sentence for housebreaking had been released and was back on the ground, working for a window-cleaning company. This item was of particular interest to the collator, because he had earlier been informed that another convicted housebreaker, a former associate of the released man, had gone to work a short while before for the same window-cleaning firm. "Naturally, this looks suspicious," the collator said. "Posing as a window cleaner is the ideal cover for getting into a house. A man who knows what to look for can do very well whilst washing the windows." He nodded toward a poster, on a nearby bulletin board, headed "Bogus Window Cleaner." "After entering the house," the text explained, "he stole jewels worth £14,000 and decamped."

Sawyer installed a fresh battery in his radio and left the collator's office. As a rule, he remarked after reaching the street, he stops on the way to his beat for a cup of tea in a police canteen about three blocks away. The canteen, he explained on the way there, is situated in a section house, one of twenty-three section houses in London. These are dormitories, owned by the force, in which young, unmarried policemen are required to live for their first five years. If they stay out all night, they must notify a house sergeant. When a policeman marries, he can move into one of the many apartment buildings owned by the force and known as married quarters, where he will continue to live rent free, or he can buy a house of his own; if he chooses the latter course, he receives a housing allowance of about eighteen dollars a week. (Because policemen are considered unusually good credit risks, lending institutions grant them mortgages of ninety, or even a hundred, per cent of the price they pay for their houses.) Married quarters vary considerably in size and age. One of them, Wray House, which is across the street from the Chelsea station, is a rather old and sombre-looking five-story red-brick building that contains a hundred and fourteen apartments. Sawyer lives in a modern building that has twenty-three apartments, plus a penthouse, which is occupied by a high-ranking officer. One advantage of such a semi-paternalistic housing practice, Sawyer said, is that the other tenants will try to keep down the noise level out of consideration for the men on night duty.

At the canteen, Sawyer ordered tea from a young West Indian named Julius, who was working behind the counter. He was assisted by a fellow-countryman named Harrison. Sawyer exchanged a few words with both, and then sat down at a table nearby. Elsewhere in the room, a dozen other policemen were eating breakfast, reading newspapers, or discussing football. In theory, Sawyer said as he sipped his tea, he wasn't required to report at the station every morning, because he had been assigned several months earlier to a comparatively new system of beat policing, called unit or home-beat duty. Its objective is to restore as far as possible the kind of relationship between the police and the public that once existed between the village bobby and the community he served. "He knew everybody, and everybody knew him," Sawyer said. "He knew his territory the way he knew his own garden. He kept an eye on the dodgy characters, and he was always on hand to help anybody in trouble. He was a good copper in every sense." The home-beat system was introduced in 1967, Sawyer went on, and has since been gradually extended. Of the approximately twenty-one thousand London Metropolitan policemen, about a third are now on home-beat duty. Each works a permanently assigned beat about a mile square; he lives either on his beat or, as Sawyer does, near it; and, as a rule, he operates from his home. One reason that Sawyer makes a practice of reporting daily to the station is that he is the local representative of the Police Federation, an association whose membership is made up of practically all the country's ninety-four thousand policemen, and he often has Federation business to attend to. Also, he hopes there will be some tennis matches to arrange.

An exceptionally tall young constable came into the canteen, put his helmet down on a ledge, and greeted the men who were talking football.

"His name's Nigel," Sawyer said. "He's a right wag."

Nigel walked over to the counter. "Good morning, Julius, my black brother," Nigel said. "How are you?"

"I'm no brother of yours, black or white," Julius said, not smiling.

"You got fried raspberries on the menu today?" Nigel said. "I'm starved for a dish of fried raspberries."

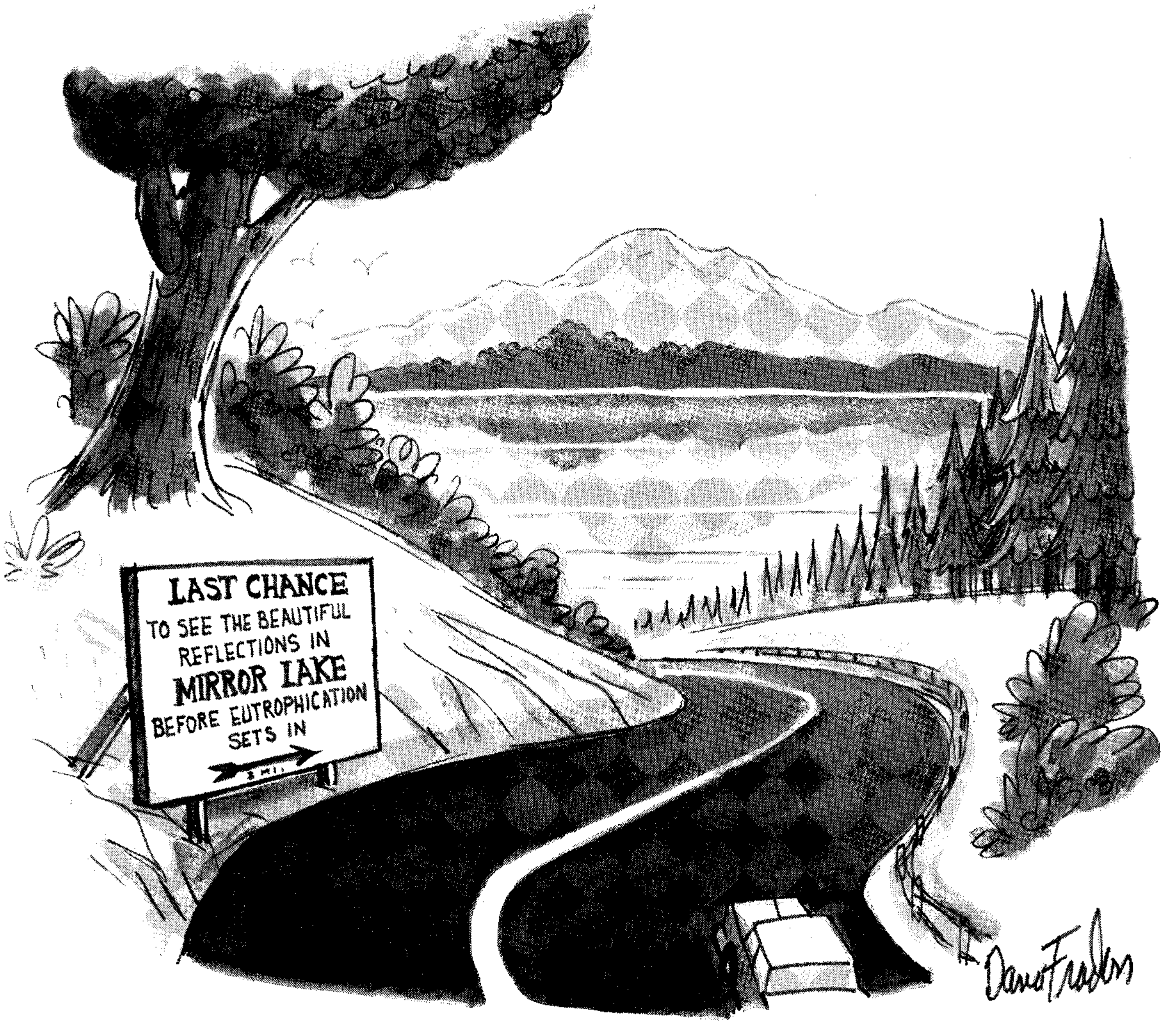
Julius didn't respond to this sally, and Nigel gave his order. The other policemen in the canteen, most of whom had been watching his performance with apparent amusement, resumed what they had been doing.

"They're good lads, Julius and Harrison," Sawyer said. "They take some chaffing, like everybody else around here, but they're getting used to it." He drained his cup, put on his helmet, and left the canteen. "What a day to be alive!" he said, setting off toward his beat, about a mile away. "This is a morning to walk through Pelham Crescent. It is so lovely." He walked at a steady pace, taking note of the traffic, the shops, and the people on the street. "According to the 1829 law, a policeman is supposed to perambulate along at two and a half miles per hour," he said. "That's still about our rate. I like walking. In a normal day, I walk about ten miles. More in winter. When it's cold, you keep moving." About one in eight uniformed policemen walks a beat, he continued, and only a tiny fraction of his time is spent in catching lawbreakers. But the actions of the men on the beat, more than anything else, determine what the public thinks of the police. "We are the servants of the public," Sawyer said. "That's dinned into us from the day we set foot in training school, and we're never allowed to forget it."

PELHAM CRESCENT and, leading from it, Pelham Place soon came into view, presenting a stunning prospect of elegant cream-colored private houses of Georgian design, immaculate and sparkling in the morning sun. "When the fruit trees are in blossom in these front gardens, it is a sight to remember," Sawyer said. "And how quiet it is! Midway between Fulham Road and Pelham Street, both rattling with traffic, and it's as peaceful here as a country village." Turning onto Pelham Street, he was almost immediately hailed by a middle-aged woman driving a green mini, who stopped to ask how to get to Paddington Station. "Pull over to the side, luv," Sawyer said. He then stooped down on his haunches on the sidewalk, in order to be on a level with the driver, and gave her directions, repeating most of them. She thanked him and drove off, waving a hand in farewell. "She says she's got thirty minutes to put her mum on the train," Sawyer said. "I think Mum's going to have quite a ride." That was Sawyer's first encounter of the day with the public, and it was typical. Throughout the day, answering questions asked by people on the street was the thing he did more often than anything else in the performance of his duty.

Sawyer was now approaching the entrance to the South Kensington Underground station, which is situated in a cat's cradle of eight intersecting streets, all swarming with traffic and pedestrians. As he made his way along the crowded sidewalk, he was stopped by a man carrying a furled umbrella, who asked, and was told, how to get to Cadogan Square. He was followed by a woman who was trying to find the Chelsea Antique Supermarket; by another, who asked where she could buy theatre tickets; and by a third, an American, who wanted to get to Harrods. Sawyer sent them on their various ways. Meanwhile, a queue of questioners had formed. Dealing with one after another, Sawyer explained how to get to the Old Bailey, to Queen's Gate, to Hatton Garden, and to a do-it-yourself shop as well as where to buy artists' supplies, cassettes for a tape recorder, and a seat belt for a car. Next in line was a rather elderly man. "I know it's an odd request, but I need a haircut, and . . ." Sawyer directed him to a barbershop half a block away. Two girls carrying suitcases and speaking with French accents asked where to get a taxi. "Just around the corner, about thirty metres," Sawyer said, indicating the site of a taxi stand and translating the distance into terms familiar to the visitors. A West Indian woman said she had been looking everywhere for Derry & Toms, a department store. "You got off at the wrong stop, my dear," Sawyer said. "This is South Kensington. You want Kensington High Street. Bus 49 will take you there. It stops across the street. All right, luv?" She thanked him, as the other questioners had, and moved on. Sawyer had now dealt with everyone in the queue. He had answered all their queries from memory.

The morning traffic was building up as Sawyer walked away from the Underground station toward the Cromwell Road. From behind him came the sound of screeching tires. He stopped and turned to look. A car driven by a woman had started to enter a one-way street. "It's in character," he said. "They're always trying something men wouldn't." He watched as the errant driver extricated herself. The situation was resolved without the sounding of any horns. "It's an offense to sound your horn when your vehicle is stationary," Sawyer said. "Of course, people sometimes do when there's been a mixup, usually caused by a new driver. You can calm things down with a word to the offenders—something like 'Hold on a minute, chaps. You'll just make the poor woman more nervous with all that noise.' The mixup back there reminds me—last week I had to give a word of caution to a woman who was reversing her car into a one-way street. She said, 'How



could I have been driving *against* the traffic when I was backing up?' I had to think about that."

Now on the Cromwell Road, leading to the West London Air Terminal, Sawyer stopped opposite the Natural History Museum to admire its magnificent iron gates and to remark that it is his favorite among London museums. The traffic, which had been whizzing by, suddenly slowed down. The reason soon appeared, in the form of a police area car, whose occupants exchanged waves with Sawyer as it cruised slowly by. He said that area cars, which are directed by radio from Scotland Yard, are normally manned by three constables: the driver and the operator, who are in uniform (they wear flat caps instead of helmets), and the observer, who rides in the rear seat and wears civilian clothes, often a sports jacket and slacks—the better to look into situations that need to be investigated without arousing unnecessary suspicion. He also keeps a diary of the car's activities, while the operator handles its communications. Except for the drivers, the crews of area cars are rotated about every three weeks between that duty and foot patrol.

"Duty on the car is considered a good thing," Sawyer said. "I had a good deal of it before going on a home beat, and I loved it. Most chaps do—especially the youngsters—because that's where you see action. You're always waiting for the radio to give your call sign and direct you to something that's happening, even if it's only a disturbance—a man and wife having a shouting match, perhaps. That, by the way, is one of our more dangerous jobs. Oh, yes, many a policeman has been hammered over the head with a bottle by an irate wife who has been telling the husband off. We're specifically told not to become involved in domestic disputes—just to advise the parties on their civil remedy. If you take sides, the other partner will invariably turn around and both parties will team up against you, because you are authority. Sometimes we're called into a domestic dispute and the wife says, 'Well, I'm not 'avin' this. 'E's just drunk up all the rent money. We 'aven't got a penny to feed me two kids. Look at 'im,' she says. 'Just look at 'im. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't 'it 'im over the 'ead with a bottle.' And there's old chummy, swaying a little from side to side. He just wants to get to bed and forget it all. We normally try to calm the wife down and get her to make him a cup of tea. We say something like 'Well, Mum, thank goodness the family's still got you around. You're obviously the real anchor around here, and it's a shame this has to happen.' You sort of sympathize. That cools Mum off. Then we have a whisper with chummy, if his eyes are still focussing. We say something like 'Now, look. You should realize you're an adult, and you have responsibilities to your kids.' You always hit him under the belt with the kid angle. He says, 'Well, you know, met a couple of friends, had a couple of drinks.' And so on. Normally, you just sort of leave it there, close the door quietly, and hope they'll stay calmed down."

Resuming his deliberate stride, Sawyer continued, "The first aim of a policeman is to take the heat out of the situation. He must do this whether it involves two people or two hundred. His approach is the same—the use of tact and conciliatory methods. He must *never* show himself as an authoritarian individual but always as a human being. In many countries, the police rely on sheer weight of numbers and equipment. In this country, we are very thinly policed—about one policeman for every five hundred inhabitants, which I think is the lowest in Europe. New York City has about ten thousand more policemen than London has. Here, we know we've got to keep a tie-in with the public. The English public—they're as good as gold. All you need to do is give them a little guidance."

From the Cromwell Road, Sawyer moved on to Queen's Gate, a broad avenue of large houses that were once private residences but have mostly been converted into small hotels or into bed-sitters, which are similar to American rooming houses. Near the middle of the block, in front of a building that was being renovated, a truck had just dumped a load of sand partly in the street and partly on the sidewalk. "Good morning," Sawyer said to a workman who had started to shovel the sand into a wheelbarrow. "Can you tell me how long you'll be obstructing the footway?"

"We'll have it out of here in ten minutes," the workman said. "We'll save you any worry."

Sawyer nodded and walked on.

At the corner, he waited for a traffic light to change. Across the street, a red Royal Mail truck pulled up and the driver got out to empty a mailbox. A recruiting poster on the side of the truck announced, "Postmen now earn over £1,300 a year." Sawyer looked at it and remarked, "That's a little more than some of our chaps make." He went on to explain, as he crossed the street and started down Harrington Road, by Stanhope Gardens, that the base pay of a London constable begins at one thousand and twenty-three pounds, or twenty-four hundred and fifty-five dollars, a year and rises to a maximum of sixteen hundred and eighty-three pounds, or four thousand and thirty-nine dollars. In addition, the constable receives a mélange of extra payments, including a London allowance (because the cost of living is higher in the city than in the country), an undermanning allowance (because the force is undermanned, and its members are consequently obliged to perform extra work), the boot allowance, and, where it applies, the cycle allowance. London policemen often work an eight-hour day, six days a week. However, since they are theoretically supposed to work only a five-day week, which is precluded because of the personnel shortage, they also receive an additional rest-day payment for the sixth day, when they do not rest. Most policemen also put in some overtime. Counting the allowances and making the standard deductions for income tax, pension contribution, and National Insurance, Sawyer figures that his take-home pay averages a hundred and twenty pounds, or two hundred and eighty-eight dollars a month. That includes around twenty-one dollars in overtime. His five-room apartment, which the force supplies him without charge (he pays for the utilities, except water, and he doesn't have a telephone), is worth—on the basis of what equivalent accommodations cost—two hundred dollars more a month. His total remuneration thus works out to approximately four hundred and eighty-eight dollars a month, or fifty-eight hundred and fifty-six dollars a year. "And I am an experienced policeman, getting a top rate," he said. "A young laddie would get nothing like that. For example, the young chap on the beat next to mine would be lucky to net nine-

teen pounds a week.” The retirement benefits, Sawyer continued, are not extravagant, either. They are calculated on a policeman’s base pay, exclusive of allowances. After thirty years’ service, Sawyer’s annual pension would amount to about two thousand dollars. “Funnily enough, pay isn’t a thing policemen normally talk a great deal about, and it isn’t often a source of strife with the official side,” he said. “If money is your goal, you don’t become a copper.”

SAWYER had now arrived at the intersection of Harrington Road and Gloucester Road, where his beat begins. This area, he said, starting down Gloucester Road, is typical of his beat, which is mainly residential, intersected by streets that are principally commercial—food stores, banks, restaurants, antique shops, boutiques, public houses, cinemas, and so on. At various places on the beat are blocks of private dwellings, some of them owned by people of considerable means, but the majority of the residential structures are apartment buildings and bed-sitters, mostly the latter. These vary from well-kept buildings on quiet, tree-shaded avenues to tacky structures on streets pounding with traffic. At the corner of the Old Brompton Road, Sawyer stopped to exchange a word with a greengrocer named Barry. He was standing outside his shop, where much of his produce was displayed on racks.

A woman customer approached. “Do you sell everything cheaper while he’s here?” she asked, smiling and nodding toward Sawyer.

“Actually, we charge more,” Barry said, entering into the comic spirit.

A petite elderly woman carrying a straw shopping basket came on the scene. Looking up at Sawyer, she said, “I always taught my children, when they were young, to go to the police if they were in any trouble.”

“That’s a good thing, Ma’am,” Sawyer said. “It’s most important that we have the kids’ confidence.”

“Today’s my birthday,” the woman said, shyly but expectantly.

“Congratulations. That’s lovely.”

“Why don’t you drop your helmet and come around the corner to my house for a glass?”

“Sorry, I can’t do that, Ma’am. But many happy returns.”

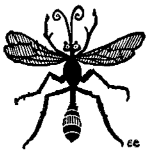
“Maybe next year.” She smiled and turned to her shopping.

Sawyer, now ready to traverse the length of his beat, had no sooner crossed Gloucester Road than a station wagon with a young man at the wheel and a young woman beside him made a right turn onto Gloucester from the Old Brompton Road. Sawyer waved the car to the curb. The driver got out and met Sawyer walking toward him. “Can I help you?” the driver asked.

“Didn’t you see the sign at the corner? It says very plainly no right turns from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.”

“I’m sorry. I guess I wasn’t looking carefully enough.”

“Can I see your driving license, please?” Sawyer examined this, then took out his notebook and wrote down the driver’s name and numerous other details. He walked around the wagon and looked in its windows. “All right,” he finally said. “You can go on. From now on, watch for the signs. At the junctions, you look out for what he can do and what he can’t do,” he added, addressing the young woman. “Later, you can decide what he can and can’t do about other matters.” She smiled appropriately, and the car drove off.



“You don’t have to be officious to make a point,” Sawyer said afterward. “It makes a difference in a situation like that if the chap acknowledges he’s made a mistake and says he’s sorry. If he’d been one of those Chelsea chaps who jumps out and says, ‘Haven’t you got anything better to do than this?’—that’s another matter. Then you figure, ‘All right, mate. You shall have it.’ And he gets a summons fast.”

Proceeding up the Old Brompton Road, one of the busiest thoroughfares on his beat, Sawyer passed a bus stop at which half a dozen young women were queued. “Thank God,” he said, casting a quick glance. “No maxis, no midis. It’s usually very nice along here—lots of dolly birds on the street, talking and laughing.” The street also had its sombre moments, he went on, as it had had three weeks before, when an elderly man collapsed and died of a heart attack near the bus stop. “I attended the scene,” Sawyer continued, lapsing momentarily, and untypically, into police jargon. “The ambulance came, and I accompanied the victim to hospital, where he was certified dead. My next responsibility was to notify the relatives, so I went to the man’s address, but first I called at the house next door, to get some background. I always do that. I learned that the dead man’s wife also suffered from heart trouble. The word about her husband, the neighbor said, could kill the wife, too. I asked the neighbor to go with me, and she did. Of course, the dead man’s wife knew something was amiss when we arrived. ‘I have some news about your husband,’ I said. ‘He collapsed on the street, and has been taken to hospital.’ Then I asked if there were any children, and it turned out there was a son, a company director. I telephoned him, and he said he would come immediately. The neighbor made a pot of tea, and things worked out all right. I know what the guv’nor would have said if the old lady had heard the news and collapsed, too. He’d have said, ‘Surely you could have used a little more diplomacy than that.’ ”

A couple of blocks farther on, Sawyer stopped in front of Wolsey’s butcher shop. The door was open. “Good morning, Jack,” he said to one of the two butchers behind the counter.

“Look who’s here!” Jack shouted to the other butcher, and cowered behind the counter in mock alarm. “Quick! Lock the door!”

Sawyer smiled and walked on. “They’re always taking the mickey out of me,” he said. “Butchers, greengrocers—all these traders are good sources of information. They know what’s going on in the street. You never can tell when you may want a little help. A man may be wanted for something, and you know his wife shops around here, so you may ask these traders if they’ve seen, say, a small woman in her forties with ginger-colored hair. One of them may say, ‘Well, if you were to stand around here about nine o’clock on a Tuesday morning, you might very well see her.’ That’s part of what the home-beat system is about.”

A few doors beyond, a heavyset man wearing glasses and a pompadour was standing in the doorway of a newspaper shop. “Good morning, Pete,” Sawyer said. “How are things this morning?”

Pete pointed to the headline of the *Daily Express*. “ ‘BLACK POWER’ MEN STORM POLICE,” it read. “A hundred of them fighting the police, right here in London,” he said. “I hate to see my country being destroyed a little bit every day. I’m not prejudiced, but I’ve always said there are three things that will never mix: oil and water, Arab and Jew, black and white.”

“Of course, we know apartheid doesn’t work, either,” Sawyer said.

An *Evening News* delivery truck stopped at the curb, and the driver jumped out with copies of the first edition. “Mob attackin’ a police station,” he said. “What do you think of that? All the villains down in Caledonia Road ’ave never done that. Shockin’, I say. I’m not prejudiced, but if those were white boys what done that they'd get two years in the nick. But because they're colored boys the magistrate will say, 'Now, don't be naughty anymore, you 'ear?' And let them go." He drove off.

"It's been pretty quiet along here, but it won't last," Pete said. "All the major cities will become uninhabitable before long."

"You know, Pete, if you took up tennis, you could get out there and bat it around and get everything out of your system," Sawyer said. "Great fun. Well, I've got to move on. Take care of yourself."

"All the best," Pete said. "Drop in."

Taking up his customary pace, Sawyer said, "They want to have a go at somebody, and I just happen to be handy. I've also had colored people come up and let off steam about the whites. At least, it's better that they let off steam to me than in some other ways." In Great Britain, he continued, the so-called colored population—West Indians, black Africans, Pakistanis, and Indians—makes up approximately one and a third million of the country's fifty-six million people. Of the eight million Londoners, a quarter of a million are colored, or immigrants, as they are also known. About half of these immigrants are West Indians, and they are the most active in agitating for better social opportunities and in protesting what they call color prejudice on the part of the police. Immigrant leaders say that this prejudice is shown by, among other things, the fact that of the twenty-one thousand members of the force in London, only three policemen and two policewomen are colored—a proportion that is about the same for the country as a whole.

The answer to that, Sawyer went on, is that the police are keenly aware of the need to add colored members to the force, and are pushing a drive to recruit them. The results so far have been slight, partly because many colored applicants fail to meet the physical and educational requirements (recruits must be between nineteen and thirty; stand at least five feet eight; have a sound physique and good character; and possess certain educational qualifications—slightly lower than those of an American high-school graduate), and partly because many colored men who could qualify are reluctant to become policemen for fear of being branded Uncle Toms. Though the police do not intend to lower their requirements to favor colored applicants, the force is trying to deal with the problem in other ways, such as by the appointment in each division of a Community Relations Officer, part of whose responsibility is to widen and improve contacts between the police and the immigrant community. "You hear these stories about colored people being treated unfairly," Sawyer said. "There's always the possibility that a policeman has acted stupidly. But to lay the charge of prejudice against all the police—that's a load of rubbish."

It was now eleven-thirty—time, Sawyer said, to start back toward the station for lunch. On the way, he would stop in Drayton Gardens, where the pay telephone had been burglarized the night before. "This kind of crime is fairly common," he said. "One morning about two months ago, I was on my way to the station, cycling along, and three chaps broke out of a house, having, as it turned out, just stolen the cashbox of a pay phone in the entrance hall. Right after them came a woman, who shouted, 'Stop, thief!' or something like that. The chaps were running as fast as they could. Well, I figured I couldn't tackle three. Two of them were about five feet nine. The other was about six feet two. I thought, Well, always take the biggest first—the big chaps are the most humorous and amicable. So I took chase on this one fellow. Suddenly he spotted me and threw the cashbox down on the ground, hoping I'd stop and pick it up, which I didn't. I chased him through a junction, and finally got even with him. I jumped off the bike, pushed him up against the wall, and said, 'Just hang on, mate,' or words to that effect. We were both pretty well out of breath by that time. Then I took a firm grip of his arm—put on what we call a hammerlock—and walked him up to a corner. Across the road was a bus queue. I shouted to the queue, 'Would you mind calling the police?' One man looked across the road, and I guess because he saw me in a sports jacket, being on the way to work, said, 'Do what?' I said, 'Do you mind calling for the police? I'm a police officer.' He said, 'Where are the television cameras, mate?' I thought, Good heavens. This is ridiculous. Here I am with this felon, and they think I'm playing games. Eventually, a fellow who looked like a chauffeur went down the street, found a shop that was open, and rang the police. But he gave them the wrong location. Before long, I could hear the screaming sirens going around in all directions except where I was holding this bloke. About ten minutes later, a car did come up. We got chummy in the car and took him to the nick. Of course, he shopped his mates, and they all got six months in a Borstal institution."

The address in Drayton Gardens turned out to be a large, freshly painted bed-sitter. Sawyer rang for the superintendent and walked in, noting that the door did not lock automatically when it closed. The entrance hall was carpeted and spotless. The superintendent, an elderly man wearing a dark suit and a white shirt, appeared, introduced himself, and led the way to the rear of the hall. On the floor was the phone that had been torn from the wall. "It must have made quite a racket, but nobody seems to have heard it," the superintendent said.

"How are your tenants?" Sawyer asked.

"Not bad. I don't take in hippies if I can help it."

"Anybody given you any trouble before?"

"No. But it must have been somebody who knows this place."

Sawyer picked up the cash receptacle. "They're made of plastic now, which doesn't yield fingerprints the way the old ones did," he said. "A plain case of vandalism. It's a shame these things have to happen."

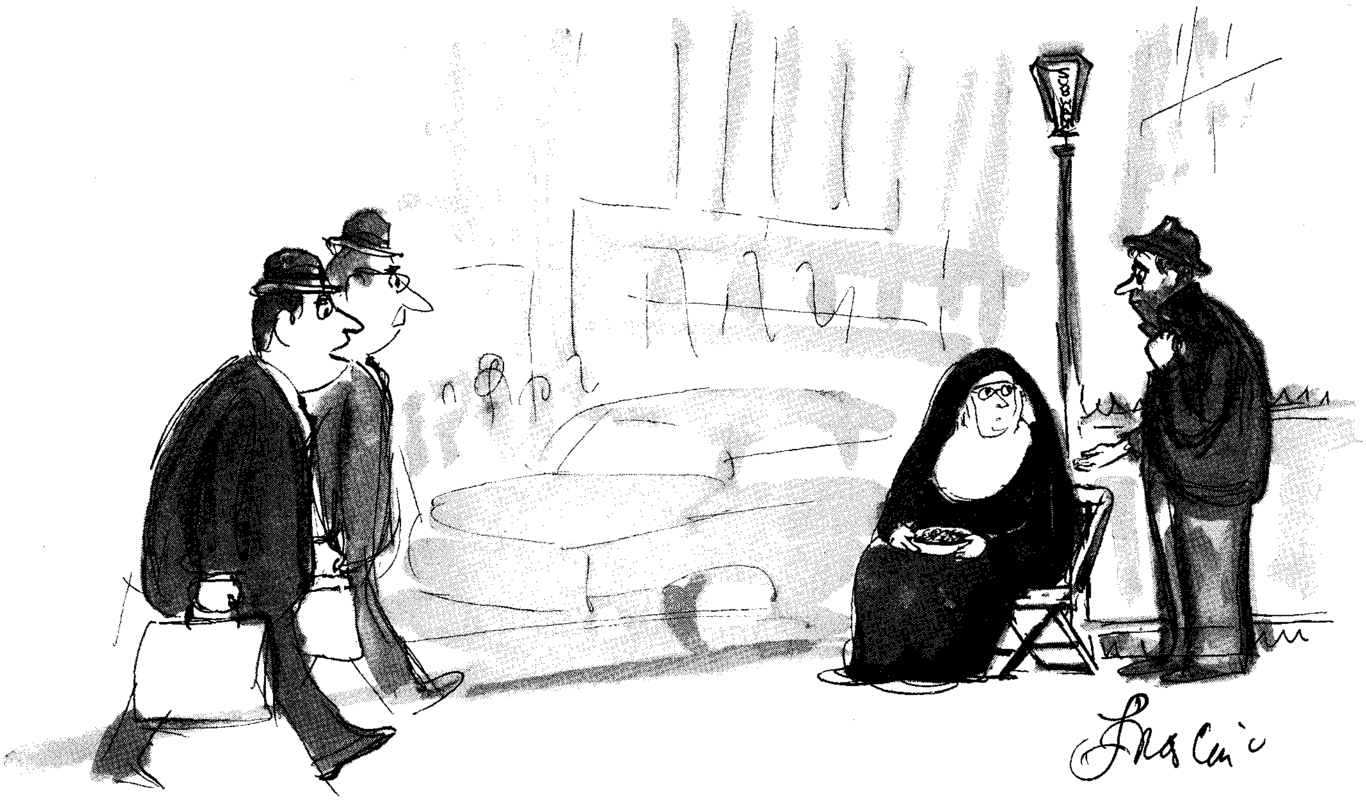
The superintendent accompanied Sawyer to the front door, where he examined the lock. The doorknob and the other fittings were brass and shiny. "I like your brasswork," Sawyer said.

"I polish it every day," the superintendent said.

"Tell the tenants about the telephone," Sawyer said. "And tell them to be especially careful to shut the door at night so that it clicks and locks. Well, you'll see us around. Take care of yourself."

Out on the street, Sawyer said, "There's not much you can do in a case like that. Just give the person a little encouragement—remark about the brasswork, or something. I've heard of a C.I.D. chap who sometimes stops on the street and buys a bunch of flowers for a woman whose place has been robbed. It costs only a few bob, and it makes her feel a little better."

ON the way back to the station, Sawyer, between frequent stops to answer questions, said that only a small percentage of London policemen are natives of the city. He himself was born in the village of Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, about a hundred miles west of London. His father was, and at sixty-three still is, a maintenance



"That's what I call chutzpah."

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foreman in a factory. "Despite his age, he thinks nothing of walking twenty miles between breakfast and lunch on a weekend," Sawyer said. "He's a right countryman." Though he himself was an only child, Sawyer continued, he didn't always feel like one, because he grew up during wartime, and his parents took in many children evacuated from London and Birmingham. At the age of eleven, he had a series of operations and a succession of illnesses, including scarlet fever, from which he wasn't expected to recover. "When I was recuperating," he said, "this lovely old doctor who took care of me and brought me books said, 'Obviously, you've been spared for something. Make sure you have a healthy body, son.' " Sawyer took this advice so seriously that he wound up not only as captain of his school's football and cricket teams but also as a star performer in track and field events. Besides all that, he was a good student, a prefect, and an officer of several clubs.

After finishing school, Sawyer said, he took a job as an apprentice draftsman in a firm manufacturing mechanical equipment, but his heart was on the football field. He played on the company team and also on another amateur team, where he caught the eye of a scout from the Wolverhampton Wanderers, a first-division football club. This club offered him a chance to join one of its affiliated amateur teams with a view to becoming a professional player. Sawyer jumped at the opportunity, and moved to Wolverhampton, an industrial city north of Birmingham, where he found work in a toolmaking concern and devoted all his spare time to polishing his football skills. "I loved the game," Sawyer said. "I had the physique, and I could take a few knocks without shouting for mother. A chap who was playing next to me broke his leg, and when I learned that he would never walk again without limping, it sort of took the edge off the game for me. Of course, I went on playing, but by the time I was called up for my national service I'd decided against trying to become a professional." He spent two years as a radio operator in the Royal Air Force ("Quite good fun, actually"), and, a month after his discharge, applied and was accepted as a recruit on the Metropolitan Police Force. "I had been attracted by one of their advertisements—something like 'Do you feel you're not getting enough out of life? Be a policeman. Get around.' " After completing the standard thirteen-week course at the Police Training School, he was ready to start getting more out of life. He was then twenty.

During his first six years on the force, Sawyer continued, he served for a considerable period as a motorcycle cop, married a young woman who had been a professional dressmaker, transferred to foot duty, and became the father of a son and a daughter. "I liked the job, but I began getting restless," he said. "I've always been restless by nature. One day, I got a letter from a friend who was working for the Mufulira Copper Mines, in Northern Rhodesia, which is now Zambia. It was a British protectorate then. He said there were some good jobs out there with good salaries. It sounded like a fine opportunity to have a look at the world, so I made up my mind and then discussed it with the wife. She's very good, actually. She always says if a man makes up his mind it's better to go along than to argue with him, which is sensible. The upshot was that we packed up and left for Africa. I worked underground for two years, learning how to drill, how to use explosives, and so on. Then I became part of a team doing time-and-motion studies. It was all terribly interesting." However, after about three years the old restlessness set in, and he changed jobs again, taking a post as an inspector in the police force of Swaziland, then also a British protectorate. He was fascinated by Africa, liked his work, and enjoyed the life. He belonged to a country club and, having taken up tennis before leaving

England and having developed a sound game, played on its tennis team. The only flaw was a lack of satisfactory schools for his children. When this problem became acute, he returned to England with his family and rejoined the force.

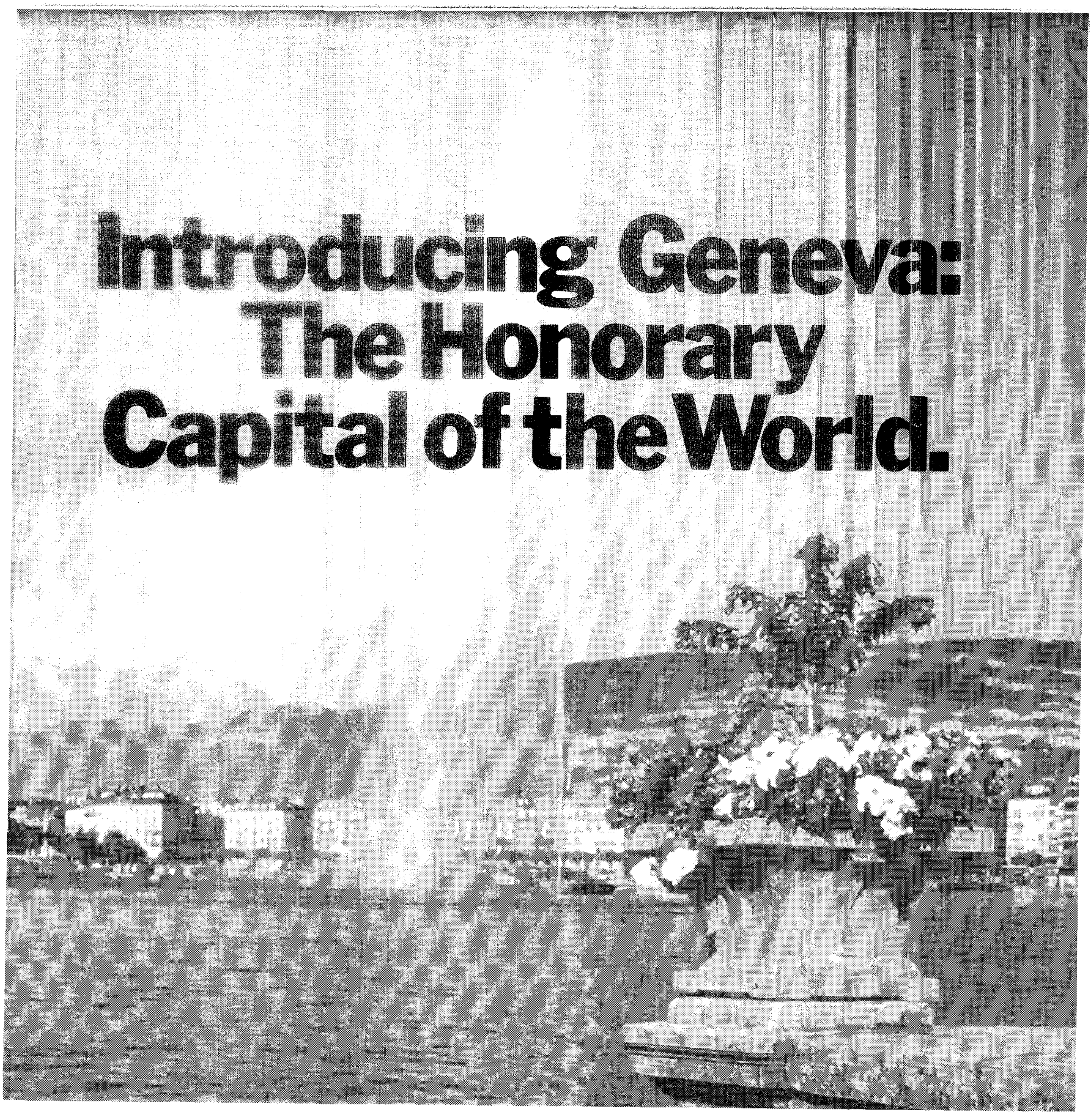
Before his assignment to a home beat, Sawyer said, he had served as a utility man around the Chelsea station, temporarily filling nearly all the specialized jobs. "I love any duty," he went on. "As long as there's action, it's fun. My guv'nor has asked me why I don't study for promotion and sit the examinations. He says he's sure I could pass them, and I think so myself, but the idea just doesn't appeal. There's something inside me that keeps me from having any interest in getting stuck behind a desk doing a sergeant's job. As the wife said, 'If you had all that paperwork, you'd be pacing around like a caged tiger and wondering why you ever took promotion.' Financially, it wouldn't amount to all that much—two or three hundred pounds a year. Money has never been my main interest. I don't envy people who take their holidays in Spain. If somebody took me ten miles out of London and put me down in a nice green field, I'd be just as happy."

It was shortly after noon when Sawyer returned to the front office, now humming with activity. He sat down to enter in the crime book his report on the cashbox theft. "I want you to get a little more excitement in those reports, Tom," a constable with a sandy mustache said over Sawyer's shoulder.

"This one reads like a right thriller," Sawyer replied. His report finished, he scanned the entries that had been made in the crime books that morning, exchanged a few pleasantries with some of his colleagues, and departed for the canteen. Policemen are entitled to a refreshment period of forty-five minutes every eight hours, he said, and they usually spend it at a canteen in a section house. "The guv'nors don't like us stopping in restaurants for refreshments," he explained. "Most of the chaps know a few places on their beat where somebody will give them a cup of tea—in the back of the butcher shop or in an antique store, or some other place." Accepting a cup of tea in these circumstances, he continued, is known as "mumping"—a term that also applies to the acceptance by policemen of somewhat more substantial favors, such as reduced charges for car repairs at a garage, or a discount from a shopkeeper on a piece of furniture or on some other item. With rare exceptions, mumping is the extent of graft among London—and British—policemen. One reason for the rarity of graft, apart from the influence of national character and tradition, is that many of the invitations to corruption—such as the prohibition to the public of liquor, gambling, and other persistent human follies—that have been issued over the years in other countries have been withheld by the British. Furthermore, the police in Great Britain generally leave a sensible margin for error in the enforcement of laws that are intended to regulate the borderline areas of human behavior, including some of the manifestations of sex. As a result, instances of genuine, or even alleged, graft among the police are so uncommon that when they do occur they make page-one stories in the newspapers. "A bad policeman is good news to the press," Sawyer said. "He's like a vicar who's been caught in the choir loft with a member of his flock. Of course, the police have their black sheep, like every other profession. I suppose there will always be a few bent coppers. As for myself, it would be an insult to my intelligence to be offered a hundred pounds to look the other way."

At the canteen, Sawyer ate his usual lunch—a sandwich and a glass of milk—and passed the time of day with several of his colleagues. The main topic of conversation was the arrest the day before by two young constables from the Chelsea station of a pair of teen-age youths who had been caught trying to steal a car radio. This seemed to be the most exciting event that had occurred around the station in some time. There was also talk about an anti-police demonstration scheduled for the following Sunday by a group of West Indians in the Notting Hill section of B Division. Sawyer was asked if he was going to be on hand. "Sorry I won't be able to have the pleasure, but you chaps enjoy yourselves," he said, smiling, and rose to leave. "I've been on duty at many of the demos, including the big anti-Vietnam ones in Grosvenor Square," he continued as he started back toward his beat. "The first one was pretty grim. We had to bring the horses in. Demos of that force were a new thing, and we weren't very well prepared to deal with them. Thank goodness, we're organized now." The way the London police control crowds, Sawyer explained, is different from the method used by most police forces. For one thing, the London police do not wear protective clothing. They have no riot squads. They do not use tear gas, barbed wire, or water cannon. They put up only one barricade—across the entrance to Downing Street. "Before a big demonstration, the guv'nors say to those of us on duty, 'Now, look, chaps, it's up to you. Remember, the object is containment. Keep close to the demonstrators, and talk to them. Ignore facetious remarks completely. Go easy. They want to let off steam.' I accept that. These young demonstrators have energy they'll never have again in their lives. If they want to get together and have a go at us, fair enough. That's better than trying to suppress them, with the result that they're around in back alleys beating up innocent people. The militants, the anarchists—these Red-inspired characters—are behind the big demos, and they're crafty. They keep to the back, and push poor old Fred, who may have come up to London just for the day, up front. If anybody gets shoved around, it's old Fred. They call us all the names they can think of, and they try to knock off our helmets and take them as trophies. You have to treat them like overgrown children. Of course, if they get a bit naughty—start throwing things and deliberately trying to hurt—then we have to take them into custody."

SAWYER'S afternoon turned out to be, if anything, even more pastoral in texture than his morning had been. For all the peril or excitement he encountered, he could as well have been on a quiet walk in the country. His eye was alert but his pace was easy as he crisscrossed his beat, savoring the fine weather, answering questions, stopping to admire a flower garden here, noting the condition of a landmark there, chatting with tradesmen, playing a game of accepting and throwing an old shoe proffered by a black spaniel named Rex, the mascot of a church, and exchanging more reserved greetings with a basset hound named Worthington, the melancholy guardian of a boutique. In the circumstances, it was hard to imagine that Sawyer's job could put him in serious danger. In fact, he said, it very seldom does. Upward of ninety-nine per cent of a constable's time is spent simply being a walking symbol of law and order. Though the remaining fraction occasionally produces hazardous situations, Sawyer is inclined to make them sound like playful games of cops and robbers, as I learned upon asking if he had ever been in a position



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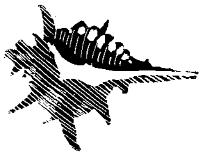
where he felt his life was in danger. "You know, I never think of that," he replied. "I don't think any policeman does. You get a call, and the caller says there's a suspect on the roof. He's climbed up the drainpipe. You go up the fire escape. You see a black shadow, and you start after him. You're jumping over chimney pots and across big gaps, and when you look down the next day and see it's seventy feet down there, you think, I must be a bit nutty. I suppose it could be dangerous, especially when you corner old chummy. When everyone's out of breath and the adrenaline's running high in the blood, he'll be a bit desperate. If he says not to come any nearer, you say, 'Now, just hang on, mate. It's a long way down there. If you start doing anything silly, that'll be the end of you. You won't be seeing all the dolly birds or the trees or anything else.' He's going to call you a stupid copper and a few other choice names. That's fine. The big thing is to keep him talking. Everybody I've ever met has some weakness, some way you can get under his skin. Usually, by listening, you can find out what it is—wife, mother, children. Of course, some chaps keep quiet and hold out. Then you have to sort of rush in and get them. But the vast majority, if you talk to them like an old father-confessor, eventually they hesitate, and then they say, 'Oh, all right,' and that's it."

Midway through the afternoon, Sawyer stopped at the apartment of the barman whose Triumph had been stolen the night before. The door of his apartment was slightly ajar, but no one responded to the doorbell. At length, Sawyer said he would have to call back the following day, and pulled the door shut as he left. "It's no wonder he had his car nicked," he remarked. "When you see carelessness like that, you can understand why robberies are on the increase. Here in London, nowadays, a house or a business is broken into on the average of five times an hour." In recent years, crime in general has increased sharply in London, as it has almost everywhere else, he continued, and it has also changed in certain respects. For one thing, armed robberies, especially large-scale payroll and bank jobs, have become less of a novelty than they were in the past. As a rule, the firearm used in these holdups is a sawed-off shotgun, and the general practice so far has been to flourish the weapon rather than to fire it. If it is fired, it is usually aimed at the ceiling, the object being to scare the victims into handing over the cash in a hurry. There has also been an increase in so-called malicious woundings (a category less serious than felonious woundings, which have declined over the past three years), and this is attributed largely to an increase in the number of youths who carry knives. "I can remember not so many years ago when stabbing was a very rare crime in this country," Sawyer said. "In fact, it was so unusual that the first assumption was that it had been done by a foreigner. Stabbing was simply un-English."

Though criminal activity is generally on the rise in London and throughout the country, Sawyer went on, violent crime has remained relatively scarce. Of all the crimes committed in London last year, offenses against the person accounted for slightly more than three per cent. (The comparable figure for New York City is almost seven per cent.) In London, there were fifty-one murders last year. (In New York, there were nine hundred and sixty-one. In Great Britain as a whole, there were two hundred and thirteen murders during 1969; in the United States, there were fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty-seven.) Muggings are also extremely rare in London, though not completely unknown. "There was a case down at West End Central station last summer," Sawyer said. "An American tourist came in there about two o'clock one morning and said he'd been set upon by seven colored chaps, who had pushed him up against a wall and stolen his wallet. 'I know I shouldn't have been walking there,' he said. 'But I just wasn't thinking.' If that had happened to a Londoner, he would have come storming into the station and thundered, 'What in the bloody hell is the matter with the police when a man can't walk peacefully down the streets of his own city? Shameful! Outrageous!' Of course, he would be right to feel outraged. Back in 1829, Sir Richard Mayne, the first Commissioner of the Met Police, said that the primary object of an efficient police force is the prevention of crime and the protection of life and property. Life and property—in that order. We try to keep our priorities right—to protect the individual and make it safe for him or her to walk the streets of London at any time during the day or night. It would probably be unwise, though not unsafe, for a girl to walk alone late at night in certain streets in Soho, where there are a lot of strip clubs and so on, or in North Notting Hill, bordering on Paddington, which used to be renowned for its abundance of prostitutes and is still a roguish area. She would probably have some awkward things said to her in those places, though a respectable girl is not likely to be walking alone in one of those areas at one or two in the morning. Otherwise, I think she can walk anywhere in the city at any time, and the chances that anyone will even speak to her are remote. When I'm on night duty, I see any number of young girls walking alone. They're not looking around to see if anybody's following them. They are not afraid."

When five o'clock approached, Sawyer started perambulating toward the station. On the way, at my suggestion, he speculated on the reasons that Great Britain, in an age of violence, has remained an exemplar of law and order. "In the first place, we've been lucky, because we live on an island, and that in itself gives us a kind of common identity," he said. "We are all essentially the same race. We've all been brought up in the same traditions. So we are a pretty homogeneous people. And we have been able to live together without having to cope with an invader for quite a few centuries—long enough to iron out a lot of differences and learn how to get along with one another quite peacefully." Through the centuries, he continued, the British have developed a high regard for the values of tolerance, compromise, and fair play. (There hasn't been a political assassination in Great Britain since 1812.) They have also acquired a talent for self-discipline. The result is a nation that is both exceptionally orderly and exceptionally free and a people whose primary characteristic, according to George Orwell, is gentleness. "I abhor violence," Sawyer said. "It is an alien thing to all of us—the public and the police, and the criminals as well. Unfortunately, we are getting more of it, but there's still less than many other places, thank goodness."



I asked Sawyer whether, in view of the increase in crime—armed robbery in particular—he thought that the British police would have to abandon their practice of going unarmed. "If we were told that as of the first of next month the Met Police would be armed, I think there would be complete rebellion in the ranks," he replied. "Nobody wants it. As a Police Federation representative, I know that is the policy of the force as a whole. If the police were armed, that would give the criminals an excuse to be armed, too. We don't want that. As it is, a really good professional thief wouldn't think of carrying a gun. That has always been true here. Neither side carries guns. It's part of the modus vivendi that exists between the police and the criminals in this country. It's tied up with the sporting instinct of the British people. The villain commits a crime. We catch him. 'O.K.,' he says. 'I did it. I'm out.' He knows, and we know, that when he's served his time he'll be back for another go. It's all sort of a game."

Arming the police would have another grave effect, Sawyer went on. "It would ruin our relationship with the public. If I suddenly appeared on the beat next week with a nice shiny holster holding a gun, I am sure there would instantly be a wall of animosity between me and all the traders and other people I see and chat with. I would no longer be their friend. I would be set apart. That is exactly what the police do not want. The way things are now, it works like this: I'm walking down the street, and three chaps jump out and start punching me. Now, these traders see what's going on, and they say, 'Well, look at old Tom. He's having a punchup. Do you reckon he can handle it, or shall we give him a hand?' Maybe they'll say, 'It will do him good to get a kickup.' But the chances are they'll say, 'Let's go along and give him a hand.' And the butcher will turn out, and the greengrocer, and it's all over. The three lads had had too much to drink. Nothing really serious, and they're taken off to the nick. Everyone laughs it off as a joke. But now say that I have a gun. These traders would have a look and say, 'Why should we bother? Tom's got a gun. If it gets serious, he can use it.' That is what we never want to happen. Never."

Back at the station, Sawyer looked in at the front office, went downstairs to change into his sports jacket, and wheeled his bicycle up to the garage. I told him I had enjoyed the day, and thanked him. "I'm glad you did," he said, mounting the bike. "I did, too. It's all great fun, actually."

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

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AUGUST 6, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

THE Geneva Protocol of 1925, signed by eighty-odd nations, including the Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, and most of the major powers, but not by the United States, prohibits the use of chemical and biological weapons in warfare. This week, the United States and the Soviet Union have apparently reached tentative agreement on the banning of certain defined forms of biological warfare, but the agreement avoids dealing directly with various important aspects of this type of warfare, which the Russians and others maintain are already covered by the Protocol. This document was put before the Senate for ratification by the President last summer, but it seems likely to remain stalled there because of the Administration's yielding to pressure from the American military for the continued use of certain toxic substances. As I have earlier pointed out in *The New Yorker* (February 7, March 14, June 20, July 4, 1970), what many scientists reasonably consider a most virulent form of chemical and biological warfare has been carried on in South Vietnam by the United States since late 1961: our aerial spraying of potent and evidently toxic substances for the purposes of defoliating strategic military areas and of destroying crops in places presumably held by the Vietcong. After eight years of such operations, it was announced by the Administration that laboratory findings on the teratogenic (fetus-deforming) effects of the most potentially hazardous of these agents, 2,4,5-T (trichlorophenoxyacetic acid), made it advisable to restrict both domestic civilian uses and overseas military uses of the substance. After this initial announcement, restrictive action was long in coming and not totally satisfactory in its effects. Now, it appears, the restrictions that were imposed may be modified or lifted, despite the lack of any conclusive scientific data indicating that 2,4,5-T is not potentially harmful to pregnant women. The probable results of this are, first, that the military—including the South Vietnamese military—will have a new franchise to carry on this alarming sort of warfare and, second, that the likelihood of its being restricted for good by international covenant will be removed or, at least, reduced. Finally, lifting restrictions on civilian uses of 2,4,5-T would present renewed hazards to the unborn here.

It may be recalled that repeated declarations were made over the years by officials of chemical companies, by the United States military, by the Department of Agriculture, and even, for a period, by the State Department, that 2,4,5-T was harmless to man and to animal life, but critics of the defoliation program in Vietnam had discovered that, in the initial period of five years during which 2,4,5-T was being used there, and in the much longer period earlier, when it was being used for ordinary weed-killing here, no responsible scientist had so much as opened up a pregnant mouse exposed to 2,4,5-T to investigate whether the chemical caused damage to its unborn offspring. In 1966, Bionetics Laboratories, of Bethesda, Maryland, in a study conducted under government contract, provided evidence showing that 2,4,5-T produced birth deformities in laboratory mice and rats. For three years thereafter, no action whatever was taken within the government to regulate the use of 2,4,5-T, and only the efforts of several independent biologists caused the facts to be pried out of the Administration. When these facts began to be made public, in late 1969, officials of the Dow Chemical Company, one of the largest producers of 2,4,5-T, claimed that the Bionetics findings were based on a sample of 2,4,5-T containing uncharacteristically large amounts of a potent contaminant—a substance known as a dioxin, and in this particular form commonly referred to as TCDD.

The issue of the potential hazards of 2,4,5-T to human beings was now forced out into the open, and when a Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Philip Hart, of Michigan, opened investigative hearings in April, 1970, concerning these potential hazards, the Surgeon General, Dr. Jesse L. Steinfeld, conceded that further studies by government scientists had shown that 2,4,5-T, even when it was contaminated with dioxin only to the extent of less than one part per million, produced birth abnormalities in pregnant experimental animals that were given moderately high dosages of the herbicide. The Administration thereupon announced a series of regulatory steps. These included the suspension or cancellation of Department of Agriculture registration—in effect, licensing—of forms of the herbicide for use around homes, around bodies of water, and on crops that human beings might eat.

Since the Administration could no longer hold the position that 2,4,5-T was a substance entirely innocuous except to broad-leafed plants, it was forced to alter its position on the use of the herbicide on a vast scale in defoliation operations in Vietnam. The Defense Department therefore announced the "suspension" of the military use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam. Since 2,4,5-T was an essential ingredient of the substance called by the military Agent Orange—by far the main defoliating agent used there—the stop order on the use of 2,4,5-T reduced defoliation operations in Vietnam considerably.

Unable to use 2,4,5-T for defoliation, the American military substituted, where they could, two other substances: one called Agent Blue, whose active ingredient is arsenic, and which has been the main chemical used, since 1962, to destroy half a million acres of food crops in Vietnam; and Agent White, containing picloram, one of the most persistent of all herbicides in soil. But public reaction against the use of 2,4,5-T was forcing a reduction in all such operations, and last December President Nixon announced that the United States was "initiating a program for an orderly, yet rapid phase-out of the herbicide operations." However, it has now become evident that the military officers who have been directing such activities, along with officials of the chemical corporations that have been responsible for pushing the sale of herbicides in this country, are notably resilient and persistent men.

THE military people concerned with herbicidal warfare recognized some time ago that the most effective way of keeping their programs alive in a period when these came under attack was not to put up any great overt fight against cutbacks but, instead, to accept curtailments in such a way that they could keep the programs "ticking over" and, as someone familiar with their thought has put it, "keep the principle alive." Having previously brought about the defoliation of approximately one-seventh of the entire land area of South Vietnam, they have of late been obliged to limit their activities pretty much to the defoliation of areas surrounding American fire bases, but this has been enough to enable Pentagon liaison men working on Capitol Hill to persuade a significant number of members of Congress that defoliation operations are essential to the safety of the American troops still in Viet-

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nam. And as long as this claim is believed on Capitol Hill—which it has been so far—no congressional action to cut off appropriations for herbicidal warfare in Vietnam is likely to succeed.

In the meantime, President Nixon's assurance last December that the United States was initiating an "orderly, yet rapid phase-out" of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam has been quietly transformed in the statements of Pentagon spokesmen to Congress so that the words "phase-out" now appear as "phase-down." The substitution does not appear to be a casual one. According to a recent news item in the Washington *Post*, at the Pentagon the whole issue of the elimination of herbicidal operations in Vietnam is considered "highly sensitive" and far from settled. If pressure from the military prevails, what may be really phased out will be not herbicidal warfare in Vietnam but the Presidential promise to put a rapid and definite end to it.

For the herbicidal-operations people, this strategy of lowering the profile but "keeping the principle alive" in Vietnam is likely to have one important advantage. An indefinite continuation of herbicidal operations in Vietnam, even on a heavily reduced scale, is bound to make it extremely difficult for the Senate to accept an interpretation of the Geneva Protocol that embraces a ban on the military use of herbicides. The White House has let it be known that it does not consider herbicidal warfare to be covered by the Protocol—even though a resolution holding that herbicidal warfare is indeed encompassed in its prohibitions was overwhelmingly approved in the United Nations General Assembly in 1969. (Only the United States, Australia, and Portugal—which is reported to have undertaken military herbicidal operations against resisters in Angola—voted against the resolution.) If the United States were to stop herbicidal operations in Vietnam altogether, the chances for Senate ratification of the Geneva Protocol in a form that outlaws herbicidal warfare would be infinitely better than they now are. At present, the attitude of a number of senators on the Foreign Relations Committee is that they would rather see no ratification of the Protocol now than to see the Senate ratify a version that does not encompass a ban on herbicidal warfare (and tear gas).

The process of "keeping the principle alive" in Vietnam may soon include the training and active participation of the South Vietnamese military in herbicidal warfare. In a recent telephone conversation with me on the subject, a responsible Pentagon official conceded that "there is a good chance that the South Vietnamese themselves will want to develop a minimum capacity" for engaging in military defoliation operations. In view of this, it is a disquieting thought that a million and a half gallons of Agent Orange, the use of which has only been "suspended," are still lying in American military stockpiles in Vietnam, and no attempt has been made to remove, neutralize, or destroy these supplies.

THE sinuous tactics of the military in resisting any policy of eliminating military herbicide programs have been complemented in the commercial arena by the activities of chemical companies. In April, 1970, when the Surgeon General announced the government's decision to place restrictions on the uses of 2,4,5-T in this country, the impression was conveyed that the companies whose products were involved were ready to accept this decision, if not willingly, at least with some grace. Thus, on April 15, 1970, when Senator Hart, in the course of Senate hearings on the effects of 2,4,5-T, asked Dr. Julius Johnson, vice-president and director of research of the Dow Chemical Company, whether he agreed with the Administration's action in placing restrictions on the uses of 2,4,5-T, Dr. Johnson replied, "In a matter of practical hazard, an imminent hazard to health, I do not agree. Under the climate of pressure today, it was a wise decision."

Subsequently, Dow, together with Hercules, Inc., another large producer of 2,4,5-T, petitioned the Department of Agriculture against the decision, as they were allowed to do under the provisions of the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act, and asked that the whole subject be referred to a special advisory committee for administrative review. Under the law, the immediate effect of this move was that the petitioning companies stayed the hand of the federal government in cancelling the registration of the two companies' formulations of 2,4,5-T. The petitions thus allowed the two companies to continue selling these formulations.

The advisory committee on 2,4,5-T, set up from a list of scientists supplied by the National Academy of Sciences, had nine members. It began its meetings this February, and this May turned in its report, which since then has been under review by the Environmental Protection Agency, the new agency that late last year assumed the regulatory functions over pesticides formerly held by the Department of Agriculture. The report has never been formally made available to outside scientists, but its contents have now become known to a number of such people. It contains some surprisingly self-contradictory elements and debatable conclusions. It finds that "Current patterns of usage of 2,4,5-T and its known fate in various compartments of the environment, including the plant and animal foods of man, are such that any accumulation that might constitute a hazard to any aspect of human health is highly unlikely." It asserts that "as presently produced and applied . . . 2,4,5-T presents no hazard to human reproduction." It recommends that all present restrictions on the use of 2,4,5-T be removed. It proposes that the dioxin content of the 2,4,5-T manufactured in the future be limited to one-tenth of one part per million, and this is also the legal limit it proposes for residues of 2,4,5-T in food and in drinking water. It proposes that the use of existing stocks of 2,4,5-T with a dioxin content of as much as half of one part per million be permitted except around the home, where the permissible dioxin content would be one-tenth of one part per million. It then proposes that all formulations sold for use around the home bear a conspicuous warning to the effect that "This compound may be dangerous to pregnant women and animals and its use must be such as to reduce the possibility of exposure to an absolute minimum." Finally, it suggests that further research be undertaken to determine the extent to which dioxins might accumulate in the soil and food chains.

The advisory committee's report has drawn the criticism of a number of reputable scientists. A scientific group known as the Committee for Environmental Information, which puts out the magazine *Environment*, has stated that the information in the report contains "serious deficiencies," which "make it difficult to make any judgment on the safety of using 2,4,5-T." The deficiencies enumerated derive from the extrapolation of data from a statistical base that the critics believe to be insufficiently established; the questionable adequacy of sample sizes in animal studies cited; insufficient evidence concerning the breakdown of 2,4,5-T in plants such as food crops; and insufficient evidence concerning the extent to which dioxin may accumulate in animal tissues in ways other than those explored by the committee. This critique has been supported by, among other scientists, Dr. Barry Commoner, of Washington University; Dr. John T. Edsall, of Harvard; and Dr. Samuel S. Epstein, of the Case Western Reserve School of Medicine, in Cleveland. And it has been vigorously endorsed by Harrison Wellford, of Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law.

The conclusions of the advisory committee's report are such that they raise serious questions even in the mind of a layman reasonably well informed on the subject of herbicides. For example, how can the advisory committee logically come to the conclusion that 2,4,5-T is so innocuous to human beings that all cancellations and suspensions concerning it should be revoked and all its uses reinstated and, at the same time, recommend that the labels of 2,4,5-T formulations for home use carry such a severe warning concerning the exposure to the herbicide of pregnant women and animals? What could the basis for such a drastic warning be, other than the suspicion that 2,4,5-T is indeed a not inconsiderable teratogen? If formulations of 2,4,5-T for home use require such a warning, what better way could there be to avoid potential damage to the unborn than simply to keep the product off the market?

The view of the advisory committee is that the only real question concerning the safety of 2,4,5-T has to do with the TCDD dioxin with which it is contaminated. The committee has concluded that although further research on this subject is desirable, the presence of the recommended amounts of dioxin in 2,4,5-T would be sufficiently slight, and since its retention in the environment appears sufficiently limited, its presence represents a hazard that, while by no means desirable, is acceptable both to man and to his environment. This is the question that William Ruckelshaus, the head of the Environmental Protection Agency, has to grapple with in deciding whether to reinstate the restricted or banned uses of 2,4,5-T. It is a crucial question, and is bound to affect future decisions on whole classes of complex chemicals that are put on the market by large companies. The representatives of such companies have always attempted to justify the use of potent chemical contaminants in one product after another on the ground that in each case the "environmental leak" or hazard to human beings has been only "slight," and therefore acceptable. However, if the

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possibilities of contamination are regarded cumulatively and collectively, these leaks are not at all slight; they present a vast menace to health and to life itself. It is tolerance of the principle of the slight, "acceptable" leak that has brought about a state of affairs in which, for example, the DDT content of mother's milk in this country now exceeds the DDT content of cow's milk that may legally be shipped across state lines.

In the case of the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T, the purported slightness of the environmental leak should be considered in the light of the fact that TCDD is one of the most toxic substances known to man. In chick embryos, the TCDD dioxin is lethal at one-fifth of one part per billion of embryo weight, and the contaminant exerts highly teratogenic effects when injected into chick embryos at concentrations of fifty parts per trillion. The dioxin is also unquestionably teratogenic in small experimental mammals: in studies made by the Food and Drug Administration, the TCDD dioxin, injected over a period of five days into pregnant hamsters, caused birth abnormalities at concentrations of nine parts per billion per day of maternal weight. F.D.A. scientists connected with these particular studies have been dismayed to discover that these findings on the effects of dioxin on hamsters have been ignored in the report of the advisory committee on 2,4,5-T. Undue exposure to dioxin during the manufacture of 2,4,5-T has been known to bring about, among factory workers, disturbance of the central nervous system, depression, liver damage, and impotence.

If the government were to find the "slight leak" principle acceptable insofar as the potent contaminant of 2,4,5-T is concerned, why should it not find the principle to hold good for the many other complex chemicals containing dioxins that are being spread around in the environment? The fact is that 2,4,5-T is only one in a whole range of polychlorinated phenolic compounds and derivatives that are, because of the chemical processes used in their manufacture, contaminated with TCDD and other dioxins. Such chemicals have been widely used in the manufacture of paper and plastics. They appear in paints, varnishes, fungicides, weed killers, shampoos, and laundry starches. Pentachlorophenol, which is a by-product of 2,4,5-T manufacture, is widely used as a wood preservative; according to Dr. Jacqueline Verrett, of the F.D.A., who has analyzed dioxin contaminants in a whole array of polychlorinated phenolic compounds, pentachlorophenol is "loaded" with dioxins. The use of pentachlorophenol as a bactericide in the laundering of diapers at a small hospital in St. Louis resulted in the deaths of several infants. Considering all this, the fact that workers in Hawaiian pineapple fields, where pentachlorophenol is widely used as a herbicidal spray, are showing extremely high accumulations of pentachlorophenol in their urine is an ominous sign of the results of an officially permissive attitude toward the "slight leak" of potent chemical contaminants. Dow Chemical markets a sodium salt of pentachlorophenol under the name Dowicide G as a slimicide—slime-control agent—in paper manufacture. The toxicity of this chemical may be deduced from press reports of an incident that occurred about a year ago at a paper mill in Hamilton, Ohio, where destruction of two million fish in the Miami River was attributed to an inadvertent spillage of Dowicide G from the paper mill into the river.

Then there are the polychlorinated biphenyl compounds, the dioxin-like substances known as PCBs. These compounds, which are highly toxic and are teratogenic in experimental animals, are widely used for their insulating and flow properties in supposedly "closed" systems—in electrical transformers, heat-exchange machinery, and the like. There are often seepages from these supposedly closed systems, as indicated by the considerable sale of PCBs for replenishing PCB fluid in them. What can happen as a result of the "slight leak" of PCBs into the environment may be gathered from a recent announcement by the Department of Agriculture that a "significant proportion" of the chickens being raised in twelve states have been found to be contaminated by PCBs as the result of PCB leakage from a heat-exchanger at a meal-processing plant in Wilmington, North Carolina, into fish meal that was processed there. It is almost certain that, before the chain of contamination was discovered, many tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of chickens that had been fed the meal went to market and were eaten at family tables. One plant alone had to destroy eighty-eight thousand chickens affected by PCBs. Earlier this year, almost a hundred and fifty thousand chickens had to be destroyed in New York's Sullivan, Orange, and Ulster

Counties because of PCB contamination resulting, it is believed, from paint (which sometimes is formulated with PCBs) that flaked off a storage bin and became mixed with chicken meal stored inside. PCBs have been associated with excess deaths among wildlife and fish in several countries. Yet, if one can judge from experiments with small mammals, PCBs are only about one-tenth as toxic as the TCDD dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T.

Why, then, against this background, should any dioxins be allowed to leak into the environment at all? What quality of foresight was exercised by this scientific advisory committee when it proposed to lift all present restrictions on the uses of 2,4,5-T? Under the circumstances, why should the government not be justified in firmly turning aside the committee's recommendation? After all, the employment of 2,4,5-T confers on humanity no overriding social benefits that can be cited to justify its use—in the way that, for example, prevention of malaria has been cited as justification for the continued use of DDT in overpopulated tropical countries. At best, 2,4,5-T is a labor-saving device. It is hard to see how anyone, anywhere, would starve if 2,4,5-T were not used, or did not even exist. But it is not hard to see that in the herbicidal warfare carried out in Vietnam it has been in fact the *use* of such agents that has brought about the starvation of civilians by the hundreds of thousands.

The decision by Mr. Ruckleshaus regarding the committee's report on 2,4,5-T will, then, have extraordinarily wide ramifications. It will affect the ability of the American military, the Vietnamese military, and the big American chemical companies to continue to increase the production and the introduction into the human environment of potent and chemically complex contaminants that present serious long-term hazards to human health. The issue of 2,4,5-T touches on the encroachments of heedless technology upon the fundamental liberties of the individual. It touches on our guardianship of the physical integrity of the unborn. And, as it affects our policy on the content of the Geneva Protocol, it touches on basic issues of war and peace—on the conduct of nations now and far into the future. If, for the sake of present military and political expediency, we raise no voice to limit the use of such weapons, who knows how, and in what even more monstrous form and quantity, they will be employed at another time?

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THE SPORTING SCENE

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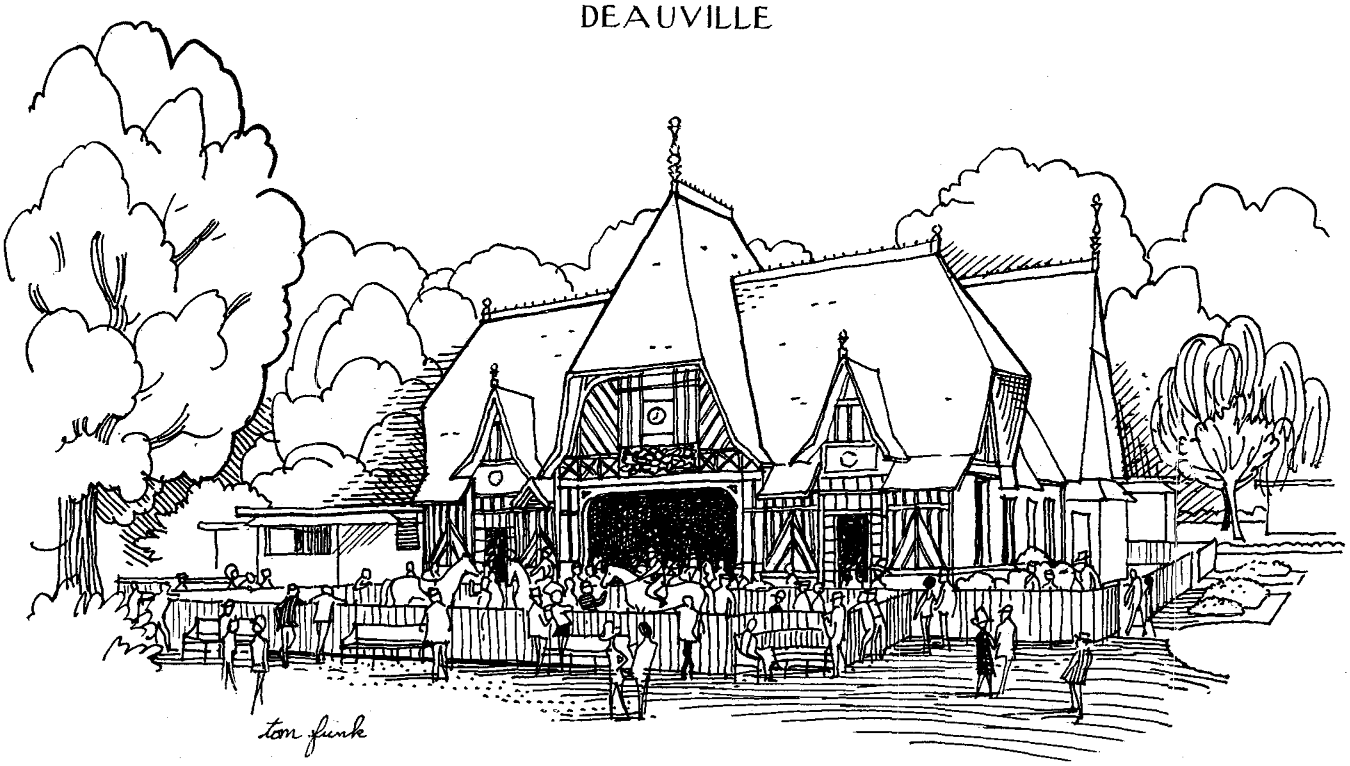


A GOOD resort is hard to find these days—at least, one that combines elegance, chic, and all the stigmata of an accepted nineteenth- or early-twentieth-century watering place—but Deauville, a circumspect town of about five thousand year-round residents on the coast of Normandy, has survived in far better condition than most fashionable resorts. It has had its periods of gentle decline, but each has always been followed by a rise. Unlike other celebrated resorts of the *haut monde*, which give off only a dim reflection of their former brilliance, Deauville is today essentially the way it was when Raoul Dufy and Kees van Dongen painted it in the nineteen-twenties, at the height of one of its periods of ascendancy.

Although Deauville contains all the elements of an old-time society leader's dream of the perfect resort, no one element predominates: it is the mixture of ingredients, as in a good sauce, that has produced an incomparable result. Its yacht club, though first-rate, is not quite a match for the one at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight; its casino is not as elaborate as the one at Monte Carlo; its beach cannot compare with the beaches at Atlantic resorts like Biarritz or East Hampton; its golf course is a hilly, twenty-seven-hole affair that attracts only a few professionals; its baths are not the equal of those at such European spas as Baden-Baden, in West Germany, and Karlovy Vary (formerly Carlsbad), in Czechoslovakia; and its horse racing, although Deauville is the August scene of operations for the major Paris circuit, is not to be mentioned along with the racing at Longchamp, Epsom, the Curragh, or Chantilly. Nevertheless, Deauville retains its inimitable flavor. If Dufy were painting today, he could undoubtedly be found during August in the paddock at Deauville's Hippodrome de la Touques; if Colette's Gigi were again to be sent to the seaside for the summer, it would again be to Deauville. "The world changes, but Deauville—never!" an elderly resident of this quiet community pronounced, with a touch of asperity, last year at a fête celebrating this town's hundred-and-tenth season since its founding, on a reclaimed swamp, by the Duc de Morny, an illegitimate half brother of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is still referred to condescendingly as "the Swamp" by inhabitants of Trouville, an adjacent settlement, which had been a moderately fashionable resort before Deauville's creation but which has come to be regarded today as quite tacky.

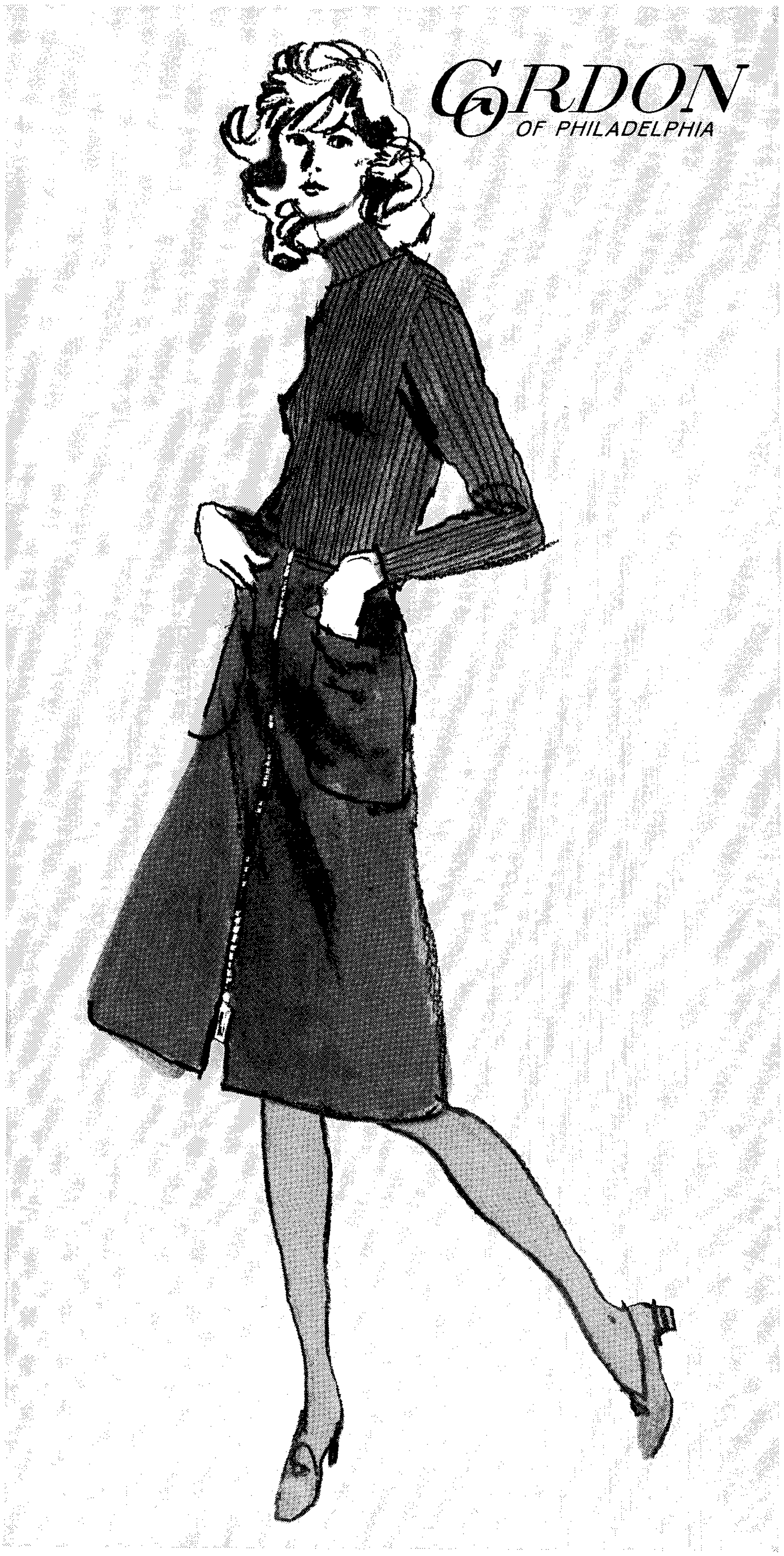
A few days after the elderly resident's statement was made, a group of vandals burned a Lamborghini sports car parked near the casino and painted the hammer and sickle on two Maseratis, a Ferrari, a Jaguar, and a Chrysler. All this was done a good two weeks before the beginning of the high season and the arrival of the Rolls-Royces, and thus gave the owners of the vehicles—all but the Lamborghini—time to have them repainted. But Alain Geismar, the head of a new movement in France called the Proletarian Left, predicted "a hot summer for the bourgeoisie," which would include, in addition to more redecorating ventures, the installation in casinos of nurseries for workers' children, the tearing down of fences surrounding luxury villas and the inviting in of campers, and—horror of horrors—the organization of soccer games on golf courses. The announcement of this program was shortly followed by Geismar's arrest in Paris on charges of subversion, but the coming season was regarded with more than usual interest and some trepidation. The mayor of Deauville cut short his own vacation, in the South of France, and returned hurriedly to make certain that the high season would begin without further untoward incidents.

He needn't have worried. The high season started—as always—on the morning of August 1st. The season at Deauville coincides exactly with the Frenchman's unshakable belief that the month of August is the only appropriate time for a vacation. Generations of French men, women, and children have left their home cities, towns, and villages either at midnight on July 31st or early in the morning on August 1st, come what might—wars, floods, famines—and regardless of the weather. Paris empties almost completely, creating a series of monster traffic jams on all roads leading out of the city, and causing crowds of riot proportions at airports and railroad stations. (It has been said, with some reason, that a squad of men—perhaps no more than nine—could capture Paris during August. If there are two bakeries in one block, both customarily close during August, despite strong efforts by the government to induce factories and shops to stagger their vacation periods. To find a laundry functioning in August in Paris may well take up the greater part of a day.)

The Deauville season began on a Saturday last year, and promptly at two o'clock that afternoon the horses for the first race filed obediently into the paddock of the Hippodrome de la Touques. The weather was warm and sunny, and the first weekend of racing was well attended. There are seventeen days of racing at the Hippodrome, and, since all thoroughbred races in France are run on carefully manicured grass, activities are transferred every now and again to a provincial track—Clairefontaine, at nearby Tourgéville—to give the turf at Deauville a chance to recover. The Hippodrome's racing calendar is punctuated by feature events on Sundays and on the fifteenth of August, the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin.

The Prix Kergorlay: In this event, which was held on the first Sunday of the 1970 season, and is regarded in French racing circles as a semi-classic, Lester Piggott, Britain's champion jockey, added credence to the prevailing notion of many of his countrymen that Deauville, for which they all have a warm regard, is a sort of British enclave on the Norman coast. Piggott, on an Irish four-year-old named Reindeer, came from far back in the field, went to the outside, and lunged across the finish line a neck ahead of England's Precipice Wood, who is schooled by Britain's first woman trainer, Mrs. R. A. Lomax. Illa Laudo, another Irish horse, was third, two lengths farther back. The posting of the names of the jockeys who finished one-two-three—Lester Piggott, Jimmy Lindley, and Bill Williamson—had many Frenchmen in the crowd shaking their heads. It was a decidedly inauspicious début of operations for defenders of the supremacy of French bloodstock.

THE attraction that Deauville has for the English has been explained in several ways, of which the most logical may be that the weather is so damp that the visitors from across the Chan-



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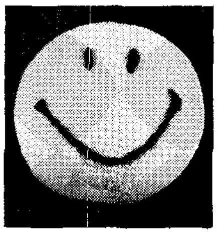

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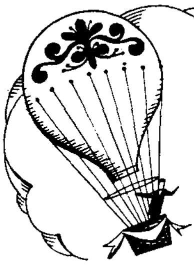
nel feel right at home. This time, the weather was most unusual—warm, but not hot, with a gentle breeze always blowing. Except for a few overcast, misty days, it could be classed as exceptional. (In 1969, there were four inches of precipitation, some of it in the form of mist, during August—a little more precipitation than usual—and in former years there were, as I vividly remember, long stretches when I sat rainbound in my room at the Hotel Normandy, gazing out at the soaked, bare beach.) The Channel, too, was sparkling, and those few bathers who ventured in for a swim found it refreshing. At Deauville, it is traditional to rent one of the gaily colored tents on the beach but is considered unthinkable by the regulars to go near the water. This is not to say that they don't take pride in the quality of the sea that washes their beach, compared to, say, the Mediterranean at the Riviera resorts, which the Deauvillais consider a lukewarm bouillabaisse. They simply expect the water they don't go into to be the best there is. It is recorded that in the early years of the century Comte Boni de Castellane, who was then married to Jay Gould's daughter Anna, would occasionally break with tradition to the extent of sending one of his footmen to test the temperature of the water and another to sweep the sand in order to create a pebble-free path to the water's edge. Then, as often as not, even if the conditions were ideal, the Comte would decide not to indulge after all.

If the bulk of the human population does not avail itself of the opportunity to take a dip in the sea, this is not true of the visiting horses, a number of whom arrive in the early morning for an exhilarating walk in the shallow water—a treatment that some trainers swear by as the best medicine possible for their runners' delicate ankles. This unusual sight, familiar to both early-rising and late-retiring members of the August community, has been immortalized locally on postcards, and would no doubt be a favorite subject for visitors with cameras, if there were any. But tourists, as they are known in most European capitals and even in small European way stations, are in very short supply here. Perhaps the reason is a combination of rather high prices and the absence of standard tourist attractions. Whatever it is, the average tourist who wanders into Deauville apparently does not find what he is seeking. Still, the town does attract some specialized types in addition to its regular seasonal visitors: according to the local Chamber of Com-



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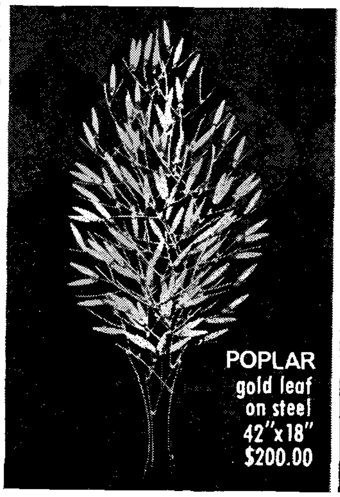

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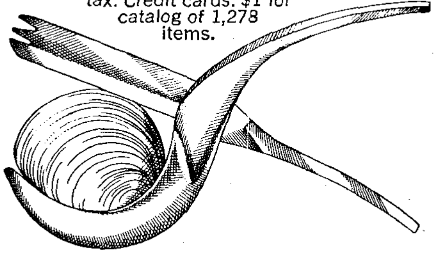

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merce, its population expands to about fifty thousand on the final weekend, which culminates in the running of the Grand Prix de Deauville on the last Sunday. Many of those who contribute to this expansion are day-trippers who come out from Paris, a hundred and twenty-five miles distant, for an afternoon at the track. Those who arrive for a weekend of racing find little more in the way of accommodation than the benches in the railroad station, since there are only a few hotels in the town and only a sprinkling of inns in the surrounding hamlets. However, it is well established that regular racegoers will suffer any discomfort in order to be present for the first post of the day.

By French standards, Deauville is certainly not inexpensive. In Trouville, one may dine at an excellent restaurant, À la Sole Normande, which has had four crossed spoons and forks bestowed on it by the *Guide Michelin*, but in Deauville itself, outside the major hotels, with their usual major-hotel food, there is a dearth of good places to eat. In Deauville, in fact, one pays three-star prices for unexceptional meals. But *crêpes* and cider are available on all sides, at roadside stands and in every small café, and very good, inexpensive fare they are. The best bargain in town is the Hotel Normandy's six-course dinner for thirty-two francs (about six dollars), with portions that are really ample for two; a canny resident of the hotel, by using room service, may thus dine in his *chambre* with a companion, and a kind word to the coöperative waiter can cause two place settings to appear with the single dinner. If one is a very old friend, or even just an old friend, of the management, *and* if one makes one's arrangements in time, it is possible to find a small single room at eighty francs ($14.55), with Continental breakfast included, and live in comparative luxury. The least expensive double is a hundred and twenty francs ($21); a suite, for two, of two bedrooms and a large salon, runs to five hundred ($91) a night. To accommodate a dachshund or a small poodle, one is charged an extra eighteen francs ($3.25), which does not include food.

But without a confirmed reservation made well in advance there is no chance of obtaining a room, especially during the latter half of the month. Late last August, Lester Piggott was a forlorn figure standing at the reservation desk of the Normandy and pleading for an extension to his original booking. "There are just no rooms available," M. Hubert Mailier, *directeur* of the hotel, said plaintively. "There are at least fifty people waiting for an opening right at this moment." The phone rang; it was the secretary of an international polo star scheduled to play at Deauville, requesting a discount on the room rent for Monsieur, Madame, two children, and a nurse. M. Mailier listened respectfully, then replied with infinite politeness, "I understand. He is polo. She is polo. But the children and the nurse—they are polo?"

THE PRIX JACQUES LE MAROIS: This event, at sixteen hundred metres, or about a mile, on the straightaway, for three-year-olds and up, was the feature of the card for the second Sunday of the season. Nine three-year-olds and four older horses faced the starter in this spirited test, which would take them from one end of the Hippodrome to the other, starting far to the spectators' right and finishing in front of the stands. Of the thirteen, nine were foreign-bred. Here in the heart of Normandy, a region long esteemed as the most productive on the European continent for the breeding of exceptional thoroughbreds, there is particular regard for the achievements of French-born runners. Unfortunately, this Sunday was not a day to be treasured by the Gallic chauvinists in attendance. A German-bred six-year-old, Priamos, who had been winning stakes events both in France and in his native land, had enough spring left to dominate the field of mostly younger horses. Guided by French jockey Alfred Gibert, who is married to the daughter of a German trainer, this product of the century-old stud of Schlenderhan made off with the victory as though he were a young colt in his first season at the races. (Actually, he missed his three-year-old year at the races, because of illness, but he was making up for it now, having won his last four stakes.) Priamos took over from the early leaders fairly far along in the race and was never headed, successfully fighting off challenges in the final furlong by Faster, a French-bred six-year-old who had been racing in Italy, and Britain's fading Yellow God, who finished second and third, respectively. Yellow God, a three-year-old, was ridden by the redoubtable Lester Piggott, who appeared to be making Deauville his own.

ALTHOUGH most Deauville traditionalists will not bathe in it, the sea—the *presence* of the sea—is important to them. They like to regard it from a narrow boardwalk, on which

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CRAFTER

they promenade at intervals before turning inland to devote themselves to the attractions offered by the branches of Paris establishments such as Au Printemps, the department store; Patou, the couturier; Mauboussin, the jeweller; and Régine, the night-club entrepreneuse. For though those faithful who spend each August in Deauville have displaced themselves from their native habitat, they scrupulously maintain their Parisian life style, adapted somewhat to summer-resort conditions. Tristan Bernard, the French humorist and dramatist, summed up the prevailing attitude neatly in a single sentence: "I love Deauville—it's so close to Paris and so far from the sea."

To avoid the kind of seafront typical of most resorts, with villas crowding the beach and encroaching on it almost to the water's edge, the original planners of the town wisely decreed that the expanse a hundred yards wide separating the Boulevard de la Mer, which runs along the sea, just behind the beach and the boardwalk shops, and the Boulevard Eugène Cornuché, which parallels it, should be kept free of private buildings, in order to afford an unobstructed view of the seafront. This preserve now includes two new swimming pools, which few Deauvillais elect to bathe in; a miniature-golf course; a pony ring; a midget-auto track; a pleasant flower-lined park, dominated by a bronze bust of Eugène Cornuché, the entrepreneur who built modern Deauville and who is now regarded as a patron saint; and a tennis club, where, each season, the more versatile jockeys take part in a tennis tournament. (No diminutive loser has yet attempted to leap the net to congratulate his victorious opponent in the traditional manner.)

On some side streets, rarely frequented by visitors, and on various streets and lanes on the inland side of town, the building style is Early Ramshackle. But, over all, the town of Deauville and the area adjoining it present a pleasing appearance. The Hippodrome, its grounds bursting with a variety of blooms, is situated not far from the railroad station and a block from the main route through town, the Avenue de la République, which is six blocks inland from the beach. Here and there, one can find facilities for enjoying almost any kind of sport or game devised by the human mind. There is a soccer stadium, and a *cercle hippique* (a club where jumping competitions on horseback are conducted), and a lawn where *pétanque* enthusiasts practice their bowling on the green. There is the yacht club and basin,

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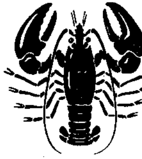

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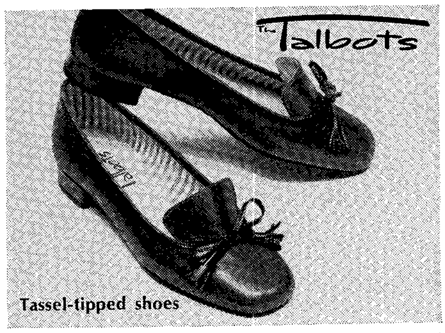

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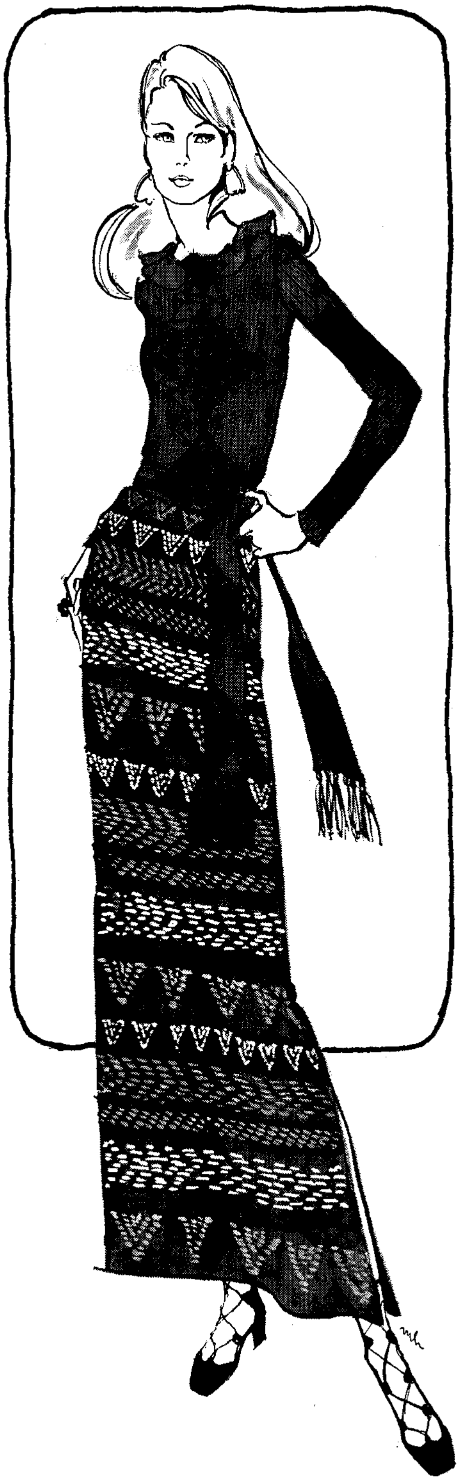
which is the terminal point of the annual Cowes-Deauville race; the golf course on the slope of Mont Canisy, which rises behind the Hippodrome (where else can one find a course that includes, just off one fairway, some authentic Louis XIV ruins? These are what is left of the seventeenth-century Château de Lassay, once visited by Mme. Du Barry and her pet canary, Fifi, who flew head-on into a windowpane there, in a sortie that proved to be her last); the polo field, in the infield along the backstretch of the race track, where high-ranking international teams compete in games that usually begin directly after the day's racing program; and the alternate course, Clairefontaine, where the racing addict is offered not only flat racing but steeplechases, hurdles races, and trotting events. There is a bridge club, which sometimes holds world's championship matches; an exhibition hall, where an annual championship dog show is held, preceding the high season; an airfield where one may learn or practice flying; seawater baths, offered as a remedy—which the French refer to as "the marine cure"—for overly tense French businessmen; summer and winter casinos, providing a year-round opportunity to indulge in a wide variety of games of chance, at stakes of one's choosing; and even bistros featuring chessboards, for those who feel the need to compete in some sort of game at any hour of the day or night. For those who occasionally tire of gaming, there are several cinemas, a number of *boîtes* and discothèques, and, adjoining the Ambassadeurs night club, in the summer-casino building, a small theatre where variety artists and lecturers appear. No one can doubt that Deauville's raison d'être is to provide an agreeable place of diversion for those who seek an escape from the pressing problems of today. Newspapers are available, of course, but many August residents prefer to cut off all communication with reality the moment they arrive. Deauville is perhaps the complete anachronism; nowhere else, surely, can one find its total disregard for the times in which we live. The most heated discussion I overheard there last season involved the relative merits of the sole caught on the English coast of the Channel and the sole that frequent the Normandy side. Since La Manche is only a hundred and ten miles wide at this point, detecting the difference between any two sole taken in that waterway would tax the powers of the world's most refined taste buds. The discussion finally cooled, inconclusively but agreeably, and dissolved in refilled glasses of Dom Perignon '65.

Between races one sunny afternoon, an elderly count who prides himself on never having trod any soil other than French remarked, "Deauville is one place on earth where one is not annoyed by thoughts of impending wars, depressions, and other irritating subjects. God has been good to Frenchmen in many ways." He added, reflectively, "Even on a very damp day, I prefer Deauville, in season, to any other place in the world." He was, of course, referring to the world that is France. Those carefree souls who have no worries about tomorrow inhabit one of three hotels, if they do not have a villa of their own: the Normandy, a long, low, Norman structure with attractively furnished rooms and apartments whose walls, like the walls of the small theatre in the casino, are decorated in a single pastoral *toile-de-Jouy* print, pink in one room and blue in the next; the Royal, a traditional, rectangular building, which attracts many of those whose names are familiar to the readers of gossip columns; and the Hôtel du Golf, a rambling structure fronting the golf course, where the atmosphere, appropriately, is more relaxed. For the careworn, there is the recently reconstructed Castel Normand, which was originally an annex of the Hotel Normandy but now caters to those who wish to take the marine cure; its *pension* plan includes not only specially prepared diets to alleviate any ailment but all the therapeutic props necessary for sagging bodies and minds.

Yachting—perhaps the ultimate escape from thoughts of taxes, inflation, and the Parisian Maoists—is one of the main diversions of the August élite. A new marina, for both sail- and powerboats, is being prepared alongside the basin that opens into the mouth of the stream called the Touques; soon it will be possible to accommodate a much larger number of sailors who prefer to step into the heart of Deauville upon arriving from the south coast of England, the Isle of Wight, or the Thames-side. This is by far the most fashionable way to make an entrance. When the J. R. Mullions, of Hong Kong and County Kildare, are in port aboard the Margot II, a member of the crew (carrying an umbrella, if it is required) escorts Mrs. Mullion across the gangplank and accompanies her to the Mullion Rolls-Royce, which is waiting at dockside to drive her to the Hotel Normandy, sev-



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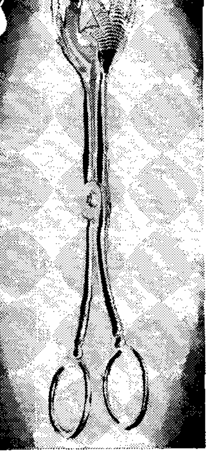

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eral blocks away. Some big yachts still make port in Deauville, but not as many as in the past. Even so, a pleasure craft like the Evdore, a hundred and sixty-three tons and a hundred and four feet long, owned by a corporation and under Liberian registry, is a "*petit*" in the eyes of M. Pierre Faure Beaulieu, secretary-general of the Deauville Yacht Club. Before the Second World War, the big ones berthed at Deauville in profusion, according to M. Faure Beaulieu. There were more than a hundred yachts of over five hundred tons listed in *Lloyd's Register of Yachts* then, he said, and now there are only twenty. Recently, he recalled some of them, tamping down tobacco in his pipe: Franklin Singer's Xarifa, of seven hundred and thirty tons; Abbas Hilmi's nine-hundred-and-ninety-one-ton Nimet Allah; Sol Joel's nine-hundred-and-nine-ton Eileen; the Duke of Westminster's eight-hundred-and-eighty-three-ton Cutty Sark; Baron Henri de Rothschild's nine-hundred-and-fifteen-ton Eros; Gaston Menier's six-hundred-and-thirty-ton Ariane; the five-hundred-and-forty-ton Gaviota IV, owned by Arturo Lopez-Wilshaw, "*le dernier yachtsman d'avant-guerre*;" and the eight-hundred-and-eighty-ton Crusader, owned by the millionaire American sportsman A. Kingsley Macomber. Sir Thomas Lipton's eleven-hundred-and-sixteen-ton steam yacht Erin was of a size that had not been taken into account at the time the basin was designed, so when the old yachtsman called at Deauville, he anchored the massive vessel offshore and lightered in.

In the years between the wars, the very rich came for the races and the casino, and used their boats as places to entertain. After the Second World War, that custom changed. "Yachting at Deauville has become more democratic and more *sympathique*," M. Faure Beaulieu said. "Today, the owners are people who love the sea. They navigate for pleasure, and don't think of their boats as places to live. They are sailors—good sailors."

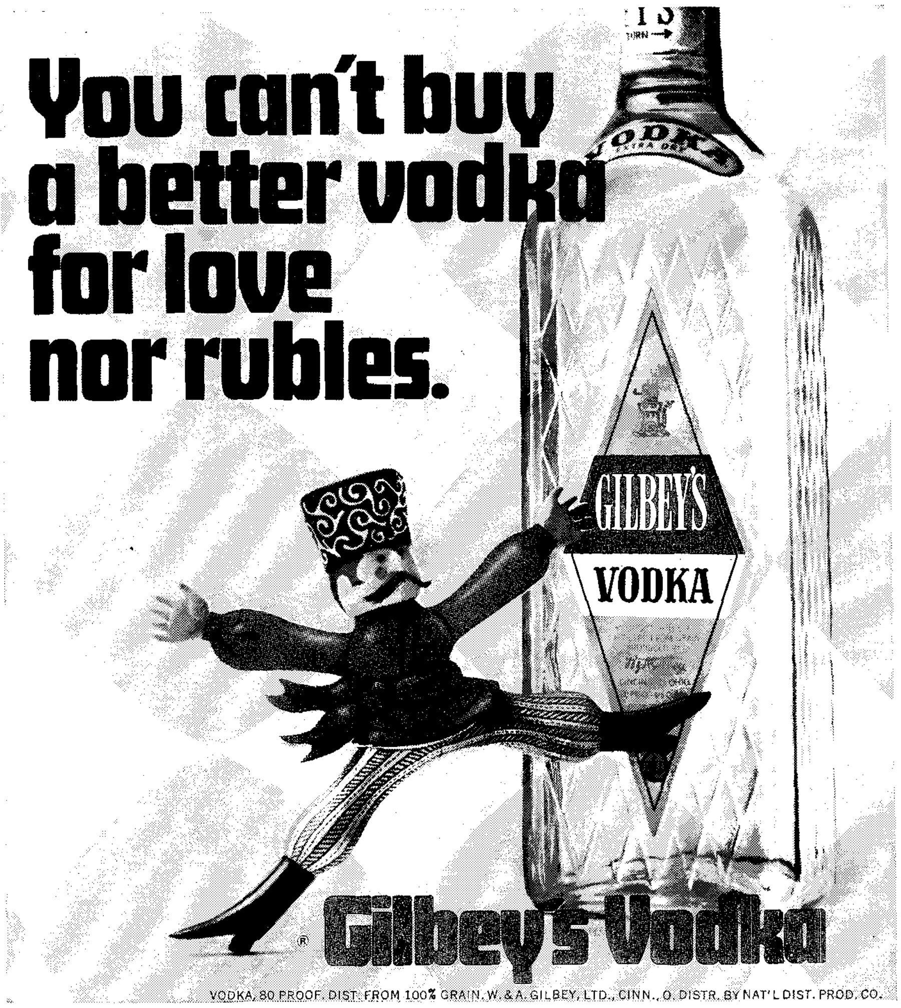
Although more seagoing types put into Deauville each season, the majority of visitors still arrive by the conventional routes: by road, through the village of Touques or along the coast; by rail, from Paris (aboard the Turbotrain) or other points; or by air, aboard commercial planes that fly between Paris or London and the Saint-Gatien airport. Some visitors prefer private planes; the Aga Khan IV, for instance, has made the eight-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip from his vacation development on Sardinia to Saint-Gatien in his fan-jet Mystère 20 to see a single race, in which one of his horses competed, and returned immediately to his island retreat. Less advanced private planes, including many Piper Cubs, bear equally devoted racegoers, who—no matter how busy they are—simply cannot forgo indulging their passion.

THE PRIX GONTAUT-BIRON: During the week leading up to the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, which marks the midpoint of the Deauville season, the English again scored a victory in an important stakes: the Prix Gontaut-Biron was won by Shoemaker (a horse, not the jockey), of the English stable owned by P. G. Goulandris, a member of the Greek shipping family, who lives in London. The margin of victory was one length, with Britain's Duncan Keith beating out Britain's Piggott, up on Granados. On the Feast of the Assumption itself, which is a French legal holiday, Piggott distinguished himself with two first-place finishes and one second, including a victory on Gold Rod in the Prix de la Côte Normande. Jockey Gibert saved the day from turning into another French embarrassment by coming in on Faux Monnayeur, a long shot from a French stable, in the Grand Handicap de la Manche, the other feature.

Except for some grumbling among the holders of losing tickets, the French maintained their tradition of good sportsmanship in the face of the unusual number of British winners. But there was a good deal of discussion—among the English as well as the French—of the conditions for entry in many French races. To be quite fair, it must be pointed out that the purses in England have traditionally been considerably smaller than the purses in France. This has meant that when a race in France was announced for horses who had not won any races above a certain purse figure, many excellent English horses qualified, since in England the figure applied to only a relatively few top-ranking events. After the 1970 Deauville meeting, and perhaps partly because of it, the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration des Races de Chevaux en France, which controls thoroughbred racing in the country and operates the key tracks of Longchamp, Chantilly, and Deauville, announced that there would be some changes made. Sportsmanship is one thing, but one-sided races are another, and it was felt that, in view of the record of relatively easy foreign victories in many stakes over the past few years, the time had come to *harmoniser* the conditions of the events in question. Thus, beginning this year, as Jean Romanet, *directeur général* of the Société, explained, "important races in England, Ireland, and France will be divided into three groups so that penalties [extra weight] will depend upon the status of the race won rather than on the monetary value. So, instead of having '*le gagnant d'un Prix de 100,000 Francs portera 2 Kilogrammes*,' we will have '*le gagnant d'une course du Groupe III portera 2 Kilogrammes*.' These three groups will include ninety-six French races, ninety-eight English races, and twenty-two Irish races. This scheme has been adopted in order to iron out anomalies caused by penalties' being allotted according to the amount of prize money won, and to insure the selection of the best horses through top-class international competition."

To put it another way, for the British the honeymoon is over. This year, under the new regulations, a hundred days of French racing had gone by before the British won their first event.

ALTHOUGH certain Americans—they include perhaps a dozen proprietors who train and race in France and a number of breeders who import French stallions, at record prices, for their studs—are fully aware of the fine strain that accounts for the performances of French thoroughbred stock, that knowledge appears to be quite limited on the west side of the Atlantic, where most owners in the market for young horses do their foreign shopping in England or Ireland. One perplexed French breeder said he wondered whether it might be the language, but added quickly that in his experience real connoisseurs of horseflesh spoke the same tongue. There are, of course, some conspicuous examples of American appreciation of French bloodlines. Sea Bird, the French champion of six years ago, was leased for what was estimated by French authorities as a whopping seven and a half million francs (one and a half million dollars) to stand at stud for five years at the Kentucky farm of John W. Galbreath. (Nijinsky has since been syndicated to stand at stud for nearly five and a half million dollars.) Certainly French breeding has shown to great advantage in the nineteen runnings of the Washington, D.C., International, at Laurel,



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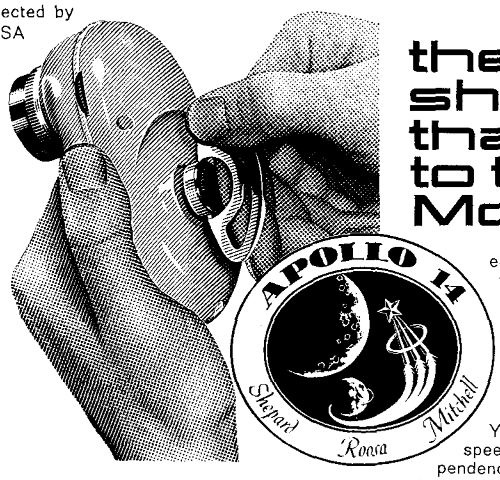

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Maryland, which the French have appeared in sixteen times and have won five times, against top-flight international competition.

A plentiful number of *haras* (stud farms) are situated, sometimes side by side, in the gently rolling Norman countryside surrounding Deauville. In this province, the belief has long been held that there is something about the year-round dampness, and the consequent dewy condition of the grass in the Norman fields, that gives a thoroughbred born and raised here a special start toward becoming a gifted performer at the races and, later, a valuable sire or dam at the *haras*. And, indeed, enough great stakes winners have come off the fields of Normandy to lend some weight to that opinion. Normandy has approximately two hundred stud farms, on which two-thirds of France's total annual crop of three thousand foals is produced.

During the fortnight between the Feast of the Assumption and the end of the high season, Deauville regularly conducts a much respected sale of yearlings at an auction ring just across the street from the Hippodrome. At the 1970 sale, the bidding was lively on most days, but there was—as usual—an absence of overseas buyers, except from Britain. In the hope of improving this situation, an electronic hookup was arranged to link the auction ring at Deauville with Saratoga, whose yearly August meeting corresponds with Deauville's. Videotapes of twenty yearlings were shown as these animals were being presented in France. Oddly, only one American bid was made—on a chestnut colt named Nikiforos, by Alcide out of Nymphet—but this fine-looking young animal was knocked down not to an American but to John Cunnington, Jr., one of about a dozen French trainers of British descent, on behalf of the actor Omar el Sharif, for two hundred and ten thousand francs ($38,182). After that single, unsuccessful bid, there was nothing but silence from the American side of the circuit, and for a while the auctioneer and the French breeders thought that the equipment had gone dead. Both the Fasig-Tipton Company, of the United States, which conducted the sale at Saratoga, and the Office du Pur Sang, which conducts the sales in Deauville, were disappointed. The French press summed up the experiment with just a trace of bitterness: "*Rien n'est venu d'Amérique, ni voix ni—évidemment—dollars.*"

The top price at the sale was three hundred and sixty thousand francs ($65,000), brought by Sanctus

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Lass, a filly by Sanctus out of Irish Lass, whose sire was Sayajirao, and even though the electronic link with Saratoga produced no sales, the purchases were by no means inconsiderable: four hundred and fifty-six yearlings, including eighty-seven sold privately, away from the ring, brought 20,531,275 francs, and, for the most part, both buyers and sellers left the auction area happy.

THE PRIX MORNY: While the yearlings were being prepared for their entrance into the sale ring, their elders by one year were occupied with the running of the Prix Morny, perhaps the most important race of the year for two-year-olds, and, in the opinion of many, unquestionably the most important race of the Deauville season. The second of the classic French tests for two-year-olds (the first is the Prix Robert Papin, at Maisons-Laffitte, in July), the Prix Morny dates back to 1865, a year after the Hippodrome was inaugurated by the Duc de Morny, and five months after his death. The 1970 edition of the Morny—a six-furlong sprint (1,200 metres) on the straightaway—was won in commanding fashion by David Robinson's My Swallow, another promising British runner. Again it was Lester Piggott on the winner, scoring, with another flawless ride, by a margin of two lengths over a French hopeful, Impertinent. The nation's turf writers devoted their articles in equal measure to Piggott, for whom they expressed grudging but sincere admiration, and, as in *Paris-Turf*, to lamentations over the state of the young French horses and predictions of an apparently gloomy future for French breeders and their products.

This third Sunday of the season was not a complete disaster for the French, however, for Baudelaire, an outsider carrying French colors, took the Grand Handicap de Deauville. But somehow that wasn't enough.

STANDING next to the heroic stone figure of the Duc de Morny in the Place Morny, the hub of Deauville, one can look down eight streets, which give off the Place like the spokes of a wheel, and see very nearly every centimetre of what has been described by one of the resort's more florid biographers as a garden of unadulterated pleasures—for this town, created in the mid-nineteenth century, is a compact community, bounded on the west by the English Channel, on the north by the Touques, which separates it from Trouville, on the east by the Hippodrome and the golf course, and on the south by the next municipality, Bénerville. The heart of Deauville, where its August inhabitants spend the entire month—dining, drinking, making love, admiring horseflesh, and gambling with panache far into the night—is only seven blocks square, an area carefully staked out by Morny, who, in conjunction with two associates (a banker named Armand Donon and a self-styled doctor named Joseph Olliffe), bought three hundred acres of swampland for eight hundred thousand francs in March, 1860.

The Duc, named—to conceal his true identity—after a "seedy mercenary in the Prussian Army" called Demorny, was the natural son of Charles-Joseph, Comte de Flahaut, himself a bastard son of Talleyrand, and Hortense de Beauharnais Bonaparte, former Queen of Holland and daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais. Morny adapted quickly to the political and social mores of the time, ultimately engineering the overthrow of the Republic and the accession to the throne of his half brother Louis, who thus became Napoleon III. Naturally, the Duc thereafter occupied a place at the right hand of the Emperor. A close friend of Lord Henry Seymour, the French-born Englishman who provided the impetus for the inauguration of French thoroughbred horse racing, the Duc was himself a devoted horseman, and he customarily raced his thoroughbreds at Baden-Baden in the summers. He cultivated few other enthusiasms, in order to keep from spreading himself too thin. But one was the salons of Paris society, where he cut a formidable figure; some of the most notable ladies of the moment found him irresistible. He advanced the illegitimate line to the third generation when, in a liaison with Fanny Lehon, wife of the Belgian Ambassador to Paris, he fathered a daughter, Louise, but as Morny reached his mid-forties he felt a need to settle down. He missed having legitimate family connections, and, after serving as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of Russia's Czar Alexander II, in 1856, he fell in love with Princess Sophie Trubetskoi and married her. In that portion of his busy life devoted to horse racing, he became one of the prime movers in the creation of Longchamp, the luxurious race track that was opened in Paris's Bois de Boulogne in April, 1857. He still felt vaguely

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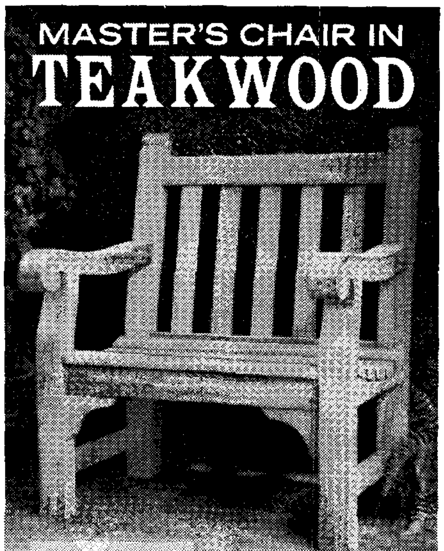

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dissatisfied with the necessity of going to Baden-Baden every summer for the races, though, so he determined to build a French equivalent. Thus was Deauville conceived.

In October, 1861, a bridge across the Touques, linking Deauville with Trouville and the road to Paris, was completed and opened, and in May, 1863, Morny and his associates made the first use of a new rail line between Deauville and Pont l'Évêque by riding an open-top railway coach along the route. The Deauville railroad station was officially opened on July 1st of that year, when the Bishop of Bayeux blessed the building and the locomotives lined up along the tracks. The Duc was an international personage by this time, but his missions abroad were never allowed to keep him from visiting his domain on the English Channel. On April 3, 1864, accompanied by the *député* from Calvados, the *département* in which Deauville lies, Morny, Donon, and Olliffe made a ceremonial trip by rail from Paris; they were met at the Deauville station by the *gendarmerie* and the *douaniers*, and after suitable greetings a procession formed behind the Duc's carriage and moved triumphantly to the newly finished Grand Hotel, where dinner was served in the salons overlooking the sea. The next morning, there was an inspection of the new Hippodrome that had been constructed to the Duc's specifications, with stalls for forty horses.

The anticipatory excitement of the introduction of racing to Deauville had proved too much to bear, and the first races had been held a full year before the opening of the Hippodrome—on the beach at Trouville, on August 8, 1863. The big day finally arrived on August 14, 1864. The casino orchestra played, the ladies wore crinolines, and the Duc de Morny's stable failed to produce a winner. There were several races the following day, and with them the 1864 season closed. Morny's colors (pink silks) had not once been in evidence in the winner's spot in the *enceinte*. The next season's meeting was scheduled for the sixth and seventh of August, but the Duc did not live to attend it. He died in Paris in March, at the age of fifty-three, after a series of dramatic bedside visits from the cream of Paris society, including the Emperor and the Empress. Some say he died as a direct result of taking too many of Dr. Olliffe's "pearls"—pills concocted by the Duc's associate in the Deauville venture, an Irish-born doctor who had been banished from his profession but had nevertheless collected a considerable clientele of affluent patients, and had also induced the British Embassy in Paris to take him on as its physician. Whether or not Olliffe's patent medicines helped to speed Morny's demise, it was discovered after his death that the trouble lay in his pancreas, not in his liver, as most of the French doctors who attended him in his last days had believed.

Deauville wasn't quite the same after Morny's death, but it went on to become a resort of exactly the quality he had always wanted. The Hippodrome remained the focus of attention; the two- and three-day seasons of its early years were gradually expanded to the present seventeen days. Because some of the thoroughbreds in residence for the month occasionally do their early-morning gallops on the racing strips instead of on the training *pistes* inside the principal track, the blanket of emerald-green turf requires constant and devoted attention during the high season; a squad of *reboucheurs de trous* replacing divots with hoelike instruments keeps it in extraordinarily good condition between races. The leafy bower that is the paddock, and the abundance of geraniums and other blooms have long provided a compelling background for the succession of artists who have been attracted to the area, including (besides Dufy and van Dongen) the marine painter Eugène Boudin, who was born in the nearby fishing village of Honfleur and lived and painted in Deauville in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and Fernand Léger and Marcel Vertès, who were part-time residents. Gustave Flaubert, too, became a part-time resident in the mid-nineteenth century, when he inherited some property adjoining the Hippodrome.

For a handy rule of thumb, the life and times of Deauville are divisible into five periods: pre-Morny, Morny, Cornuché, André, and post-André. A ten-foot bronze statue of Morny, by Henri-Frédéric Iselin, was originally erected in the Place Morny in 1867, a year after the opening of the port of Deauville, one of the projects to which the founder had dedicated himself. But with the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, the statue was removed and stored for safekeeping until the hostilities were over, and it was never restored to its old position. In 1942, the Germans melted it down for the metal, and the present statue of Morny was put up in 1955. Bismarck won the war, the Second Empire collapsed, and the Empress Eugénie fled Paris with a party that included an

American dentist, a Dr. Evans. She appeared briefly in Deauville, where she boarded a small boat, the Gazelle, for England. Her departure marked the beginning of a decline in Deauville's life which lasted until just before the First World War. In 1895, the casino closed for lack of patrons, and it was torn down seven years later.

But although the glow of Deauville dimmed, and some of its clientele defected to Trouville, the races at the Hippodrome de la Touques remained *le clou* of the August season. Léon Levillain, a Deauvillais of the late nineteenth century, recalled the scene vividly: "The Deauville season reached its height during the big week of the races. The '*retour du Grand Prix*' by the Villers road was a great sight for the poor people who did not have the means to pay twenty sous to enter the racecourse, and they came and sat down on benches along the road to watch the flood of pedestrians and the passing of the *voitures*, Victorias, and *calèches*, bearing the ladies in their *grandes toilettes*. The viewers admired the beautiful trappings of the horses and grew enthusiastic over the passage of the mail coaches, whose coachmen and valets were dressed in red and whose coming was announced by long brass *trompettes*. . . . During this week, the villas were lit up for the receptions their owners gave; in the harbor, the big yachts replaced the little ships loaded with cargoes of wood, and evening parties were given on board the beautiful yachts, resplendent with their brasses polished and their *hublots* illuminated—they were floating palaces."

The renaissance of Deauville began with the arrival, in 1912, of Eugène Cornuché, an extraordinary Boniface and entrepreneur, whose father was a wine merchant in Paris. Eugène had begun his career as a waiter at Weber's, one of the best-known Paris restaurants, and had worked with such diligence and singleness of purpose that within a few years he was able to take over a fading restaurant called Maxime's, drop the "e," and develop it into the celebrated Maxim's, with a clientele of what has been called "*le monde, le demi-monde, et le quart de monde de la société parisienne et internationale.*" In Deauville, he constructed the Normandy and the Royal hotels, both fronting on the windswept area overlooking the beach, and, on the site of the old casino, a new one, in the style of Louis XVI. It has been called a "Petit Trianon" and described as "the only casino in the world that is not ugly"—though the burghers of Baden-Baden might have something to say

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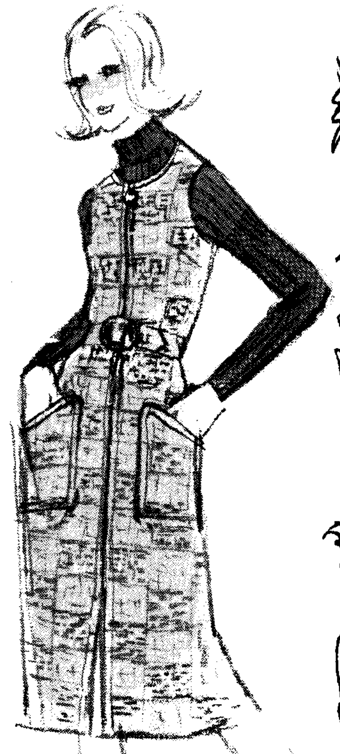

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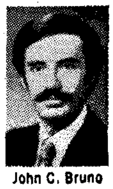

John C. Bruno

about that. Having taken over the operation of Les Ambassadeurs, in Paris, as well as Maxim's, Cornuché was well supplied with just the right clientele to populate his new casino and luxury hotels. The casino opened in 1912, and he engaged Nijinsky and Karsavina to perform "Le Spectre de la Rose" as its first attraction. New restaurants appeared on the *planches* (boardwalk), affording the *flâneurs* a chance to exchange gossip over their before-lunch cocktail. The caricaturist Sem (Georges Goursat) installed himself on the scene, to immortalize Deauville and its world-weary regular visitors. Among the Americans in the group were Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Mme. Jacques Balsan (Consuelo Vanderbilt), Joseph Widener, Charles Carroll (of the Carrollton, Maryland, Carrolls), T. P. Thorne, James Hazen Hyde, Anthony Drexel, William K. Vanderbilt, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Another worthy subject for Sem's talented pen was King Leopold of the Belgians, who customarily arrived for the season in his yacht Alberta and lived in a small villa under the incognito of the Comte de Ravenstein—a disguise he dropped only at the Cercle, his favorite club, and on his boat.

It was in the years just preceding the First World War that Americans began taking a more active part in French racing. The pioneer in the field was William K. Vanderbilt, who left his imprint on French racing as early as 1900. Aided by his victories in the Prix du Jockey Club at Chantilly in 1906, 1908, and 1909, and in the Grand Prix de Deauville in 1904 and 1906, he was the leading money-winner for four years during the first decade of the new century, amassing more than a million francs ($192,000) each of those seasons. He was a familiar figure at Deauville, where he was often seen in the company of his trainer, William Duke. Between Paris and Normandy, his time was well occupied, and he had little left for visits to the United States, especially after he bought the remains of an early-seventeenth-century château, Le Quesnay, which stood in a four-hundred-and-thirty-acre expanse of grounds extending into three communes—Vauville, Glanville, and Saint-Pierre Azif. There he established a stud farm with accommodations for a hundred and sixty horses. (On the chimneypiece of a sitting room in the château is inscribed the motto "*Imbre Cadenta Dulce Calefieri*," which, I was told on a recent visit, is "*bas Latin*" for "*Lorsque la pluie tombe il est doux de se réchauffer*," or "When the rain falls, it is sweet to warm oneself up." Apparently, the climate of Normandy has not changed greatly through the centuries.) Mr. Vanderbilt added still another Jockey Club Prix to his list of victories in 1919, and then, in July, 1920, while enjoying the races at Auteuil, in Paris, he suffered a heart attack and died a few months later. He had done more for Franco-American relations than many ambassadors. Maurice de Noisay, a historian of French racing, wrote at the time: "We will always remember that model stable where nothing was missing, not even the soul, and where everything went off like clockwork. We will always remember that serious face, much more like a doctor's or a clergyman's than like a banker's." Le Quesnay was sold to another American—Mr. Macomber, the owner of the yacht Crusader—and the trainer Duke went along to take care of the stable. Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter Consuelo later wrote that Duke had told her at the time, "These horses will never run again as they did for Mr. Vanderbilt." She added, "And they never did." During the Second World War, the German High Command for the area took over Le Quesnay, painted the stone of the château black, and allowed the ivy that covered its walls to die. The Roseraie was destroyed, and the stables were turned into quarters for prisoners. Macomber died in 1955, and today Le Quesnay is owned and operated as a *haras* by Willy Head and his son Alec, who bought the property from Mrs. Macomber in 1958.

Cornuché presided over Deauville in one of its most effulgent periods. The Golden Twenties seemed a shade more golden at Deauville than anywhere else. No soirée was considered worth attending that didn't include a smattering of Americans like Rutherford Stuyvesant, Herbert Pulitzer, Frank Jay Gould, Frederick H. Prince (the first), Ralph Beaver Strassburger, Erskine Gwynne, E. Berry Wall, Mrs. Jimmy Walker, and Macomber, mingling with Gaston Menier (the chocolate king), Paul, André, and Émile Dubonnet (of the apéritif clan), James Hennessy (cognac), the Comte de Villefranche, Viscount Castlerosse, the Maharajas of Kapurthala, Baroda, and Patiala, the King and Queen of Rumania, King Alfonso of Spain, and the Aga Khan III. Perhaps the focal point of the gaiety was La Ferme du Coteau, where large houseparties were given by Ralph Beaver Strassburger, whose

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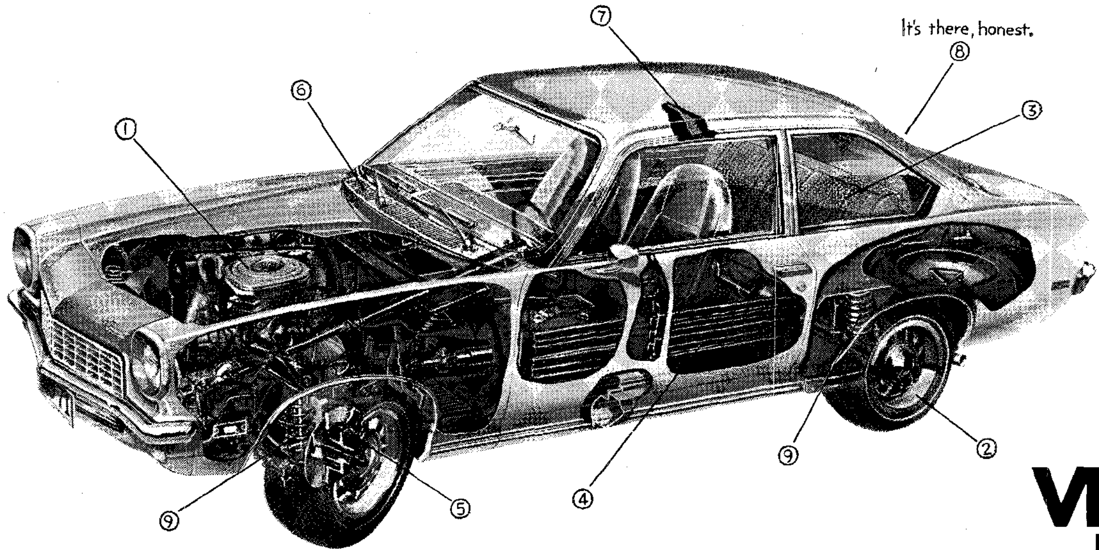

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If Deauville was at its most high-spirited in the twenties, it was also a bit more respectable than it had once been. Before the First World War, mention of Deauville at once brought to mind the notorious cocottes, especially La Belle Otero and Liane de Pougy. In the twenties, attention shifted to Chanel, who had opened her first boutique there, and—in the field of song and dance—the Dolly Sisters and Mistinguett. At the races, *Vogue* noted at the time, every lady carried in her handbag a platinum or gold pencil studded with pearls or diamonds and topped with a cabochon emerald or other precious stones. When there was no racing, the uniform of the day was one *pour le golf*, and the afternoons were spent on *les links* until about five, when gambling began in earnest at the casino. On the dance floor at Les Ambassadeurs, the tango had given way to *le Black Bottom*; today, in a hall of the casino near the New-Brummell, a *boîte* in the casino building, a Sem drawing has preserved for the ages an impression of Elsa Maxwell performing that exhilarating dance. In 1924, the ballet “Le Train Bleu,” created by Darius Milhaud, Bronislava Nijinska, Jean Cocteau, Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, and Pablo Picasso, and set on the beach at Deauville, had its première in Paris, and Cornuché arranged to have the famous Continental Blue Train make a special trip to Deauville so that *Le Tout-Paris* could celebrate at the original scene.

In 1926, at the age of sixty-nine, Cornuché died in Paris, while en route from the Riviera to his farm in Normandy, and the task of keeping Deauville in the forefront of the world of *élégance*, *élan*, and *esprit* was taken on by one of his protégés, François André, who had started his career as a dishwasher, had later been a croupier at the Cercle Haussmann in Paris, and from there had worked his way up to become Cornuché’s assistant. André was “blessed with good looks, endless energy, and a genius for providing entertainment,” noted E. (for Evander) Berry Wall, an American habitué of Deauville who went through his father’s and grandfather’s considerable fortunes in eleven years. André took over the direction of Deauville with a sure hand: he constructed the Hôtel du Golf, added a new golf course, and made the town a center for aviation enthusiasts and automobile-rally devotees. “From gambling to golf, from girls to galas, he knows what we want to do,” Wall said at the time. André, who reigned as head of the Société des Hôtels et Casino de Deauville for thirty-six years, and died in 1962, at the age of eighty-three, is enshrined in the heart of Deauville with a stone bust of his own, in the center of a small but strategically situated square bearing his name, which is itself in the center of the casino-boutique area that typifies Deauville’s special quality and has caused the town to be described more than once as an exquisite gem in a perfect setting.

Les Prix Quincey et de Pomone: On the fourth of the five racing Sundays in the 1970 Deauville season, two features worth a hundred thousand francs ($18,000) each to the winners brought out a crowd of respectable proportions, in town for the start of the Grande Semaine—the week leading up to the Grand Prix de Deauville. Lester Piggott won them both—the one-mile Prix Quincey on a British-owned Irish horse named Lorenzaccio, and the twenty-six-hundred-metre Prix de Pomone on an Irish-owned filly, Santa Tina, who was trained by a dedicated young

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English resident of Chantilly named Charles Milbank. With Piggott dominating the season, no one gained much of a stake for the evening's activities at the casino, which was beginning what was traditionally its most lucrative week of the year. Lorenzaccio, who beat out Monticello by a short head, paid two francs twenty centimes for one franc to win, and Santa Tina paid one franc fifty for one. Just betting on the red or the black, or on odd or even, at the roulette table, one got better odds than those on Santa Tina.

THE casino and the hotels that André took over are now under the administration of a nephew of his, Lucien Barrière, who also directs casinos in Cannes, Le Touquet, La Baule, and Juan-les-Pins, and under his regime this haven for hedonists is continuing to enjoy a golden age. While the mayor, Comte Michel d'Ornano, who is also *député* for Calvados, keeps busy trying to attract more industry to the surrounding area, and inviting promising young future *P.-D.G.*s (*Présidents-Directeurs Généraux*) to Deauville, Barrière concentrates on luring the right breed of European gambler to the casino and, in particular, on maintaining his uncle's tradition of elegance. At the Deauville casino, even more than at Europe's other gambling establishments, it is important to be able to lose large sums without losing one's sang-froid. The Grande Semaine is especially important. "For eight days," M. Barrière said recently, rolling the words over on his tongue with obvious relish, "this is the most elegant place in the world."

To help maintain the proper tone, Barrière calls on the services of a staff of several hundred polished, knowledgeable assistants, some of them with long memories. These include croupiers, bankers, greeters, waiters, bartenders, bouncers, and a staff of eight physiognomists, led by Adolphe Grillo, an inconspicuous man who scans the casino's incoming customers for undesirables and has been credited with memorizing half a million faces. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, he does keep a file of that number of names, which includes the name of every person who has entered the gaming rooms during the past five or six years. Sometimes he makes sketches of the memorable characteristics, facial or otherwise, of men or women he finds particularly worth watching. More often, he simply recalls the faces—he can recognize them even when they're disguised by mustaches, beards, wigs, or plastic surgery—of those he has observed during fifty years of service in French casinos.

Grillo's blacklist, a sort of Almanach de Gotha in reverse, consists of some ten thousand persons, some of whom—despairing compulsive gamblers—have blacklisted themselves for certain periods. Many of these, after disqualifying themselves for, say, a five-year term, beg to be reinstated ahead of time, but that request is never granted. In M. Grillo's view, women are the biggest gamblers. "A man knows his limits, but a woman won't stop when she is losing," he has explained. "She says to herself that her husband or her lover will pay. If women couldn't gamble, we would do eighty per cent less business."

Of all the visitors to the Deauville casino, perhaps the greatest gambling wizard was Nicolas Zographos, a Greek-born mathematical marvel who in the nineteen-twenties and thirties was the keystone of "the Syndicate," an association of gamblers who worked together and financed their star *joueurs*. His background was as mysterious as that of the late Sir Basil Zaharoff. Zographos' favorite game was not roulette, boule, *vingt-et-un*, or *chemin de fer*, but the big one, baccarat in its most rarefied form—*banque à tout va* (the sky's the limit)—played in the privacy of the "*salle privée*," a special room with its own set of alert guards. Experts have called Zographos the greatest cardplayer who ever lived. "I decided to perfect myself at them," he once told a Deauville visitor in the thirties, and he added that he had worked hard at his chosen career and amassed a number of fortunes. "Perhaps you do not realize it, but there is as big a difference between a good baccarat player and a poor one as there is between a scratch golfer and a man with an eighteen handicap," he went on. "People think, because at baccarat or *chemin de fer* you have to play with the cards dealt to you, that there is little opportunity for skill, except, of course, when it is *à volonté* to draw. But I assure you they are wrong, and I should know." In those days, he kept himself in perfect shape by playing not six-pack bezique but *eight*-pack bezique and remembering the whereabouts of every card in the eight packs.

Zographos' largest loss at a single session of baccarat was thirty-six million francs, at a time when that amounted to nearly a million and a half dollars. "The largest number of times I have ever won consecutively on both sides of the table is twelve, and on one side of the table nineteen," he has said. "The banker, in drawing his second card after the player's, has a tiny but definite advantage. But the main difference is that the players double up their bets when they are losing and hedge when they are winning. It is only human nature, but there you are. I will put it another way. The bank plays baccarat as though it were contract bridge, weighing up every chance mathematically. And let me tell you it needs the brain of a very good accountant to assess immediately the amount of money being staked on either side of the table and then to work out mentally whether it is worth drawing a third card. . . . There is no such thing as good luck or bad luck." Another member of the Syndicate, a Greek shipowner named Athanasios Vagliano, was often the banker of baccarat games in which two and a half million dollars changed hands in one night.

Today, although the baccarat table in the *salle privée* still has its adherents, the favorite game of chance at the Deauville casino is—as it has been since it was first legalized in France, after the First World War—roulette; unlike roulette in the United States, where the wheel includes a zero and a double zero, the French wheel has only one zero, thereby giving the individual player a bit more of a chance. Even so, one should not feel sorry for the state, which collects a whacking fifty-five per cent of the gross receipts, and thus is certain of always winning. Two supervisors are in constant attendance at the Deauville casino to insure that everything is in order—one from the police and the other from the Ministry of Economy and Finance. But, in contrast to the way things are done in the United States, where the track is required to identify to the Internal Revenue Service the winners of six hundred dollars or more on two-dollar Daily Double or Exacta tickets, for future double-checking against the winners' tax returns, the French fiscal outriders are not concerned with those who win, even if they win staggering amounts. It is the players who lose heavily and continue to lose *that* interest them. "And where, Monsieur, are you getting the money to lose like that?" It epitomizes a basic difference in the American and the Gallic approaches to life.

M. Barrière considered 1970 a good year for the casino, but then every year is a good year. By the end of the Grande Semaine, however, on the final Sunday of the month, a slight fatigue

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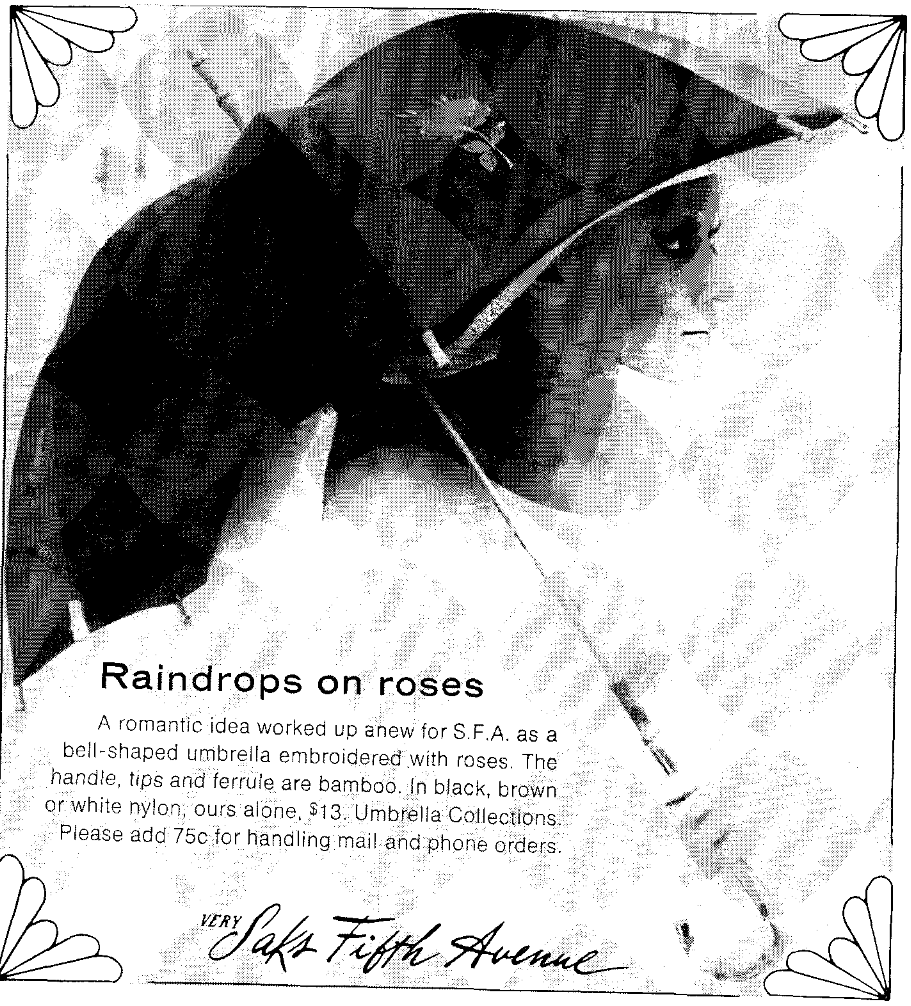

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had set in, even among the most volatile of the visitors. Large sums had been won and lost, friendships and liaisons had been cemented and broken, and great quantities of excellent champagne had been consumed. There remained nothing else to do except observe the high point of Deauville's high season—the annual running of the climactic horse race.

The Grand Prix de Deauville: This race, at twenty-six hundred metres, or a mile and five-eighths, was first run in 1871, and, with six omissions caused by the world wars, it had been run ninety-three times before the 1970 edition. The *grand seigneur* of the area, banker Baron Guy de Rothschild—his Haras de Meautry, at Touques, just over the line from Trouville on the road to Paris, is the largest *haras* in Normandy—had won this elusive *prix* three times, most recently in 1969, with Djakao, thanks to a stylish ride by Jean Deforge. For the '70 running, the Rothschild stable entered a promising three-year-old colt named High Moon—a product of Meautry—coupled as an entry with a three-year-old colt named Ossian and owned by Baronne de Rothschild's brother the Baron Thierry de Zuylen de Nyevelt. Both horses came into the stretch in a three-way battle with another French colt, Mme. Léon Volterra's Experio, who held a slight advantage at that point. But out of the pack following the leaders emerged art dealer Daniel Wildenstein's German-bred four-year-old mare Schönbrunn, under an energetic ride by Australian Bill Pyers. (Lester Piggott on favored Meadowville was already beaten.) Schönbrunn came on down the stretch like something possessed, with Pyers driving all the way. She won by half a length from Experio, with Ossian third, another half length back. Mr. Wildenstein and his son Alec thought so little of their mare's chances that they had gone off to the South of France for a vacation. Another son, Guy, was preparing for the final polo match of the season on the field just inside the backstretch, and Schönbrunn's trainer, Zilber, was *grippé*. So Pyers guided his mount into the winner's circle, dismounted, and posed for photographers alone with his horse.

Of the four-hundred-and-sixty-five-thousand-franc purse, Schönbrunn, capping a month of stakes victories by foreign horses, won two hundred and sixty thousand francs for her owner, plus twenty-five thousand for her breeder. The natives consoled themselves with the fact that at least the winner's stable and colors were French.

THE high season was officially concluded the next evening, with the Mayor's Ball at Les Ambassadeurs. Once again, Rolls-Royces and Bentleys were lined up in front of the Royal and the Normandy, and men in dinner jackets and women wearing *les rivières de diamants* paused briefly after walking the few steps from the hotel entrances to their cars in order to be driven the few yards to the casino. The atmosphere of make-believe started to take hold just across the narrow street from the Normandy entrance, on the inland side of the hotel, where, in the Place François André, a stand of carefully pruned, identical apple trees, individually lighted from below, gave the whole scene a fairyland glow. At Les Ambassadeurs, the Comte and Comtesse d'Ornano received such assorted guests as the international playboy Gunther Sachs, Mme. Volterra, and Mme. Maurice Schumann, the wife of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, along with many unpublicized Deauvillais, at a party that seemed to belong to another era.

As the vintage champagne flowed and the expensively gowned ladies danced with their escorts, one observer, looking about him, offered the opinion that only the diamonds were real. All the pieces of the Deauville season had fallen into place; Alain Geismar's earlier threat of "a hot summer for the bourgeoisie" had not been carried out. As the last guests straggled out into the September morning that heralded a return to reality, one had the impression that if, indeed, there should ever be another French revolution, Deauville would be the last to know.

—Fred Feldkamp

•

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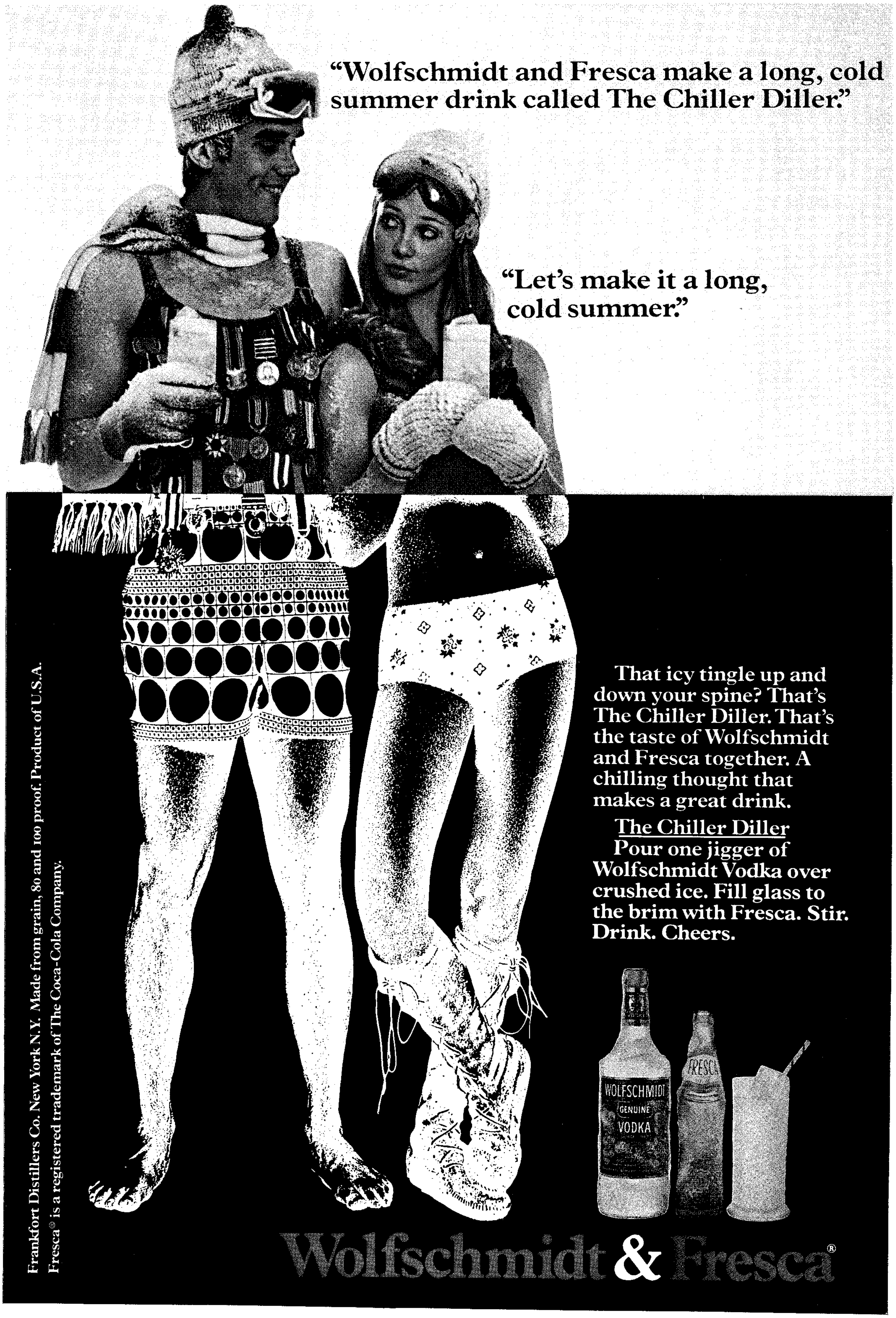

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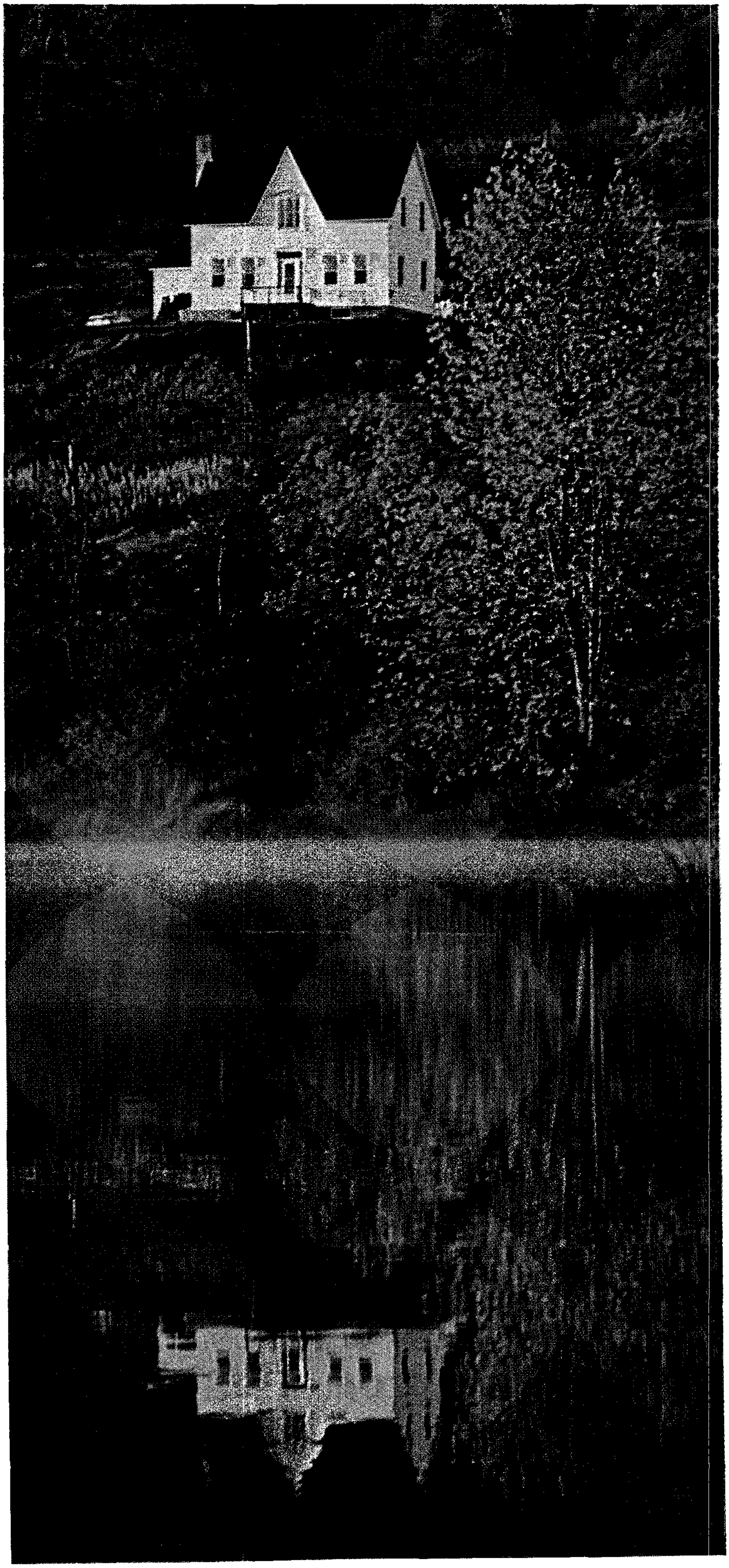

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

IMAGES do not respect facts. Janis Joplin's death was in all likelihood a miserable accident. Her doping was not a personal but a cultural idiosyncrasy. Around the time she died, friends were saying that she was happier, more together, than she had been in some time, and I have no reason to disbelieve it. Yet I persist in thinking of Janis as a suicide. And I keep flashing on another superstar, so different in style but with the same conviction that no one could *really* love her—Marilyn Monroe. Being a celebrity must be a lot harder on a woman than on a man. Men are used to playing games and projecting images in order to compete and succeed. Male celebrities tend to identify with their maskmaking, to see it as creative, and—more or less—to control it. In contrast, women need images simply to survive. A woman is usually aware, on some level, that she is not allowed to be her "real self," and, worse, that the image is not even her own fantasy but a man's. She knows she must serve this fantasy to be loved—and then it will be only the fantasy that is loved anyway. The female celebrity is confronted with this paradox in its starkest form. When Janis said, "Onstage I make love to twenty-five thousand people, then I go home alone," she was not merely repeating the cliché of the sad clown or the poor little rich girl. She was noting that the more she gave, the less she got, and that honey, it ain't fair. Watching men groove on Janis, I began to appreciate the resentment many blacks feel toward whites who are blues freaks. Janis sang out of her pain as a woman, and men dug it. Yet it was men who caused the pain, and if they stopped causing it they would not have her to dig. In a way, their adulation was the cruellest insult of all. And there was nothing Janis could do about it but sing harder, get higher, and be worshipped more.

THE
RECORD
RACK

Originally, much of Janis's power had to do with the tension between her use of blues forms and her rejection of blues sensibility. This tension is almost unbearable in her version of "Ball and Chain." Big Mama Thornton's classic rendition of this song carefully balances defiance and resignation, toughness and vulnerability. She almost pities her oppressor: "I know you're gonna miss me, baby. . . . You'll find that your whole life will be like mine, all wrapped up in a ball and chain." Her singing conveys, above all, her determination to survive abuse. Janis makes the song into one long, frenzied, despairing protest. Why, why, *why*, she asks over and over, like a child unable to comprehend injustice. "It ain't fair. . . . This can't be. . . . I just wanted to hold you. . . . All I ever wanted to do was to love you." The pain is overwhelming her, destroying her, "draggin' me down . . . maybe, maybe you can help me—c'mon *help me*." There are similar differences between her recording of "Piece of My Heart" and Erma Franklin's. When Franklin sings it, it is a challenge: No matter what you do to me, I will not let you destroy my ability to be human, to love. Joplin seems rather to be saying, Surely, if I keep taking this, if I keep setting an example of love and forgiveness, surely he has to understand, change, give me back what I have given. To sing the blues is a way of transcending pain by confronting it with dignity. But Janis wanted nothing less than to scream it out of existence, to annihilate it with her voice, even if she had to annihilate herself in the process.

After the split with Big Brother, Janis began to move in new directions, and her style was still in transition—if such a word is relevant—when she died. Like her third album, "Kozmic Blues," her fourth, and last, "Pearl" (Columbia, KC 30322), has a tentative quality, though the new band, *Full-Tilt Boogie*, is a big improvement. Probably Janis didn't get a chance to finish the album; still, I'd guess that its loose-ends feel is an accurate expression of where Janis was—is—will be at. As a last testament, "Pearl" is frustrating. But then so are all of Janis's albums. She was an incredible performer, and none of her records can duplicate the effect she had on an audience. Each of them (except for the early Mainstream fiasco, which, for the dedicated, was recently reissued by Columbia) does have one great cut that breaks the vinyl barrier. On "Cheap Thrills," it is "Ball and Chain;" on "Kozmic Blues," "Maybe;" on "Pearl," "Me and Bobby McGee." Solo performers playing acoustic guitar and singing soft, country-flavored songs are very much in vogue these days, but I would never have imagined that Janis, of all people,

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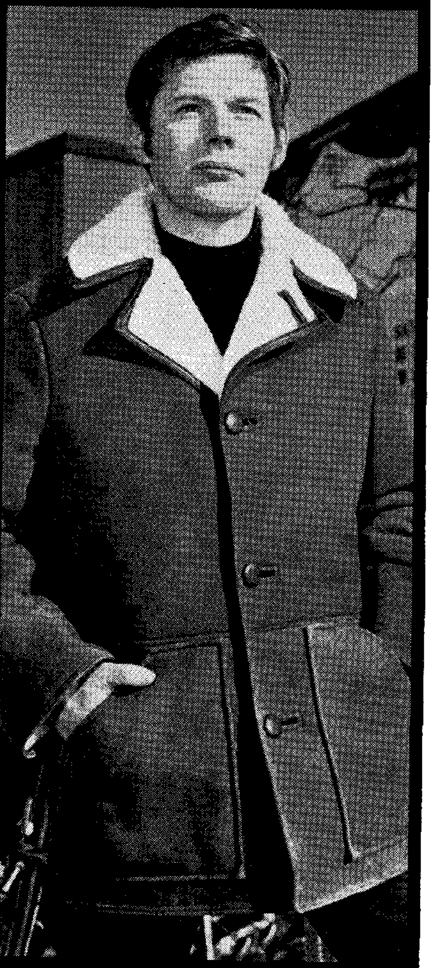

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could get into this genre, create something memorable in it, and—what is most amazing—remain totally herself while doing it. Kristofferson's song is wonderful, of course, and very germane to Janis's hangups; her performance is indicative of her evolution. No longer the betrayed innocent, she sings of choices made and regretted without losing her resilience: life goes on, and *memories are good, even if the present* isn't. The long la-la ending underscores this basic optimism. In general, Janis is hanging looser and easier on this record. In "Get It While You Can," another of my favorite cuts, she sounds almost like a soul singer. On the other hand, "A Woman Left Lonely" is, no mistake, the old Janis, inadequately disguised by polished production and a control that threatens to break down at any moment. These three cuts are superb; "Cry Baby" is almost as good; "Buried Alive in the Blues," an instrumental, is a bit of a drag; the rest are mostly listenable but less than earth-shaking. Then, there is "Mercedes Benz," which Janis wrote, and sings a cappella. Like most novelties, it wears thin very quickly. Still, I'm glad it's there. When the metaphysics of Janis's life and death begin to overwhelm me (did she have to turn the suicidal drive of her early music into the ultimate channel?), I'd like to stop and listen to her appeal: "Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends, So, Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz." To which I can only say amen.

—ELLEN WILLIS

•

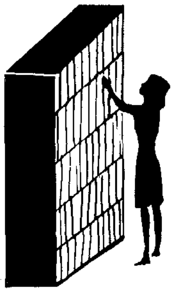
BY THE WILLAMETTE

All day the frantic
mill shouted
wooden tallness
down: Every
tree shall be
a conscript
to the cause
of paper!
But now the slow
rumor of a tug
slides by;
log rafts
huddle in dozing
schools
nibbling shore;
a lone canoe
cuts the surface
like a paper knife
scattering moonlight;
and downstream
the Ferris wheel
in the park slowly
mills the night.

—VERN RUTSALA

BOOKS

Solzhenitsyn

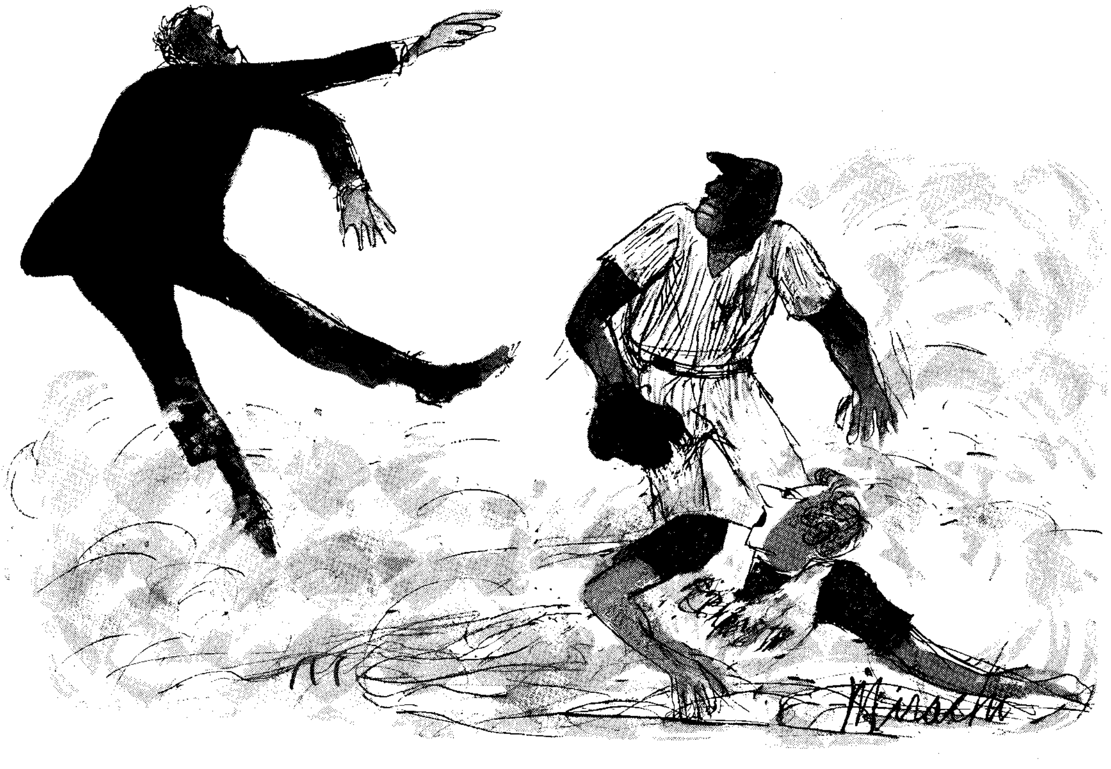


WE have known about the Russian purges, but we have not really been able to imagine them. The Nazi concentration camps have confronted us more immediately, since they were opened up by the Americans, and we have seen the photographs of piles of emaciated corpses. We were not aware that the Russians, with their undiscourageable literary gifts, had been assiduously writing up what had happened to them under Stalin's insane tyranny: Anna Akhmatova's harrowing "Requiem," which seems almost too intimate to be published; Miss Chukovskaya's "Abandoned House," which deals with a similar situation, of a woman whose son has been snatched away with no explanation and no possibility of communication; the memoirs of Mrs. Avinov, Mrs. Ginsburg, and Mrs. Mandelshtam (which last, in its protracted misery, becomes at last almost unbearable), together with other first-hand accounts of hardship and humiliation. But the most thoroughgoing exposé has of course been that of Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

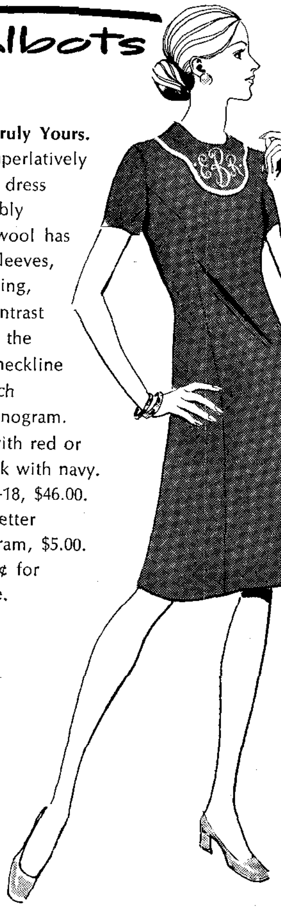
Solzhenitsyn had graduated with honors in physics and mathematics from the University of Rostov and had taught physics in a school at Rostov. (I mainly follow the short biographical sketch in the collected works, published in Germany.) His career was interrupted in 1942 by the war, and he became commander of an artillery battery. He distinguished himself in the field, received a commission as captain, and was decorated with the Order of the Red Star. In February of 1945, he was arrested for criticizing Stalin in his diary and in letters to a friend, and for alleged "anti-Soviet agitation." He was charged with having participated in "the creation of an anti-Soviet organization," and sentenced to eight years in labor camps and afterward to "perpetual exile." It was only as a result of the "unmasking of the 'personality cult' " of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress that he was at last "rehabilitated." He now went back to teaching physics in Ryazan. Friends tried to persuade him to come to Moscow, but he refused, "because he feared that he would be deprived of the quiet and repose so necessary to him in the literary work to which he had decided to devote himself." When, later, he did want to go to Moscow, the authorities refused him permission. His imprisonment had, however, been somewhat alleviated by permission to teach physics. Solzhenitsyn's long short story "One Day of Ivan Denisovich" (the title is so in Russian), a description of life in a labor camp, was published in *Novy Mir* under the somewhat looser regime of Khrushchev, in 1962. But his more elaborate novels, so damaging in their criticism of Soviet society—"The Cancer Ward" and "The First Circle"—have never been published in Russia. What happened to Solzhenitsyn as a result of these books is well known. He was expelled from the Writers' Union; he was awarded the Nobel Prize but he would not go to Sweden to get it, because he was afraid of not being allowed to return to the Soviet Union. He was determined to remain in Russia and to work for a more enlightened regime.

One can well understand how embarrassing Solzhenitsyn must seem to the Writers' Union, who are committed to representing the regime in the most favorable possible light. Solzhenitsyn, who had fought against the Germans, whose activities as a scholar had been abruptly cut off by the war, who had been condemned for a long term of years to the waste of his time and energies on rudimentary forms of labor, resolved to spare nothing and nobody, to make known what had been going on in those years of meaningless repression, and to continue to protest against the Stalinist practices which were still being imposed in Russia. One cannot beyond a certain point sweep the crimes of the past under the carpet. If Stalin's reign, while it lasted, constituted one of the blackest patches of human history, if its followers are functioning today, we must face it, we cannot blot it out. Let the repulsive story be told. There is a man of great talent to tell it. And the Russians have too long been masters of making the most sordid, the most painful, the most degrading aspects of their lives absorbingly dramatic stories.

In Solzhenitsyn's case, "The Cancer Ward" presented, surely, from the literary point of view, a very peculiar challenge. How would it be possible, one might wonder, to provide an interesting narrative out of the materials



"This game isn't being televised, O'Malley. A simple 'Out' would have sufficed."



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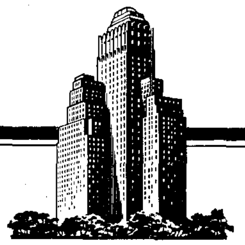
furnished by a lot of patients suffering from, many dying of, cancer, with their staff of doctors and nurses? The subject is unpleasant, depressing—in its medical aspects, highly technical. The scene is a provincial hospital, far from Moscow and attached to Tashkent, with all the deficiencies and ineptitudes characteristic of such an institution. The reviewer has had first-hand experience of a similar hospital in Odessa, where he was quarantined for nearly six weeks, and he can vouch for the veracity of Solzhenitsyn's picture, which is also based on first-hand experience. True, the central Solzhenitsyn-figure is finally cured and dismissed. The story has been somewhat enlivened by two incipient love affairs, with a nurse and a woman doctor, both of whom have practically invited him to live with them. But although the excitement of emergence from the hospital, the renewal of the colors and movements of life—he is fascinated in watching a zoo and made to feel the personalities of the animals—intoxicates the ex-patient, he neglects to visit either of his women, and, his senses and ambitions blurred, ends by simply writing to one of them a friendly note, and at last, stretching out on the baggage rack, with his duffelbag under his head, takes a train to the little Eastern town to which, like the author, he has been exiled "in perpetuity" and in which he has made for himself a quiet, fairly comfortable life. Yet an interest on the part of the reader in the life of the cancer ward is created. We want to know how the people will behave, how each of them will meet his fate. An official who is a patient, accustomed to certain privileges, is disposed at first to resent what he regards as unwarranted indignities; he calls the Solzhenitsyn-figure a "class enemy," and in the end drives off in his car. The Uzbeks and Kazaks can hardly speak Russian, and keep up their spirits by playing cards. The old men are almost past caring about anything but their treatments; a young man who has lost a leg and who has been "thinking pleasant thoughts—how he'd learn, briskly and smartly, to walk on crutches"—has a crippled erotic passage with a girl who is about to lose her breast. Solzhenitsyn's constant resourcefulness at sustaining our interest in all this, shifting our attention and varying the mood from one of these wretched groups to another, is an impressive exhibition of skill.

This novel, in spite of its gruesome subject, seems to me the better, perhaps because it was the first written, of Solzhenitsyn's two large-scale works. The characters are more vivid, the emotions



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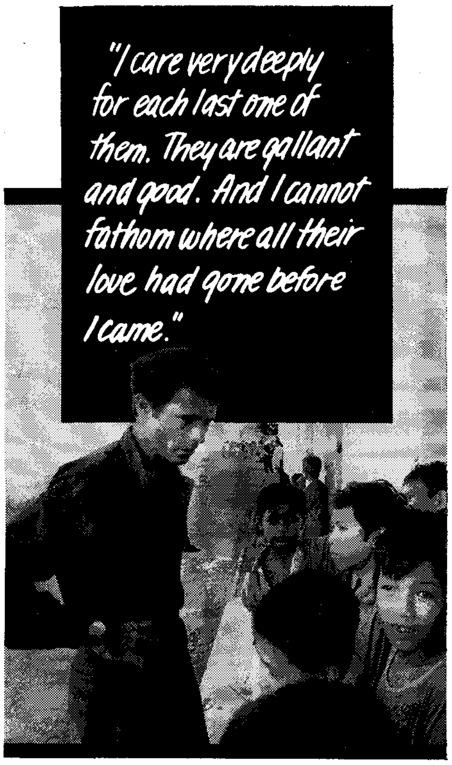
are conveyed more tellingly. It is a long book—it seems to me a little too long. "The First Circle" is even longer; in the Russian German-published edition, it runs to two volumes. Though the action covers only three days in 1949, it involves so many characters and so many "confrontations" that it seems to go on for years. We are again confined to an institution—a special prison for technicians and scientists who are still supposed to be useful—and the relations and personalities of the inmates, here on a much higher level, are traced with the same particularity as those of "The Cancer Ward." A suspense ought to be kept up by the doom that, without his knowing it, hangs over the State Counsellor Innokenty Volodin, but by the time we have got to the end we are likely to have forgotten the opening incident, in which Volodin incurs official displeasure by warning a colleague, a professor, that he is himself in danger for having promised to "give something"—actually, "some kind of medicine"—to his fellow-professors in Paris, any traffic with any kind of foreigners being at that time, of course, suspect. Volodin, however, has every reason to believe that he has been assigned to the ambassadorship in Paris, but he finds that instead of this he has been condemned to the dreaded Lubyanka Prison. His realization of this, his confinement in a narrow cell, in which he is watched constantly through a peephole, his being stripped, searched, and otherwise humiliated provide one of the most horrible scenes in literature. The Solzhenitsyn-character, a mathematician who is thought to be unfaithful to the official line, is transferred to an even worse prison, and Solzhenitsyn is said—*Time*, March 21, 1969—to have written a sequel, "Arkhipelag Gulag" (Gulag is the labor-camp administration), which deals with his experiences there. This has not yet been translated, though it is reported to have been circulated in an underground way in Russia. One wonders how many non-Russians will be able to face something even more oppressive than "The First Circle."

IN all these chronicles of frustration and injustice, however, a few positive elements appear. Ivan Denisovich, enduring, sticks stoutly to his métier and persists in doing sound rather than slipshod work (though it seems to me just as boring to read about his conscientious bricklaying as about any other kind of bricklaying). Nerzhin, the Solzhenitsyn-character in "The First Circle," maintains his intellectual dignity and makes friends with the gatekeeper at the prison, who—recurring theme in Russian fiction since Tolstoy's worthy peasant Karataev—in spite of having been subjected to endless ordeals of disaster and deprivation which would crush a less humble, less resilient soul still also endures and is not discouraged. Nerzhin, when he is sent away to another prison, gives this man what he has come to regard as his only precious possession, a volume of Essenin's poems. But the sole trace to be found in these books of the original Soviet ideology is Solzhenitsyn's conviction, or the conviction of one of his characters, that capitalism is doomed.

And it is evident, though not allowed to become too insistent, that Solzhenitsyn is sincerely religious, and that, as in the case of other Russian writers, it is his faith, something quite alien to the cant of the Soviet doctrine, that has helped him to survive and reject the official propaganda. A prayer of his, not included among his collected works, has been circulated, and it sounds authentic: "Thou wilt give me what I need," he ends his appeal to God, "to reflect them [the radiance of thy rays of light to humanity]. And so far as I may fall short, Thou wilt assign the task to others." In such sketches as "Travelling Along the Oka" and "Easter Procession" (the latter of these was lopped of its bitter ending in the translation published by *Time*), it is clear that he resents the profanation of the churches and the rites of the Orthodox Church. The best treatment I have seen of Solzhenitsyn, which brings out the pattern of his work and emphasizes these positive elements, is the study in Miss Helen Muchnic's "Russian Writers: Notes and Essays."

BUT Miss Muchnic, too, is a Russian, and it is true of most of the Russians I know that they perfectly understand Solzhenitsyn and are in sympathy with what seems to me his somewhat masochistic point of view. In an Anglo-Saxon reader, there is something that ultimately rebels against this.

It is not that the incidents of his picture are false. The horrors that he tells of are fully confirmed by the testimony of other writers, who, like him, have known them at first hand. But such a reader, who is outraged at first by these chronicles of senseless suffering, of protracted degradation and torment, who is stirred to indignation against the oppressors, may end by becoming impatient with the beings who are thus oppressed. Such a state of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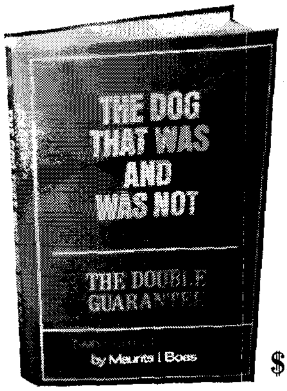

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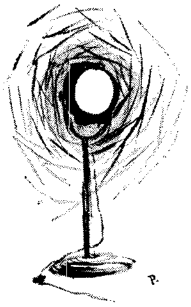
things, feels the Anglo-Saxon reader, should not be allowed to exist. Such relations between human beings are certainly quite abnormal. The existence of a Stalin, after all, implies the existence of a nation that will stand for the horrors he inflicts. That many of these people have been led to believe that they were paving the way to a glorious future, to a regeneration of humanity, and that this will demand the survival through periods of formidable hardship, the resolute extirpation of the class enemy, and that one cannot doubt the wisdom of the leader who has been appointed by the Communist Party to enforce its discipline and accomplish its tasks—one has to allow for all this. And yet would not Anglo-Saxons have put up somewhat more resistance? The religion of Protestants is more pugnacious. In characterizing the poet Nekrassov, the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, who probably in his time knew Russia better than any other foreigner, writes that "you will not find in him the common fund of mysticism [of other Russian writers], of resignation, of love for the suffering which they denounce." The Russian religion itself, all obedience and resignation to inevitable misfortune, involves a humiliation. And the unvaried frustration in Solzhenitsyn becomes in the long run monotonous; one feels that it is systematic, that, except for his recognition of the virtue of sheer endurance, it is Solzhenitsyn's only theme. We always expect what is going to happen: someone is going to be cheated, to be disappointed, squelched. Ford Madox Ford calls attention, in his book on Henry James, to the apparently abnormal unhelpfulness of the narrator-observer of James's "Four Meetings," to whom it never occurs to offer to lend five or six pounds to the little New England schoolteacher who has been stranded at Le Havre and cheated of her dream of a visit to Paris, or to tip her off to the fraudulence of the supposed French countess who is swindling her. So in Solzhenitsyn's "Matryonin Dvor" (translated as "Matryona's Home," or "House") we wonder why *his* narrator-observer—even when Matryona complains that she has not "a man to stick up for me"—should never lift a finger to intervene when his long-suffering peasant woman is clearly being exploited and robbed. Though he is lodging all through this in her house, he simply looks on at the outrages, to which she makes no resistance. This lodger, like Solzhenitsyn's other heroes, has emerged from a long term in prison and is consequently under a cloud, so that for him to try to protest would be futile and only make for her more trouble; and we have been told that when Matryona in the past has attempted to appeal for a pension that has been due her she has invariably been given the runaround by the Soviet bureaucrats. But we recognize that we are here inescapably in Solzhenitsyn country as soon as we learn that Matryona's cat is lame in one paw and unable to catch the mice that hide behind the layers of wallpaper, that when she does succeed in catching the cockroaches she eats them and they make her sick. Of course, she eventually gets out, and gets killed, and Matryona is deeply grieved. But these are the least of Matryona's trials. She is willing to work in the fields without pay. The representatives of the government—an unhelpful woman doctor, who comes when she is very ill; the wife of the chairman of the local collective, who forces her to help shift manure—are, naturally, very snippy and unpleasant. (It is true that officials in the Soviet Union habitually treat with the greatest contempt the peasants in the name of whose prestige the Revolution is supposed to have been made. Each item in Solzhenitsyn's picture is derived from a real condition.) Matryona allows her rapacious relatives to take down an annex to her *izba*, which leaves one side of her house very flimsy, and when they are dragging the boards away on sleds she goes with them in order to help them, and, as a result of this, is horribly mangled and killed, at an unguarded crossing, by locomotives driven backward with no lights. Yet for Solzhenitsyn, when he reflects on her, Matryona becomes a heroine. "We all lived by her side," he concludes, "and failed to understand that she was that most righteous person without whom, according to the proverb, the village cannot stand. Nor the city. Nor all our earth." But to the kind of Anglo-Saxon I have mentioned, Matryona seems a simpleminded and too devoted victim who allows herself to be exploited and crushed. It is not that this exhibition of peasant brutality and meanness is any darker than Chekhov's "Muzhiki" or than Leskov's "Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensky District," and it is impossible to overrate the prodigies of incompetence and bureaucratic indolence of which the Russians are capable. But, reading Solzhenitsyn in bulk, we are given the impression that nothing can ever come



out right, and that the disappointments have been somewhat contrived. In the story called "The Right Hand," a veteran of the Revolution, incapacitated by dropsy but equipped with the correct certificates, is refused admission to a hospital by one of Solzhenitsyn's snooty officials, a young woman who is reading a comic about an exploit by a Soviet soldier. In the play of which the title has been translated "The Love-Girl and the Innocent," we are again in a labor camp, where an incipient amorous relation between two of the finer-grained inmates is frustrated when it turns out that the girl, by a camp convention, is supposed to be at anyone's disposal and is claimed by the camp doctor, so that she can only go to meet her lover surreptitiously in off hours. In another story, "For the Good of the Cause," a new technical-school building built with enthusiasm by the students for their own use is suddenly assigned without a qualm on the part of the bureaucrats to an institution for research. Here the story is merely a mechanical instance of official callous indifference. It makes its point but is rather abstract. It helps to pile up the indictment, to show how all human values are being sacrificed to inhuman planning, but it is itself rather lacking in human interest, as, for example, "The Cancer Ward" is not. One does not know how to criticize the dryness of some of these pieces of Solzhenitsyn's. In this dryness they are different from Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," with its central theme of rebirth, but Pasternak was never in prison, and his book was the product of a more hopeful moment. One is curious to see Solzhenitsyn's next novel, which has been announced as abandoning the present and dealing with the wars of the Revolution.

In the meantime, one must congratulate the Nobel Prize judges on honoring this very courageous man and very gifted writer, who, even with all the forces of Soviet stupidity and conservatism against him, is finally in a position to defy the ridiculous Writers' Union and the publishers who will not print his writings, because he has been penalized already with all possible appalling punishments and can hardly be frightened by further threats.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

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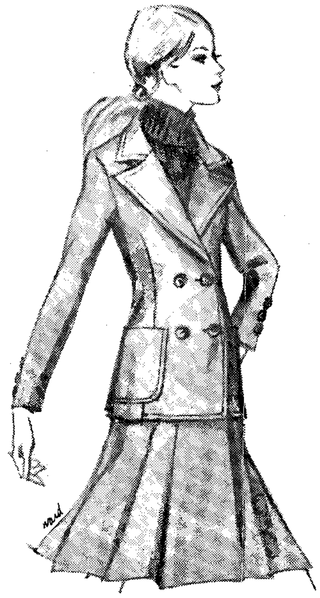

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ancy that one cannot help wishing his book were at least twice as long as it is. And a longer book, with the author keeping the fact of the reader's curiosity firmly in mind, would have meant a more nearly complete novel. This exceptional young writer has a habit of skipping over critical moments and then presenting us with a *fait accompli*, so that although we find ourselves truly involved with some of the most real and alluring people to come our way in recent fiction, we are left standing outside in the street, as it were, just as they approach a crisis in their affairs, or in their relationship with one another, or in their understanding of themselves. Too many questions are left unanswered. There is a willfulness in Betty Tallentire's growing melancholia that is not in keeping with what we know of her friendly, courageous, loyal nature. Joseph Tallentire is a kind, thoughtful, trustworthy man and a highly successful pubkeeper, but where are the friends a man like him would naturally attract? With all they have going for them, why do the Tallentires not put up more of a struggle against the steady deterioration of their marriage? And with two exceedingly satisfactory grown sons of their own, why is the sketchy Lester, who is hardly even a relative, suddenly so important in their lives? The story takes us from the mid-nineteen-thirties to the mid-nineteen-sixties, and the greater part of the action is in and around the town of Thurston, in Cumberland, in the North of England.

GENERAL

EXILES FROM PARADISE: ZELDA AND SCOTT FITZGERALD, by Sara Mayfield (Delacorte). One hadn't expected to make room eagerly for still another volume on the five-foot shelf of works devoted to the young, beautiful, gifted, spoiled, tiresome, and finally heroic Fitzgeralds, but this latest telling of the short, sad tale proves irresistible. The author was a younger contemporary of Zelda's in Montgomery—their fathers were important judges and close friends and played chess together—and her biography teeters attractively on the edge of being a memoir. Our glimpses of the Fitzgeralds and the rest of the stupendous, all-star cast (Hemingway, Dos Passos, Lardner, the Murphys, Mencken, Maxwell Perkins) are often Miss Mayfield's own. It appears that she had the good fortune to know from the beginning who she was, as Scott and Zelda did not, and her unself-conscious judgment-passing gives the book a welcome asperity. To the extent that she takes sides, it is with Zelda and against Scott, because she is convinced, for one thing, that Zelda would never have gone mad if she had not been driven to it by Scott, and, for another, that Zelda was never as mad as some of her recent biographers have assumed. Still, Miss Mayfield forgives Scott much, as everyone always has. She is satisfied that the best diagnosis of the Fitzgeralds' obsessively destructive relationship is the old-fashioned medical term *folie à deux*.

THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA, 1854-1856, by A. J. Barker (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Do we need another history of the Crimean War? If it is as good as this one, the answer is yes. Mr. Barker leads his readers through the diplomatic maze that brought on a war that none of the nations engaged in it (England, France, Turkey, and, in token fashion, the Kingdom of Sardinia—all allied against Russia) really sought. Russia expected to take over the European lands of the dilapidated Turkish Empire without having to fight for them. Her opponents sought to stem Russian expansion, though they had no particular plans either for holding the Turkish Empire together or for a serious military assault on Russian power. Diplomatic incompetence was followed by military incompetence, which produced unnecessary suffering and unparalleled heroism among the troops of all the powers. Unlike many English writers, Mr. Barker gives the French credit for their part in the fighting, though they did not learn enough from their experience to win the Franco-Prussian War. But unwillingness to learn is one of Mr. Barker's themes, for, as he points out, in subsequent years no European power paid nearly enough attention to the gruesome lessons of the first modern war—the Civil War in the United States. Invincible ignorance is a tragic theme, and Mr. Barker's is a tragic, if illuminating, book.

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For the "Quintet in E flat Major, Opus 16," joining Rose will be Miss Elizabeth Gilpatrick, french horn; Glen Vliet, clarinet, Robert Johnson, bassoon, and Dox Carr, pharmacist.—*Casper (Wyo.) Star-Tribune.*

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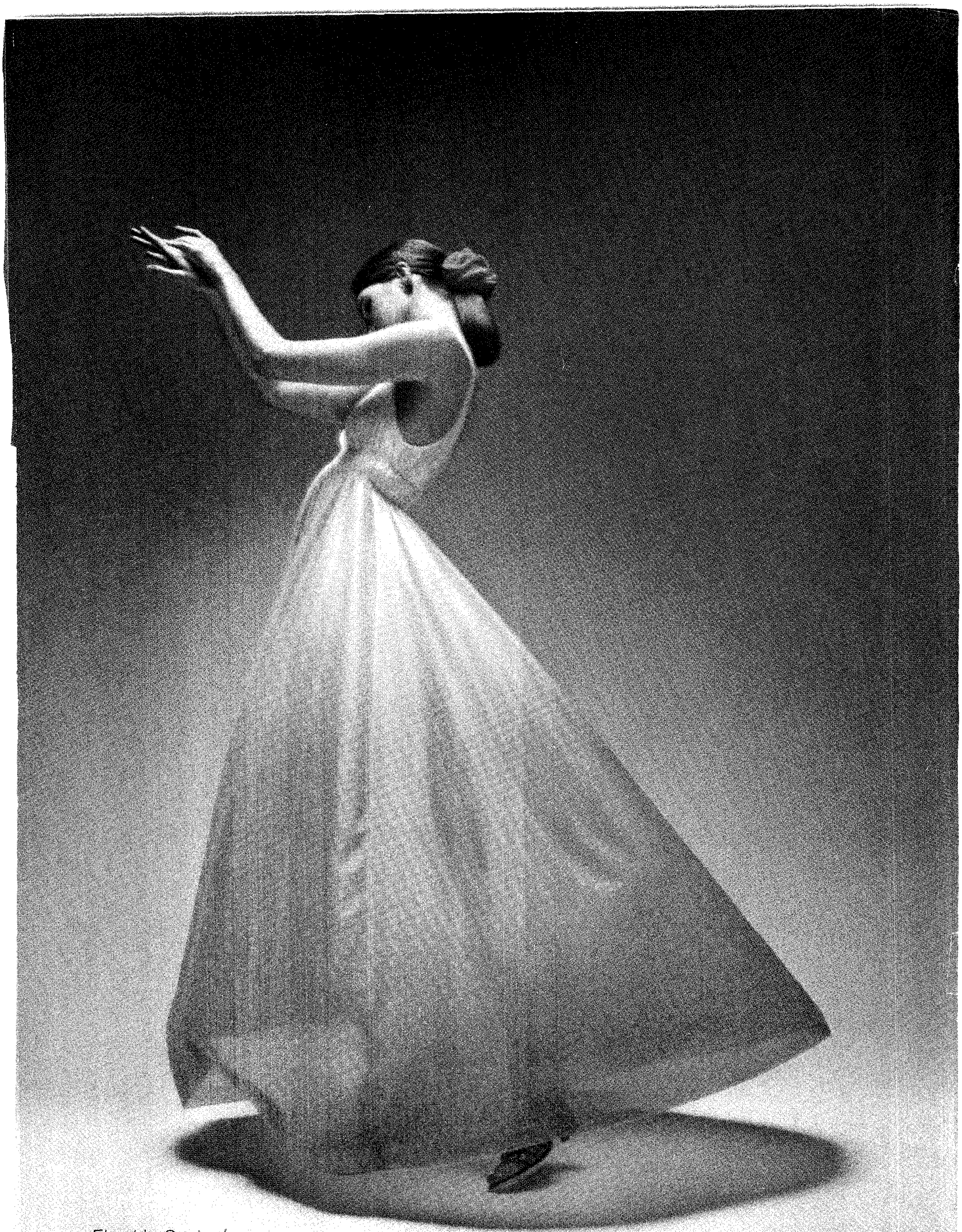

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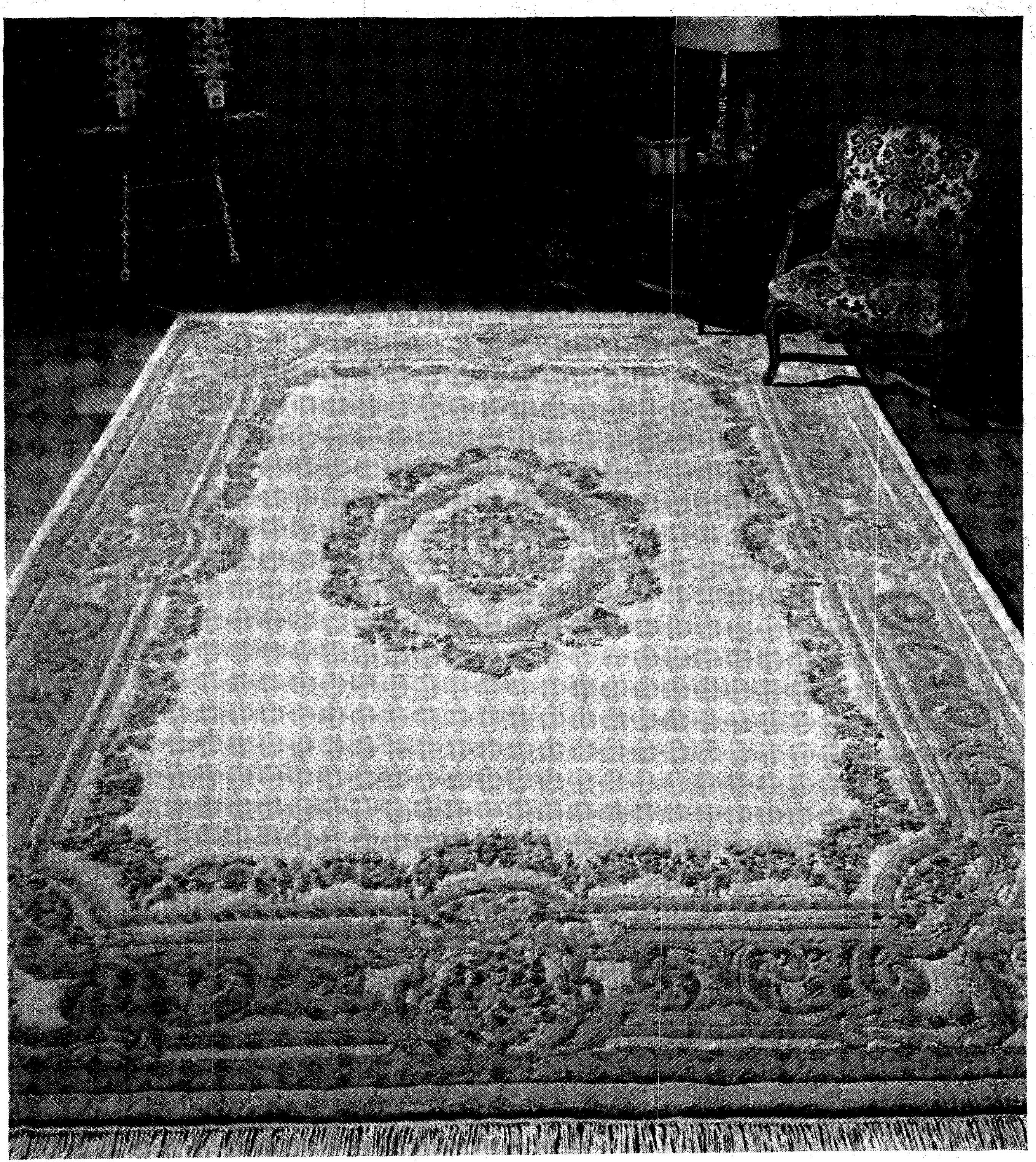

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